

# California copy. By George F. Weeks

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By George F. Weeks

*Published by* WASHINGTON COLLEGE PRESS WASHINGTON, D. C. 1928

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Printed in U. S. A.

## DEDICATION

TO MY FRIEND, CHARLES P. STEWART, TO WHOSE KINDLY SUGGESTION THE PREPARATION OF THIS VOLUME IS DUE

## AS TO TITLES

FOLLOWING the example of the author who, bewildered by the differences of opinion as to the proper punctuation of his MS., showered upon him by friends, issued a volume from which everything of the kind was omitted, but gave at the close two pages devoted entirely to the various "points," from commas to "astonishers" ( *vide* printers' slang), the following list of possible titles is given. In the effort to choose one which would attract book readers, and incidentally book *buyers*, many experts in such matters were consulted, for the greater part newspaper workers, as well as book sellers, As a result, the following list of suggestions was received among many others, from which the reader will be allowed to make his own selection:

*"THE ONE-LUNGER." "CALIFORNIA COLUMNS." "HUSTLING AND RUSTLING." "BITS OF CALIFORNIA LIFE." "ROUGHING IT IN CALIFORNIA." "A CALIFORNIA EDITOR'S*

*NOTES.” “HUSTLING FOR HEALTH AND LIVELIHOOD IN CALIFORNIA.” “LEAVES FROM A CALIFORNIA EDITOR'S NOTEBOOKS.”*

If a satisfactory title cannot be chosen from this embarrassment of riches, then indeed must the reader be difficult to please.

## **FOREWORD**

THIS is a true narrative of personal experience in combating the insidious inroads of tubercular trouble, as also the not at all insidious approaches of the wolf which lies at the door of every man who may have given hostages to fortune while dependent solely upon the efforts of his own hands and brains to wage that battle, and especially while suffering from bodily ailment of the most deceptive type.

If it shall prove an example and an encouragement to like sufferers from disease; if it shall lead others to follow, as he did, the Biblical injunction “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;” if it shall induce any to adopt the philosophy of life long since arrived at by the author, “Do what you think is right, or what you are forced to do, then look the whole world in the face and tell it to ‘Go to!’ (with variations) ;” if it shall encourage any to maintain a cheerful outlook on life through the long years--some of them long indeed--no matter how the slings and arrows of Fortune may assail him, it will have accomplished its purpose.

It may be of interest, too, in affording some idea of the experiences, not to say difficulties and tragedies, which were encountered by the newspaper men of half a century ago in the front ranks of civilization and under the somewhat crude social and business conditions then prevailing.

Just as an omelet cannot be made without breaking eggs, so autobiographical sketches cannot be written without frequent use of the pronoun “I.” But it is hoped that the reader of these personal reminiscences will be kind enough not to accuse the author of “blowing his own horn” in the recital, which is an unvarnished narrative of unvarnished fact.

G. F. W.

## NOTICE TO INTENDING READERS

IF YOU fancy that this is an account of the reward of “success” ( *i. e.*, wealth), inevitably and invariably reaped after years of ill health, hard work, and hustling ( *vide* the usual popular storybook), you are very much mistaken. So cast it aside. This volume is *truth*, not fiction. For at seventy-six the author is just as dependent upon his own exertions for a livelihood, and just as glad to be able to do so, as he was at fourteen when he ran away from home and began “paddling his own canoe” as a mule driver on the old Erie Canal, “accepting” what seemed to him a “lucrative position,” at the unheard-of salary of sixteen dollars a month--the first earnings of his young life.

## THE AUTHOR

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Correspondent with the Mexican Revolutionists 1913-1917 (Age 61.)

## CHAPTER I

*Joining the "One-Lunged" Brigade--Sentenced to California, and the Nightmare Journey Thither Over Half a Century Ago.*

YOUNG man, if you care to live more than five or six months longer, you will leave this city as soon as possible and go to a warmer climate--to Florida or to California!"

The time was the winter of 1875-76--fifty-two years ago--and an inclement winter it was.

The speaker was the famous Dr. Austin Flint (the First), the supreme authority on tubercular ailments at that period.

The "young man" was the author, then twenty-four years of age.

The occasion was at the close of a thorough physical examination with the use of all the then most modern appliances for determining the condition of the respiratory apparatus of a patient.

When fourteen years of age, I had gone to work in a printing office, eagerly leaving school of my own volition when the matter was left to my decision by my father. I had what then seemed, and which still seem, good and sufficient reasons for so electing. It is enough to say that no sensitive boy enjoys being made the butt of ridicule by his school associates because of the supremely and needlessly outlandish character of his habiliments, and the equally outlandish character of his well-known home treatment--a typical stepmother being responsible for both.

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In making my choice, no attention was paid to the fact, which was well enough known and established, that of all industrial occupations, that of the printer, and more especially the hand compositor, ranked among those having the highest degree of mortality, according to vitality statistics. Especially was this true of those employed on morning newspapers. The long hours of night work, and the resultant irregularity of rest, were the principal causes therefor, although the woefully unsanitary condition of the average composing room was a contributory reason. This did not deter me in 1870 from seeking a position on such a publication, the chief inducement being that the compensation was greater there than in any other branch of the business.

In 1873 I obtained employment on the New York *World*, and was engaged there when the momentous incident occurred which was narrated at the outset. What was supposed to be, a year or so prior thereto, only an ephemeral “cold on the lungs,” with accompanying persistent cough, had not yielded to the usual remedies. It had persisted until the coughing became chronic as well as decidedly painful, racking the body as the periods became of longer duration, accompanied by the typical almost intolerable pains beneath the shoulder blade, suggestive of the plunging of a red-hot dagger into the back (in my own case on the right side), for which no relief could be found. “Night sweats,” the expectoration of blood, with accompanying emaciation and other symptoms, followed. At last it was decided to consult the best authority on tubercular troubles, with the result already stated.

Incidentally, and illustrative of the ghastly ideas of “humor” entertained by some of my fellow workmen, there were frequent occurrences in this connection which were not calculated to make a sufferer feel especially happy or hopeful. At that time the Typographical Union, to which all morning newspaper compositors belonged, enforced a rule that whenever a death among its members occurred, a funeral tax of ten cents per capita was to be levied on the entire membership for the behoof of the family of the deceased. This was later replaced by the payment of a fixed amount from the treasury funds.

Many a time while at work I was attacked with such a violent and prolonged fit of coughing, and finally reached such a stage of exhaustion that I was obliged to cease operations, and sitting upon a stool, rest my head upon my arms, folded over the “lower case” upon which I was employed. I would remain so for a more or less extended period and until I was able to resume typesetting--worrying meanwhile over the enforced diminution of my “string of dupes” next day when the night's results were to be totaled, and the resultant loss in earnings.

Over and over again some would-be joker, noting this, would saunter by, place a ten-cent “shinplaster” on the case by my head, and say: “Here, George, here is my ten cents. You are

going to want it pretty soon anyhow, and you had better take it now, as I may be broke when your assessment is levied.”

Even at this late date, fifty-three years later, I am not at all ashamed to confess that these “humorous” sallies always elicited the same reply. “What was it?” do you ask? The reply consisted of only three short, but expressive, words: “Go to hell!” Every last one of these jokesmiths went over the range, destination unknown, years ago.

At last it was decided to consult high authority upon the subject (of the cough !), with the result noted in the opening paragraph of this chapter.

California was then attracting much attention as a desirable refuge for those suffering from such ailments. A newspaper man of that class, Charles Nordhoff, had just issued a book sounding its praises in that and other directions. The reading of this book had not a little to do with my choice of the distant Pacific Coast as against the more readily accessible Florida. The fact that some of my now long-deceased mother's relatives lived there, acted as an inducement to select the Golden State. When this was announced to Dr. Flint, however, he entered a decided veto to the projected trip by rail across the continent. He declared most positively that it must not be undertaken because of the Arctic character of the weather certain to be encountered, as well as the high altitudes that must be passed, both being decidedly deleterious in such cases as my own.

Hence it was decided to go by water, as only a couple of days would be necessary in order to reach a more salubrious climate. One day in the latter part of January, 1876, a somber group of relatives and friends gathered at Pier 44 of the North River to hold a “lodge of sorrow” and bid what practically all believed would be a long and last farewell. The little steamer “Colon,” some 3000 or 4000 tons burthen, was well filled with passengers seeking a warmer climate. My own stateroom, a last-moment acquisition, was “below decks,” opening from a corridor off the dining-room, with a single tightly closed, hermetically sealed, and never-opened bull's-eye porthole, against which the waves dashed, and guiltless of ventilation of any kind.



It was mid-winter. The weather was in thorough keeping with the season, and after a couple of hours' effort to "keep my head up," I staggered to my stateroom, partially undressed, and threw myself in a berth. Here I remained for two days without other attention than a few brief and perfunctory visits from the room boy. I gave very curtly uttered negatives to his inquiries as to whether I needed anything. All I desired was to be let alone. On the morning of the third day of the seven or eight required for the voyage to Aspinwall, the boy, alarmed by my condition, brought the ship's surgeon with him. A brief examination of pulse, respiration, and temperature, a curt question as to the origin of the blood that

#### Silver Bullion by the Roadside on the Mojave Desert--1876

17 half filled the basin near my head, were followed by the ordering of a bottle of champagne, with which I was liberally dosed at intervals. Then a couple of stalwart attendants were summoned. I was swathed in blankets, and carried to the "Social Hall" on the upper deck, where I remained on an improvised couch for the remainder of the voyage, not caring whether I lived or not. I was occasionally aroused to take nourishment or stimulants prescribed by the surgeon. After arriving at Colon, or Aspinwall, I was assisted to prepare for the railroad trip across the Isthmus to Panama, where the steamer for San Francisco was awaiting our arrival. The medical expert gave me a final word of warning:

"On the way across, there will be an abundance of tempting fruit--bananas, oranges, pineapples, etc.--offered for sale at every station by natives who will board the train. But if you value your life, do not touch it under any circumstances not a mouthful. It would assuredly be fatal. When you arrive, report to the surgeon on the San Francisco steamer at once. Tell him about yourself, and follow his orders. Remember--do not touch a mouthful of the fruit!"

But the change from the stuffy, smelly, bilge-watery, altogether uncomfortable tub, to the bright sunshine, delightful temperature, pure air, balmy breezes, and novel sights of the tropics, soon aroused me. I began to take an interest in my surroundings. Especially was that interest centered on the fruit--luscious, odoriferous, and tempting as only fruit can be that has ripened in its native habitat. I saw my fellow passengers buying it in quantities at astonishingly moderate cost, and

reveling in its consumption. I stood this as long as I could, then said to myself: "Oh, damn the surgeon's advice! I am going to have some of those bananas and oranges if I die for it!" And have them I did and did *not* die. I have never been afraid of ripe fruit in moderation since that day. 18 If ones system did not need it, the demand therefor would not be so insistent.

Now if this were only a novel I would conclude this phase of the narrative by saying that from that moment onward I began to improve, and continued doing so until I was in the pink of condition when we reached San Francisco. twenty-four long, weary days later. But that would scarcely accord with the truth.

I will not go into details of that long journey on board the old-fashioned, decrepit. worn-out, condemned wooden side-wheel steamer "Constitution." An occurrence which took place three years later will serve to describe the trip. so far as I was concerned, at least.

In the spring of 1879 I boarded a train at Colton, in Southern California, en route to San Francisco, details of which will be given in due time. Among the few passengers was a gentleman who eyed me rather closely. and who after awhile spoke to me.

"Excuse me," he said, "but your face appears slightly familiar to me. Have we not met somewhere before?"

I had recognized him at once, and replied: "Yes, we have met. Are you not Mr. Van Tassell of San Francisco. and New York? And did you not travel from Panama to San Francisco three years ago on the old 'Constitution'?"

"Yes, I did," he replied.

"Well, I was a fellow passenger. My name is Weeks."

A look of astonishment, incredulity. and wonder passed over his face.

"You cannot mean it!" he said. "You are not the Mr. Weeks I knew. It is impossible."

“Oh, yes, I am. There is not a bit of doubt about it, as I recollect you very well.”

“You must excuse me for my astonishment, but I will explain it. It is all right now to tell you of something that took place on that voyage which would have disturbed you greatly if you had known of it at the time. But 19 we were careful to keep it a secret from you. It was this: As you probably know, it is the custom on steamer voyages to sell pools in the smoking-room each day upon the steamer's run. We did this on the ‘Constitution,’ but in addition, because we had all noted your condition, pools were also sold every day on whether you would be dumped overboard or not before twenty-four hours had passed! Those who bet against it were winners. But you may imagine my surprise at seeing you now and in such apparent robust health.”

I was well tanned, hearty, full of life and vigor, and weighed a normal 165 or 170 pounds for my six feet of stature, instead of the 130 or less that I had been reduced to by my illness. Incidentally, there was not the slightest visible indication of any tubercular trouble, and no one would have believed that only three years before I had been a more or less prominent member of the One Lunged Brigade.

“How did you do it?” Mr. Van Tassell asked. “I would like to know, so that I may advise others.”

“That is easy,” I replied. “Life in the open air, hard work, plain food, and plenty of sleep.”

There was just one incident of that long voyage which still remains fresh in my memory. For the greater part of the time I was indifferent to what went on about me, and cared not at all for anything--not even the antics of a mining engineer who was known to consume a full bottle of whisky every day! I had an outside stateroom opening on the gangway abaft the wheelhouse, and was as comfortable as circumstances would permit. A long-continued storm along the Central American coast, through which the rickety old vessel wallowed, her longitudinal deck planks drawing apart and closing again two or three inches at a time, sent some of the frightened passengers to their “marrow-bones” in the great salon into which my 20 stateroom opened inboard. For days I was annoyed by the hysterical weepings and wailings and prayings of some of the men

and women. They actually appeared to think that the same tremendous and immutable power that controlled the waves and all else mundane could be brought by flattery and lip worship to heed the whinings and snivelings of a lot of insignificant human insects. and that the changeless laws of Nature would be altered to save them from meeting the Creator whom they pretended to adore! It was nauseating, no less!

My own favorite “prayer” during the long-continued storm was the familiar couplet: “Oh, Captain, Captain, stop the ship; Let me get out and walk!”

And it was truly a happy day when the captain put in to the surpassingly beautiful, land-locked harbor of Acapulco, and we all “got out and walked.” To be sure, one of the prominent and most aristocratic passengers became crazily intoxicated from taking a couple of drinks of mescal (his first), and sought to whip the entire garrison of the fort. In the most friendly manner, they tied him securely with ropes and sent him aboard the steamer in a small-boat, with a polite request to the captain to keep him there. Just as foreign “drunks” would perhaps (?) be treated in American ports!

In the afternoon, the Sunday quiet was broken by a pistol shot which rang out from the vicinity of one of the wheelhouses on a lower deck, followed by loud shrieks and a great splashing of water close to the vessel. Investigation disclosed that a passenger who had joined the steamer at Panama, coming from some distant South American port, had chosen a position where his body would be certain to fall into the water, and had then put a bullet through his head. The bay was full of sharks, and no one who saw it ever could forget the manner in which they fought over the corpse.

Next day it was learned that he had brought a large 21 trunk on board, which had been placed in the baggage hold. It was broken out and taken to the captain's office for examination, whereupon some of the passengers were invited to inspect its amazing contents. It was packed full of gold and silver vessels, jewelry, and ornaments pertaining to altar equipment, showing that they had been taken from some church. Nothing was ever learned of the man or of the origin of what was plainly “loot.” Nor did the publication of the facts by the California press elicit any inquiry so far as was

publicly known. No one knew what became of the treasure, although some of those who saw it tried to ascertain.

*From the foregoing it may be deduced that it is well sometimes to obey one's physician's instructions, as also to disobey them on occasion.*

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## CHAPTER II

*Staging Over Mountains and Desert, with Silver Bars Stacked Up by the Roadside.*

*My first journey in California, aside from the trip over the newly built railway through the San Joaquin Valley from San Francisco to Los Angeles, was from Bakersfield south, that place being the "rail end," while work was being pushed across the Mojave Desert and the Tehachapi Mountains. Hence this chapter will be devoted entirely to that interesting method of pioneer travel.*

GONE are the old stagecoach days! Those days of danger, of romance, and of vital history-making as well!

Gone are the days when a blanket roll was a Concord, mud-wagon, or buckboard.

Gone are the old stage stations, with their primitive but picturesque equipment, and the thrilling scenes of dancing and bucking and kicking bronco horses or mules, forced to wear harness and to take their places in "lead," "swing," or "on the wheel."

Gone are the wonderful (! ! !) meals, at those same stations, of the "three B's," the foundation stones of all pioneer civilization in the West--beans, bacon, and biscuit (yellow as the gold of the placer miners), with an occasional addition of bull beef in order to finish out the corners of that ardent desire of the old-time traveler for a "rectangular meal!" This was liquidated by great mugs of thick, black, and often unsweetened coffee, guiltless of milk, for in those days the "tin cow" had not yet invaded the Range.

Gone also are the prices for the aforesaid feasts, whether square or not--a dollar, two dollars, perhaps even two 23 and a half dollars, in dust or coin, according to whether the location was in mid-desert or somewhere near a base of supplies. For the auto traveler laughs to scorn such out-of-date rates, and pays liberally for the most modest refectation.

Gone are the crude bars in the corner of the station nearest the door, against which the passengers hurled themselves almost before the stage had come to a full stop, and washed the desert sand and alkali from their parched throats with generous applications of "good red likker" at two or four bits a throw!

Gone are the long, uncomfortable, sleepless nights when nine passengers were packed into some mud-wagon built to accommodate but six, and with three heavy persons crowded into seats intended only for two.

Gone are the days of the shotgun messenger, with his trusty sawed-off weapon, finger constantly on trigger ready for instant use when some dimly seen man might call out of the darkness, "Throw down that box, you -- -- --, and be damned quick about it!"

Gone are the roaring double shots of that same gun when the alert messenger sent both charges of heavy buckshot from wire cartridges full into the face or chest of the luckless highwayman, blowing a hole in him large enough to thrust one's hand into with ease--if one cared for such thrusting! This is a gentle hint, by the way, for the consideration of those seeking to suppress the epidemic of pay roll robberies which has prevailed in many portions of the country for the past few years. It is a hint having the backing of the best of proof as to its undoubted efficacy, but it has not been heeded. The sawed-off shotgun and the alert messenger put an end to the looting of stagecoach treasure boxes, just as it would prove an effective discouragement to the looting of pay rolls. Why not benefit by the example? How often are the custodians of such treasure overcome by highwaymen because they are unable to bring their weapons into action 24 from their secure hiding places, while the shotgun messenger carries his always ready for use at the slightest provocation.

Gone are the rough, stony, rutty, crooked, steep “thanky-marmed” roads, little more than trails hewed and hacked from hill and mountain side, or hub deep with drifting sands of the desert.

Gone, all gone! Only their memory remains!

They have given way to the high-priced, ornamental auto stage, well and even luxuriantly equipped in every respect, moving rapidly and comfortably over wide and smoothly paved roadways, whether on mountain or in desert, covering in an incredibly small number of hours the distance that it once required days to accomplish.

Naught does the younger generation of today know of the old-time stagecoach traffic. And few enough are now living who were obliged to resort to that method of travel when necessity drove, for of a surety few, if any, ever undertook such journeys merely for pleasure!

Mayhap some of those who now roll safely, rapidly, and comfortably through the same scenes that their fathers and grandfathers passed under conditions almost exactly the opposite to those of today, may care to hear something about travel of half a century ago in that region which was one of the last to witness the “romance” of the stagecoach of the Concord thorough-brace type, the mudwagon, and the buckboard, as remembered by one now well past the threescore and ten mark, who at one time and another traversed practically every one of the leading stage lines in California.

San Francisco, the metropolis of the State, owing to its geographical situation, never shared in the excitement of the daily, sometimes almost hourly, arrival and departure of the picturesque stagecoach. There were, to be sure, lines running down the peninsula to San Jose and a few points farther south. But all the great traffic of passengers, mail, and express converging there, was conveyed by steam and 25 sometimes by sail to and from Sacramento, Stockton, or Marysville. At those places were centered the stage routes leading to the northern, the southern, and the intermediate mining regions, from the far-off Trinity and Klamath, to the headwaters of the Feather, the American, the Yuba, and their various forks, the San Joaquin and its tributaries. The first two towns named were the centers in this and in other respects. Hence it was little enough, that

the residents of San Francisco saw of thorough-brace stagecoach or mud-wagon on the streets, while an almost constant procession rolled along the thoroughfares of the cities at the head of river navigation. Never in San Francisco was there excitement because of the arrival of the mud-splashed, dirt-covered, often bullet-riddled and blood-stained overland coaches, that had come rolling and clattering from their long trans-plain journey over the old immigrant road, down through the Henness Pass grade, into Hangtown and thence to Marysville, Stockton, or Sacramento.

As the first journey of the writer in California by the old stagecoach method had the southern portion of the State as its objective, in common with many another of the One-Lunged Contingent that was even then seeking cure in that section, it is therefore appropriate to take that region as the starting point for the reminiscences of half a century ago.

It is many a long day since the streets of the Queen City of the South echoed to the rumbling wheels and the spark-striking shoes of the great Concord coaches with their six horses or mules that rattled and clattered over the cobbles at frequent intervals. They came from all points of the compass, and dashed up at a full run to the portals of the St. Charles, the Pico, or other of the hostelrys that were the cream, the quintessence, of their ilk of half a century and more in the past.

They came on "steamer days" from the landing at Wilmington. They came over the long coast highway from San Diego; from the still longer one across the San 26 Fernando and Tehachapi ranges, traversing the Mojave Desert, thence into the vast and lonely stretches of the San Joaquin Valley. Or they came and went over the longest and hardest road of them all, that led eastward through the scantily peopled San Gabriel Valley, past "Uncle Billy" Rubottom's famous stage station, now Spadra, where toothsome old-fashioned meals were prepared and served by "Aunt Sallie." These meals are still remembered by a few white-haired patriarchs with longing, surpassing as they did the proudest efforts of the proudest dining-car chef that whirls past the old place today, and were a hundredfold more satisfying to those who have partaken of both. Then the stage went across the unpopulated sites of Pomona and half a dozen other now thriving cities; then onward over the "Thirty-Two Mile Desert," now a solid vineyard and orchard, between Cucamonga and its delicious wines and the Mormon colony at San Bernardino; then past the ruins of the old Mission,



destroyed by raiding desert Indians, and so on up and through the San Geronio Pass, that “Dark and Bloody Ground” as it was once known, scene of many an undiscovered and unavenged murder; then down into the Colorado Desert, now the fertile fields of the Coachella and Imperial Valleys, with their annual shipments of tens of thousands of carloads of cantaloupes, cotton, and other products, and their scores of thousands of acres of fruit trees, vineyards, alfalfa fields, cotton plantations, and all manner of vegetation; and thence eastward into the Indian-infested regions of Arizona and New Mexico.

The only survivors of the means of travel in those days are the rickety-rackety, dilapidated old coaches that do duty in furnishing a portion of the pioneer “frontier atmosphere” for some of the film scenes that essay to reproduce those stirring times. Such reproductions are accomplished with more or less (sometimes considerably less) fidelity to the actuality as it still persists in the memories of some who, like the writer, “enjoyed” personal experiences of the old stagecoach days. Deep interest is taken in such scenes by all to whom they are only a romance of the past, the sharp contrasts with present-day methods presenting a never-ending source for wonder and surprise.

As stated at the outset, my first stage journey in the Golden State was from “end of rail” on the Southern Pacific Railroad, then under construction down the San Joaquin Valley from San Francisco, with Los Angeles as its primary ultimate terminus, though it got transcontinental determinations in due time. The point of departure was near Bakersfield, at the lower end of the great interior valley.

When we reached the terminus of the railroad track, there were eight of us who were going farther south, and we got into one of the old-time stagecoaches such as are now seen only in the movies. The other passengers were all old-timers. I was the only tenderfoot. We became acquainted in a short time, just as people always did in the West, and talked and told stories, and laughed and enjoyed ourselves. We had been traveling several hours when one of the passengers to whom I had taken quite a notion on account of his pleasant manner, said to me:

“Well, young man, this must be your first stage trip in California.”

I said he was right--that I had only landed from Panama three days before.

“Yes,” he replied, “I knew you were a stranger and had not been in the country very long. I had three good reasons for knowing it.”

“What are they?” I asked him. “I shall be glad to know how you could tell that I was a new arrival.”

“All right! *Where's your blankets?*” he shot at me.

“Blankets! What blankets? I haven't any blankets,” I replied, rather puzzled.

“Yes, I knew it,” he said. “I saw you had none. 28 But didn't you notice this morning that every one of us, before we got aboard the coach, put a roll of blankets in the boot?”

“Yes, I did, and I wondered at it,” I said.

“Well, before we reach the end of our journey you will find out all about it. No man who knows this country ever starts on a trip where he will be out all night, especially in a stagecoach, without taking a couple or three thick blankets with him. You will learn why, all right, before tomorrow morning!”

And I did! While it had been warm enough through the day, as soon as the sun went down the cold mountain and desert winds sprang up. The other passengers wrapped their blankets around them and were comfortable. I had only the overcoat I had worn in New York, and I shivered all night long. That was the only time I ever went on a journey for the next fifty years without taking blankets, except when I traveled by train, and even then I often found it convenient and comfortable to have some with me. Down in Mexico where I passed some fourteen years later on, I never went anywhere without “packing my blankets,” as it is called.

After the good-natured man had finished with the blanket question, he said to me: “That was the first reason why I knew that you were a tenderfoot. Now here is the second: Several times we have passed numbers of sheep feeding on the fresh grass, and you spoke of them as ‘large flocks.’ Now we don't have flocks of anything in California. All we have is ‘bands.’ We have bands of horses,

bands of cattle, bands of sheep, bands of goats, bands of men, and even bands of pretty girls- and they *are* pretty too! So when we hear any one talking of flocks of anything, we know he is a tenderfoot.”

“All right,” I said. “You said there were three reasons. You have given me two. Now what is the third reason for knowing I was a new arrival?”

“Well, young fellow, the third one is the best and 29 surest of all! We have stopped three times to change horses since we started this morning, haven't we?”

“Yes--what about it?”

“Why this: What did you do while the changes were being made?”

“I watched the hostlers unhitching and hitching up the animals. They were so wild and unruly that it was great fun to see how well they were handled and hitched to the stage.”

“Yes, so it was. So it was. But what did the rest of us do?”

“Why, I don't know. Oh, yes, I remember! You all went into the stage station for something or other.”

“Yes, that is so. And if you hadn't been a rank tender foot you would have jumped off the stage almost before it stopped, as we did, rushed inside the station, put your belly up against the bar and called for some good red likker to wash the desert dust and alkali out of your throat, just as we did! That is my third and best reason for knowing beyond a doubt that you are a tenderfoot!”

I acknowledged the corn! And in after journeys of the kind I followed the custom of the country!

Awhile after this I climbed up on the seat by the side of the driver, as I could see the country better than when inside. We were passing through an entirely unsettled region on the lower slopes of the

Tehachapi Mountains, when we came to a lot of bars of shining white metal piled by the roadside in crisscross fashion, like cordwood. The driver noticed I was looking at them, and said to me:

“What do you suppose that pile is, young fellow?”

“I don't know. I guess it must be lead,” I replied, for I had seen stacks of bars looking like these in New York City metal establishments.

“But it is brighter than any lead I ever saw. No, I can't guess what it is,” I replied.

30

“Well, I'll tell you,” said the driver. “It is solid silver!”

Of course I knew that in the times only just passing away, all that one had to do was to go into the gold region and pick nuggets up almost anywhere. But never had I expected to see solid silver all melted and run into bars lying by the side of the road waiting the pleasure of any one able (?) to carry them away!

I didn't say anything, for I thought he was trying to stuff me because he knew I was a greenhorn or tenderfoot, and I suppose he saw that I did not exactly believe him, so he said:

“Oh, I'm not trying to give you a fill! It is pure silver, sure enough! There is a big mine a couple of hundred miles or so over there on the Mojave Desert [he Pronounced it Mo- *har* -vey] and they send lots of silver bars out to the mint in San Francisco. A wagon loaded with some came along the other day and broke down with the heavy weight. The men could not repair it, so they unloaded the bars, stacked them up, and then hauled the empty wagon with the broken axle riding on a pole, to the nearest blacksmith shop, thirty or forty miles away, off there to the north.”

“But I should think some one would steal it,” I said.

“You *couldn't* steal it, or if you did, it wouldn't do you any good. A single bar is too heavy to carry on horse or mule back, and if anybody loaded it on a wagon they would be sure to be caught.

Besides that, you couldn't sell it even if you were not caught. You would have to take it to the mint in San Francisco or to some assay office, and when they tested it they would know where it came from. You see, there are no two mines anywhere on this coast, or anywhere else, I guess, that yield bullion exactly alike, and when an assayer tests some he can tell at once where it was produced. So no one would be foolish enough to steal any of that silver, and it will lie there safely until they come back with the mended wagon."

### 31

"How much do you suppose that pile of silver is worth?" I asked the driver.

"Oh, sixty or seventy thousand dollars, perhaps more," said he. "I haven't noticed the market price lately."

Another interesting thing happened on this novel trip. Just about dark that same day we stopped at a stage station to change horses. A man with a queer-looking gun (a sawed-off shotgun I learned later it was called) came out and told me I would have to leave the seat by the driver's side and take one behind him on the roof of the coach. He said he was the messenger, and it was his business to ride next to the driver. So I climbed up on the top seat, and then two men came with a queer-looking, very heavy box bound with thick iron straps and with two great brass padlocks. They hoisted it up with difficulty, put it on the seat by my side, and tied it with ropes to the iron railing. Then the driver said to me:

"Say, young fellow, if you go to sleep in the night and wake up suddenly and find the coach standing still, and you hear any one yell, 'Chuck that box down you -- -- -- and be damned quick about it!' you untie or cut those ropes and throw the box on the ground just as quick as the Lord will let you--that is, if you value your life!"

"All right," I said, "I'll do it!"

I hadn't the slightest idea what the box was, but later learned that it was a Wells-Fargo treasure chest, and had a lot of gold bars worth thousands of dollars that were being shipped from a mine

in the mountains, and also some sacks of gold coin for the pay roll of another mine. The man with the shotgun was the guard, or "shotgun messenger," as he was called. I learned, too, that there was a bandit named Vasquez who made a habit of robbing stagecoaches on this road when he knew or thought they were carrying treasure, and that it was feared he might hold us up. But as I did not know this at the time, I was not at all worried about the matter. However, we got through all right, and were not stopped. So I did not have to "chuck that box down!" But I did shiver all night because I was a tenderfoot and had no blankets!

It was very early in the morning when at last we reached Los Angeles. That afternoon we took a train on a road that commenced at Wilmington, the port for San Francisco steamers, and ran as far as Colton, a hundred miles and more to the east. This was only a link in the great transcontinental system that has been in operation so long. But for a long time it remained the end-of-rail while construction was pushed through the vast, sparsely settled desert region to the east, extending as far as El Paso, a thousand miles and more.

I spent several interesting hours "seeing the sights" of the City of the Angels, which, while it was the metropolis of Southern California, had but a scant ten thousand population. Now it has upward of a million and a half. It was a sprawling collection of one and two-story buildings about the plaza upon which fronted the ancient church which gave the place its name, dedicated to "Our Lady the Queen of the Angels." Only a few months before, this same Lady had looked down from her perch in the tower upon a mob which had attacked Chinatown, just across the plaza. As fast as one of that race was captured, they strung him up to the heavy crosspiece of the massive gateway to an old-fashioned "wagon corral" in the heart of town, until there was room for no more. This, I was told, was in requital for the murder of certain white peace officers.

About three in the afternoon I took the solitary daily train for Colton, consisting of two passenger coaches, a baggage car, and sundry box cars, and in due time, three hours or more, was landed at the "town" named, which boasted one entire one-story rough board shack, utilized as a saloon and restaurant, and a crude station. Soon

Spring Street, Los Angeles, 1928 and 1898

33 after leaving Los Angeles we passed through great level fields filled with gnarled, ill-shapen, twisted, and verdureless trunks of a tree growth of some kind, stretching away in long and more or less symmetrical rows. There being only half a dozen passengers in the car, I had struck up an acquaintance with the conductor, who, doubtless realizing the unindurated condition of my pedal extremities, was glad to answer my queries. I soon learned that that was something every real Californian rejoiced in--giving information to tenderfeet, though sometimes with a "mis" before that word! The first question I ventured was in regard to this peculiar growth. In reply I was astonished to receive the information that what had attracted my attention was a vineyard, and that the gnarled stumps were grapevines. The only thing of the kind I had ever seen on a large scale in my life had been the great trellised vineyards of the lake region of Central New York, and which were about as different from the California variety as could be imagined. Indeed, it could scarcely be imagined.

The region from Los Angeles to my first point of destination, San Bernardino, was practically unsettled, only a cabin here and there to be seen. The now thriving city of Pomona, for example, consisted of but a single shack of rough boards, on the front porch of which I was afterwards kindly permitted to camp one night while traveling on horseback through the unpeopled wilderness. Another portion of the railroad crossed what I learned later was known as "the Thirty-Two Mile Desert." It was all that its name implied, as I realized when I found no water was to be had, while I had neglected to supply myself with a canteen.

Now the entire distance from Los Angeles to Colton is practically one continuous settlement, or series of settlements, interspersed with thriving orchards of oranges and other fresh fruit, while farther on, in the heart of the "desert" just referred to, is the largest vineyard in the world-- 34 thousands and thousands of acres, stretching away to the base of the mountains many miles distant, and presenting one of the most attractive sights which it is possible to imagine--especially for one who not so long ago crossed it while parched with thirst.

*The only "moral" to this chapter is that it is indeed vain to endeavor to disguise the fact that one is a Tenderfoot. Or a One-Lunger. That is apparent on the face of things--or rather your own face!*

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### CHAPTER III

*The "Kindly" Reception Given the One-Lunger by Mormon and Other Voters at His First Election Experience*

MY OBJECTIVE, decided upon in advance, was a crude sort of health resort in the foothills at the base of the San Bernardino range of mountains, on the opposite side of which lay the vast Colorado Desert. It was some fifteen miles from the town which bears the same name as the mountains. An appointment had been made in advance by mail from San Francisco to meet the proprietor of the place on a certain date, and it was kept to the minute.

An old-fashioned Concord stage conveyed the railroad passengers from the single structure which then constituted the present city of Colton, to the old settlement three miles distant. Like several other of the pioneer towns of California, San Bernardino had declined to view the prospective benefits of railroad communication with an optimistic spirit, since it threatened to, and indeed did, destroy one of its chief and most profitable industries--the freighting of supplies to the Arizona and New Mexico mining camps to the eastward. Hence it was sidetracked and a station established which it was believed by some would cause the grass to grow in the streets of the older place.

San Bernardino now has a population of some 40,000, as against the scant 2000 it had at the time spoken of, while Colton has upward of 8000, commencing at *nil*. Thus demonstrating that there was room and to spare for both places. The entire region for miles in every direction has been reclaimed from its then desert condition, and fruitful orchards and vineyards now stretch as far as the eye can reach.

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This is just as good a place as any to present some descriptive remarks concerning this most interesting place. After the pioneer padres from Mexico had established the Mission of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, in 1781, which is now a city of upward of a million and a half population, they set up another mission at San Gabriel, miles to the eastward. Then pushing still farther toward the desert, they constructed outposts at Jurupa, Agua Mansa, and finally at Old San Bernardino, several miles from the present city of that name.

In 1846 the Mormons under the leadership of Brigham Young set out on their long trek across the wilderness between their last temporary halting place in Missouri, after their expulsion from Nauvoo, and the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Their advance guard reached that point in 1847, and in 1848 the nucleus of what is now a city of 130,000 or more had attained a population of 5000.

A short time after the establishment of Salt Lake City, Brigham Young, so his followers related to me as well as to others, had a revelation in which the Lord appeared to him as He did to Moses of old, and designated certain of the pioneers to push their way through to the Pacific Coast and there establish an outpost of Zion. This was done as a mark of signal Divine approval of their conduct. They were to travel southwesterly many weeks and months, but finally, after crossing a vast desert, were to encounter a snow-capped range upon the opposite side of which they would find a fertile, well-watered, and well timbered valley. They were to know when the spot selected by the Almighty was reached, by a great sign, the "Finger of the Lord," as Brigham called it, on the mountain side, pointing directly into the heart of the valley. Here they were to remain and build up a "Stake of Zion."

Enthusiastic over the Divine favor thus bestowed upon the select ones, they undertook the journey without guide or knowledge of the terrible barren and waterless wastes to be encountered. They skirted what afterwards became known as Death Valley, then crossed the Mojave Desert, and then encountered the lofty San Bernardino range. Crossing it with difficulty, for they missed the most and in fact only feasible pass farther west, they traveled down into the valley, letting their wagons down the steep mountain side by felling trees and fastening them to the rear axles--known today as "Mormon brakes." Close to the point at which they landed, they saw plainly delineated

on the mountain side by some unexplainable freak of Nature, a great arrowhead, some 2700 feet in length, with the point resting almost exactly in a cluster of springs of hot mineralized water which sent a good- sized stream down into the plain.

Where and how Brigham Young had obtained his information regarding this phenomenon was always a mystery. Steadfastly he ever maintained that the Lord had revealed it to him in a vision.

With the energy, enterprise, and tireless industry evinced by their fellow believers wherever they have gone, whether in Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Mexico, or elsewhere, they straightway created a garden where there had been only a desert. Grain fields, orchards, and vineyards were planted, and a suggestion given of the surpassingly beautiful and fruitful valley of today.

The first settlement was made in 1851, a large tract in the heart of the valley being purchased from the successors of the founders of the Old San Bernardino Mission. The present city of the same name was laid out on the customary liberal lines of Mormon settlement, with broad streets lined with irrigation ditches, and bordered by shade trees. For several years they carried on their work of development, reaching farther and farther out into the great valley. But at the time of the so-called Johnson "invasion" of Utah in 1857, Brigham Young ordered all able-bodied men to return to Salt Lake City and join his military forces in opposing the Government troops--something that never materialized into actual hostilities 38 luckily enough for all concerned. Some obeyed the order, but others refused, threw off his yoke, and organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. They eschewed the revelation of Joseph Smith authorizing polygamy, and no longer recognized Brigham's authority. At various times I attended the religious services of the Saints, and would never have known that I was not listening to a good old Baptist or Methodist discourse.

Those who obeyed the orders of Brigham were forced to dispose of their property for whatever it would bring, which was little enough. Many Gentiles, attracted by reports of fine farm lands, orchards, and vineyards to be purchased for only a few dollars an acre, came from other portions of the State, and twenty years later, when the author arrived there, the newcomers far outnumbered the pioneers.

Some of the tenderfeet had rather queer ideas with regard to these same pioneers. One of them, manifestly just from Boston, visited a store belonging to a friend of mine who had only recently arrived from Ohio, and after adjusting his gold-rimmed eyeglasses upon his aristocratic nose, and gazing awhile at the passers-by in the street, remarked:

“My good sir, they tell me that this is a Maw-w-mon town. Are those people on the streets all Maw-w-mons? Pray tell me, just what does a Maw-w-mon look like?”

Somewhat nettled by the patronizing manner of the brash tenderfoot, the Ohioan responded:

“What does a Mormon look like? Why, he looks exactly as do you and I!”

No further questions were asked.

#### *The Cordial Welcome Extended to Voters in Some Places in Pioneer Times*

The first vote I cast in California was at the presidential election in 1876--the famous Hayes-Tilden contest. It was in San Bernardino, at that time the jumping-off 39 place for Arizona, New and Old Mexico, Southern Nevada, and other points south and east, and about as tough as frontier towns can possibly be. Indeed, any one who sees it for the first time today, would never believe some of the facts in its history.

An idea can be formed of the character of the population and the tone of public sentiment from the fact that the principal of the Union School sent one day for the town marshal (chief of police) to protect him from a boy pupil who had pulled a gun on him as he was about to administer a very much needed thrashing. The marshal and an assistant searched and disarmed the young toughs. They piled on a table in his office, where I inspected them by invitation, *not less than thirty-six guns of every size and type imaginable*, from Allen “pepper-boxes” and four-barreled repeaters to 44-Colt dragoons, as well as double-barreled horse pistols. In addition, part of the pupils had knives--bowies, dirks, daggers, sharpened wood rasps, etc. It was a choice collection, all right. I always wondered what might have been found if the feminine contingent of pupils had been

searched. I was living about fifteen miles from town, and in all the valley there was but one polling place--the courthouse. An uncle, two cousins, and I, all hereditary Republicans for no other reason than that our fathers had been "Black Abolitionists," drove into town to vote. The courthouse stood in the center of a block a hundred feet back from the main street, with a wide, tree-lined walk leading to it. When we left our wagon, we found this walk lined on both sides for the entire distance with as tough a gang of frontiersmen as can be imagined. Indeed, one could not imagine it--it should be seen to be appreciated. They were all armed, some with two guns, some with a gun and knife, and some with but one gun. Every one was in shirt sleeves, so the weapons were all in plain sight. And such faces! It would have staggered even a Doré to do justice to them! 40 As we started to walk between the double tanks, a fellow at our end of the line sang out to some one on the steps, who was evidently a political leader:

"Oh-h-h, Tom! Oh-h-h, Tom!"

"Whatinell's the matter, Bill? What's up?" came the reply from Tom.

"Say, look at these four --- ----- Black Republicans goin' up thar to vote! Are we goin' to let 'em vote?"

With an expression of the utmost contempt, Tom shouted back:

"Oh, hell, yes, Bill! Let 'em vote if they want to. And a d--d sight of good it will do 'em! They won't be counted!"

So we walked calmly up the pavement between the double rank of toughs, amid a shower of profanity and obscenity. We kept perfectly cool, put our ballots in the box, and then walked back through the same gang and the same shower.

Our votes were not counted, just as Tom had said.

But I lived to see that town and that county vote overwhelmingly Republican! Though I have never forgotten the warmth of the welcome to my adopted State!

*How the Author Forfeited an Indian Chief's Esteem as a Truth-teller by Telling the Truth.*

I was traveling on horseback with an Indian Chief one day several months after my arrival in the San Bernardino Valley, when he began asking questions about the “pueblo” or city from which I came. I pointed to various mountain landmarks covering about the same area in the valley as that occupied by the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and told him that my pueblo covered fully as much space, while there were several others close by but not so large. It was all divided up with roads, which were covered with stones, and had thousands of houses, not just one story high like the only ones he had ever seen, but sometimes six and eight houses piled on top of each other. The roads, I told him, were filled with people and teams running to and fro, and the houses were also filled with people, so many that they could not be counted. Often the roads were so crowded that no one could move in them.

He gave me a hard look, uttered a skeptical-sounding “Huh!” and let it go at that, asking no more questions. Some days later I met a white friend who also knew the Chief, and he asked me what it was I had said to the Capitan. “Why, I don't know,” I replied, “except that I described New York to him as well as I could.”

“Yes, that is what he told me you did, and you surely lost your reputation when you did it. Juan said to me: ‘When that man first came to the Casa Blanca [my cabin was whitewashed] I used to think he was a mighty good man, and I believed whatever he said. But the other day he told me that his pueblo was as large as from there to there, and there to there [pointing out the various mountain peaks I had referred to]. And he said that all that great space was filled with houses, piled one on top of the other, and the roads ran in every way, and the houses and roads were all crowded with people. *Now you and I both know that there are not so many people in all the world as that.* So now I know that he is the damnedest liar I ever met, and I don't care for him any longer and shall not believe anything he tells me.’”

Later I regained the Chief's confidence to some extent, when he used to come to my house to learn his letters, and perspired over the task far more than he did when at work in the fields. *But he learned them!*

*There is nothing like being made to feel at home in a new country! To be called a liar by an Indian and a by white men makes one feel certain that the motto of these people must have been, "Welcome to our midst! We aim to please!"*

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## CHAPTER IV

*The "Shockingly Indecent" Spectacle Presented by Aboriginal Infants Rolling in the Sand in a State of Nature and Perfect Happiness.*

BIGHT and early the next morning after arriving in San Bernardino, the Sanitarium proprietor drove up to the hotel in a heavy, four-spring covered wagon of the style then in general use for passenger service, and in company with two other "patients" (it appearing subsequently that there were three sound single lungs distributed among the trio). The long drive to our foothill destination was commenced--fifteen miles in extent horizontally, and over fifteen hundred feet perpendicularly. That is to say, from the Sanitarium the distance to sea level was more than 1500 feet greater than from San Bernardino to the ocean.

It had rained during the night, and every leaf and twig and spear of vegetation was decorated with drops of moisture that sparkled like diamonds in the sun. Off to the north and the east the lofty mountain range stretched in a great semicircle, the snowy covering of its serrated summits glittering like a great belt of polished silver against the indigo blue of the sky, while the towering pine forests stood out like a delicate fringe of dark-hued lace against their background. In the far distance were the twin peaks of Grayback and San Bernardino, from 11,000 to 12,000 feet in height, calling to mind the vision of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters": "....Far off, three mountain tops, Three silent pinnacles of aged snow, Stood sunset-flushed."

Farther to the south stood the grim desert guardian, San Jacinto, with its more than 10,700 feet of crest, walling off the wilderness with the most extensive precipitous declivity in the world. This too was snowclad, and shone a vision of grandeur in the morning sun.

Just in the edge of town the road plunged down a sharp incline into the bed of Warm Creek, where flowed the waters from the hot springs near the base of the mountains ten miles or so to the north; then across "Squaw Flat" (of which perhaps more later on), through sand and willows, cactus and weeds for half a mile, and then out into the cultivated fields of the pioneers. For two or three miles the road led through the level valley, prosperous looking farms following each other in close succession, orchards and vineyards and comfortable homes betokening the diligence and success of the cultivators. Then the bridgeless "wash" of the Santa Ana River was reached, with a wide and deep stream fed from the melting snows on the distant peaks. We dipped down a steep cut in the earthen bank, and the horses plodded through sand and wallowed more than belly-deep through the icy water for upward of half a mile. Then there was another sharp pitch as the road left the bed of the stream and clambered up to the level of the vast open, unsettled plain that stretched for miles in every direction.

As our eyes reached the level of the surface, we were held spellbound by the spectacle that greeted us. Acre on acre, hundreds on hundreds, thousands on thousands of them, were covered with a mantle of floral wealth such as I for one never had dreamed existed anywhere in the world, least of all under Nature's unassisted domination. Grass there was, but it was almost hidden from sight by the spreading masses of low-growing flowers, varicolored, all exhaling perfume, all wonderful in their individually modest beauty, while overwhelming in the mass.

Great areas, hundreds of acres there were all of one color. Then came other areas of a growth of a different hue, and 44 so on until lost in the vista that stretched to the distant hills, miles away. The raindrops from the drenching of the previous night had not yet been more than partially dissipated

by the increasing warmth of the sun, and their sparkling added to the attractions presented by the brilliant hues of the blossoms to which they clung.

Straight as an arrow ran the single-track road for miles, cutting across the valley diagonally toward the point at which we were aimed. It was just as it had been laid out by the first man who headed his saddle horse in that direction. Away off in the distance to the south the valley was bordered by a range of low, rolling hills facing the rugged mountains to the north. At their base was a thin, dark green, almost black, ribbon, which we were surprised to learn was the fringe of great alder, sycamore, and willow trees bordering the “zanja” (“sanky” according to local pronunciation), or watercourse which led the supply for the irrigation of the orchards, vineyards, alfalfa and vegetable fields of Old San Bernardino. There the padres, and after them the Mormons, had inaugurated the experiments that had made the San Bernardino Valley, with its oranges, raisins, and other fruits, famous the world around. For who does not know the incomparable navel orange of Riverside and its sister settlements--all tributary to the parent valley and deriving their life-sustaining moisture from the distant snow-mantled mountains.

As we went farther and farther from the river, the horses showed plainly that their task had become more difficult with each mile. The steepness of the grade was not apparent to the eye of the tenderfoot, and the fact that it really was a grade of no mean percentage was shown only by the perpetual tautness of the harness tugs, as also by the manner in which the animals were obliged to keep their shoulders pressed tightly against the collars. Their gait had long since settled down to the slow walk necessary in hill climbing.

After awhile the great masses of low-growing, brighthued

San Bernardino and Grayback Peaks--“One-Lunger's” Claim Was on Extreme Lower Right Hand. No Other Building Were Then in Sight.

45 perfume-exhaling flowers gave place to something that was a novelty to one of the passengers at least--myself. This was a great stretch of thousands of acres covered with graceful white sage, which here attains a size unknown almost anywhere else in the West. The plants grew in clusters.



Numerous stems from a single root rose at first straight into the air, ten or a dozen feet, far enough to conceal a horse and rider traveling through it, then curved gracefully and returned earthward until in many instances the tips swept the sandy surface only a few feet from where the plant started. The pale green, aromatic leaves were almost hidden from sight by the clusters of snow-white, perfume-exhaling blossoms which covered the fronds throughout nearly their entire length. As the wagon or the horses occasionally swept against and broke one of the parent stems, the delicate odor from which the plant derives its name mingled with the perfume of the flowers to an almost intoxicating degree. Surely there must be a powerful medicinal influence dispensed therefrom. I was quite prepared to learn later that from this same white sage, quantities of honey were made that had no equal in any respect. What an insignificant little shrub is its cousin, the garden sage, of boyhood days.

After passing through several miles of this attractive growth, there was a marked and sudden cessation thereof, and then, as sharply defined as though arranged by the hand of man, came a denser, heavier, and more darkly green thicket of chamiso, locally known as greasewood, covered thickly with solid, cone-shaped masses of delicate snow-white blossoms, from which came also an entrancing odor which was almost overpowering in its intensity. This was notable especially when the sun had reached its height and the last traces of the previous night's downpour had evaporated. Myriads of bees, plying their task about the masses of bloom, gave proof that this plant also was a honey producer of a high order--a fact demonstrated later when I myself became a "herder" of the 46 industrious though frequently uncomfortably irascible insects.

Mile after mile was covered, with never a minute of monotony or weariness. Everything was so new and so strange, the attractions were so novel and so varied, and above all, the perfumed, life-laden air was so grateful to my weakened lungs, rasped and worn by the harsh winds of the Atlantic Coast outdoors, and the unsanitary atmosphere of the composing-room, that there was no opportunity for weariness. What, weary of Paradise? Scarcely! And I never did weary of it in all the long years that were to follow. I felt moved with the poet laureate to say: "Oh, rest ye, brother mariner; we will not wander more!" Though this was only another dream that was doomed to complete disappointment and disillusionment. Had I but dreamed--but what is the use? How

many are there who, if they could see their future spread out before them, would have courage to go through with it?

Nearly three hours had passed since we left the town, which was almost hidden from our sight in the distance, embowered as it was in vegetation. The character of the grade which we had traversed can be judged from the fact that it was only a scant fifteen miles that had been covered by the exceptionally able team which drew us. Then there was a sharp turn in the road, and we gradually neared the line of verdure at the base of the hills. After awhile this line appeared as individual trees. But before reaching them we passed through a cluster of straw-and-brush wickiups, the temporary residences of a number of desert Indians who had followed the practice of "coming inside" for a time, in order to earn a little money by working for the white settlers. Among the huts a dozen or so fat, brown-skinned, jolly-looking infants tumbled about in the sunshine and the sand, just as Nature made them. They grinned at us as we passed--though certain very exclusive and altogether "proper" guests of the Sanitarium had filed a vigorous protest against what they were 47 pleased to call such an "indecent exhibition!" Most of them got over it after their feet reached a proper stage of induration.

Then the belt of trees was reached and passed, and at the same time the zanja or mountain torrent was crossed on a rustic bridge. We had reached our destination. The team drew up in the shade of a great pepper tree, from whose spreading, gracefully drooping limbs hung masses of bloom and berries, delicately red of color, with the hum of bees filling the air--though it was afterwards learned that "pepper honey" was not an agreeable article of diet, though it is credited with the possession of valuable if not appetizing medicinal qualities when taken in moderation. Close by was an orange grove in full fruitage and equally full bloom. A thicket of limes was in like condition, while just over a fence was a peach orchard also in full blossom.

But words fail, just as they did then, I wish I could do justice to the scene and the sentiments aroused by it. But one must have been a One-Lunger himself, and have suffered and tossed and gritted his teeth with the pain of it all, in order to comprehend how I felt when I realized that I had at last reached a land where the very atmosphere itself promised to bring healing on its wings (as

it indeed did), and where, as I gradually learned, one had only to be patient and obey the simplest rules of hygiene and treatment, casting physic to the dogs, in order to become whole again.

*It is worth while to pass through a bit of hell, just in order to appreciate Paradise when one reaches it!*

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## CHAPTER V

*The Timely Rainstorm Which Resulted in the One-Lunger Becoming a Herder of Bees and of Cattle.*

THE Sanitarium was a typical California farm house, two stories in height, with porch extending entirely across the front. A long extension had been constructed in the rear, the upper portion of which had a hallway leading down the center. Cubicles opened at regular intervals on either side, each roomlet being large enough to accommodate one half-size bed, one chair, one washstand, one small bureau, one set of hooks for hanging clothes, one tallow candle, one emaciated invalid of the scarecrow style, of which I was said to be a type. None of the things known as necessary modern conveniences were supplied. There was an old-fashioned zinc bathtub in a nook under a stairway, which could be used (but seldom was) by bribing an Indian to bring enough cold water from the zanja, and persuading the Chinese cook to let one have a bucket of hot water from the kitchen boiler. A bathing pool of a sort had been made in the zanja by putting logs across a narrow portion, thus backing the water up ten or fifteen feet until it was waist deep. Night was the usual time selected for using Nature's bathroom. In hot weather such a dip was most welcome and refreshing, but in cold weather--for it does get cold in California at certain seasons and certain altitudes, as will be noted *in extenso* further on--B-r-r-r-r!

The man who planned the house had apparently never heard anything about the desirability, to say nothing of the necessity, of ventilation in a human habitation, that word having to all appearances been omitted from his vocabulary as well as his house plans. This was well enough, to an extent, so far as the sleeping cubicles were concerned, for one could open his window, support the sash on a stick, and so enjoy fresh air, and on occasion rain, to the content of both heart and lungs. But

it was not well enough in the sitting-room and “parlor.” as also the dining-room on the first floor, especially in weather cold enough to make a fire necessary for comfort, And at this elevation--some 3500 feet--the winter and spring months were productive of much temperature of the kind, with corresponding discomfort. For many years it was a popular shibboleth with ultra-Californians, of whom I became an ardent one until I learned better, that in that so-called semitropical climate it was not necessary to make any provision for warming one's habitation. This doubtless came from the Spanish occupants of the region, since the same idea prevails in Mexico, where I was later to learn that it was regarded as highly unhealthful to live in a warm room. No provision is made for fires, beyond the one tendered me by a dear old lady who kept a *meson* for travelers in a mountain village in Durango, and who, upon my asking her for a fire one bitter cold evening, politely told me that I might build one anywhere in my room that I wished--in a corner, in the center, or wherever. Which I proceeded to do, and slept comfortably!

Morning and evening all gathered in the two rooms downstairs. Fires were built, and the patients huddled about the fireplaces with all the patience possible, and breathed the same air over and over again, poison laden as it was. If they had all been in good health, it would have been bad enough, but when nine-tenths of them were afflicted with decaying lungs, the atmosphere was merely a mass of disease germs. Draughts were rigidly excluded, and if one dared open a door for a minute or two for a breath of fresh air, a loud protest went up, and the door was quickly closed.

But the nights--oh, those nights! Those nightmare nights! How can they be described? Most of the patients 50 retired by nine o'clock, and from then until morning there was an almost constant chorus of coughing from the sleeping-rooms. First the occupant of one cubicle, often enough myself, would have a paroxysm. It would be answered from another cubicle far down the hall. Then another in another direction would join in, and back and forth the pulmonary sphere would be tossed all night, making sound sleep impossible even for those not suffering from such attacks. In the morning all arose, unless too feeble, wearied from the fruitless attempt to secure rest, and gathered about the fires in the sitting-rooms. Each had his tale to tell of the troubles and sufferings of the night. In fact, there was no other topic of conversation, since the place was isolated and news was not only scarce but absolutely nonexistent. If it was a cloudy or rainy day, which occurred with altogether too

great frequency during my own brief stay at the “*health* resort,” we all sat about the fire, gloomy, despondent, and disheartened, stewing in the poisons of our own emanations, waiting for what most of us knew was coming--and *did* come in the majority of cases! The end!

When the sun shone, all who were able sought warm nooks on the porches, or went out on the plain away from the trees where they could obtain the full benefit of the life-giving rays of the sun. This plain was a mass of boulders, with scattered brush, and more or less comfortable and secluded lounging places were readily found.

Unfortunately, during the fortnight which I remained at the Sanitarium, fully half the days were rainy, foggy, or cloudy, with accompanying aggravation of one's cough and depression of spirits. I came as near losing heart during this period as at any time during all my illness. There were other contributing causes, mental ones, all of which led me one day to say to myself: “I shall surely die if I stay in this h--ospital any longer!” (No, I did not use the word I have written, but another beginning with an “h”!)

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The region eastward of the Sanitarium was practically unsettled. Only two small ranches, so I was told, lay between it and the impassable mountains ten or twelve miles distant. One day, when especially blue and downhearted, I concluded to do a little exploring in the direction of the desert which lay beyond the range. Most of the region was covered with a heavy growth of chamiso, through which ran several trails. I walked and rested at short intervals, paying no attention to the sky, absorbed as I was in my gloomy thoughts, until suddenly I noticed that the light of the sun had been cut off, heavy clouds were lowering, and rain threatened. Then the threat was fulfilled, and the water began to come down. I was not far from the fringe of trees lining the zanja, and went thither to seek what shelter I might be able to find beneath them.

I struck a faint footpath which led to a log laid across the stream for the accommodation of travelers, and followed it, hoping that some habitation might be near. I crossed the zanja and passed through the fringe of trees. No sooner had I appeared in the open than a great dog came dashing

toward me, in full cry. I remained motionless, talking soothingly to the animal, which made sudden rushes at me. Then I noticed a dilapidated, unpainted, crude frontier shack almost hidden in a cluster of great cottonwood trees some distance from the stream. The barking of the dog attracted attention, for a man appeared on the porch, called the dog off, and shouted: "Hullo there, stranger! Come on in out of the rain!"

I needed no second invitation, but went in without delay, as the rain was now coming down in torrents and in a few minutes I would have been soaked to the skin, as I had no protecting outer coat or umbrella. I was warmly welcomed, as is customary on the frontier, and was told to step up to the immense fireplace which occupied nearly the entire end of the room and was filled with blazing logs. It did not take me long to get well warmed, for I had been chilled through and through. I got as close to the flames as possible.

We introduced ourselves, talked awhile, and became acquainted. It appeared that we had mutual friends in the East. It developed that he was "holding down" a small cattle and bee ranch, had a wife and baby, and that his business took him away from his lonely home so much that he thought it might be well to have some one around to look after things. There were many Indians passing back and forth over the trail to the desert, and sometimes they were not very desirable company--depending upon the amount of "tiswin" they had been able to obtain.

The upshot was that I agreed to make my home with him, do what chores I might be able to manage, and receive my keep in return. The Sanitarium saw me but once again at that time. Next day I had my luggage hauled to the cattle-bee ranch, and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible in the three-room 18 x 20 shack.

*There is a "moral" to this recital which the reader may possibly have discerned by this time. It is: Sufferers from tubercular trouble should never "herd" together. They should refrain from talking about their condition, and should as far as possible provide some mental (as also bodily) occupation which will distract their attention from themselves.*

*Keep away from a Sanitarium! And from other One-Lungers!*

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## CHAPTER VI

*Accidentally Meets a Friendly "Dog," Which Turns Out To Be a Fierce Mountain Lion.*

A MAN on a cattle ranch "on foot" is as much at sea, to twist metaphors, as a sailor on the ocean without a boat of some kind. And this was one of the first lessons which I learned in my new capacity. Neighbors were few and far between, the nearest being at least a mile distant, while "town" was upward of seventeen miles away. Besides, every feature of the industry called for equestrianism of no mean order.

Said the Boss to me the first day: "Can you ride horseback?"

"No, I have never been on a horse's back in my life."

"Hm-hm! Well, you will have to learn."

It appeared that the Boss himself had two saddle horses, alternating daily in their use, Both were of the broncho type, and required skillful handling if the rider wished to maintain his position and control. One look at them as they pitched and bucked and cut up generally when first mounted, was enough to convince me that my first lessons in riding must be taken on some other breed of animal.

It chanced that a well-known botanist who had been studying the various growths of that region for some time was about to depart for a distant destination, and desired to dispose of his riding outfit. So horse, saddle, blankets, and bridle were purchased from him at an outlay of exactly \$35! And it was a good horse and a good saddle too, the latter of the single-cinch variety, with stock model.

Pedro was a gentle animal as a rule, tough as became all buckskin colored ponies, and had been broken and used 54 by a cowboy in his work. Hence he had certain habits to which I had to accustom myself, as, for example, grasping the root of a dilatory critter's \*<sup>\*</sup> tail with his teeth, and

twisting it around, thus considerably expediting the progress of the owner of said appendage! And inducing sundry hard kicks in return, which sometimes landed on my legs.

*\* The word critter is commonly applied to bovines to distinguish them from other live stock. Thus, if a band of animals is seen at a great distance, too far to distinguish their species, wonder will be expressed as to whether they are critters or horses.*

At first my riding was limited to brief experiments of ten or fifteen minutes at a time, while the manner in which I clung to the horn of my saddle, or “pulled leather” as it was called, brought smiles to the face of both the Boss and his wife, and even of the baby, I suspected! But it seemed to me that self-preservation required that I hang onto that horn for dear life's sake. And hang on I did! But how I did envy other men as I saw them go loping along at top speed, bridle rein in left hand, palm up, and the quirt which was braided as part of the rawhide rein, swinging in the right hand. I was determined that I would imitate their example some day--and I did! But it was a long time--months--before I ventured to move faster than a walk. After awhile, however, I plucked up courage, undertook a moderate lope, found it most exhilarating and not half so dangerous as I had feared. Then I gave up the grasp on the saddle horn, and soon thereafter could hold my own with any tenderfoot rider.

For a long while my riding was confined to brief trips of a few miles. But there came a time when the Boss and some other cattle men were to hold a round-up, and of my own volition I took part. The greater portion of the first day was passed in the saddle, though I also acted as heater and carrier of the branding irons. Next day I could scarcely walk, for the riding after the recalcitrant 55 animals had been rough and prolonged. Every muscle and cord in my legs and back was lame; each bone ached; my legs and thighs were chafed and painful, and it seemed almost as though I never wanted to look at a saddle again.

Limping up to the Boss, I told him my condition and asked if there was no remedy that I could use to alleviate the manifold pains.



“Yes, to be sure,” he replied. “There is one sovereign remedy that every one uses in such cases, and which is a sure cure. I have tried it myself, and know. *Get on your horse and ride him all day again, and tomorrow, and next day! You will soon become hardened.*”

Which indeed was the case. I do not want to be considered boastful, but before I left the ranch there was nothing in the way of saddle animal, horse, mule or burro, that I could not and did not ride. Several years later, a matter of life and death caused me to make a journey on horseback across mountains and rough country of 105 miles all told, without change of horses. I did it in twenty-one hours of actual travel, with a brief interval for rest during the night. And many years subsequently I made a muleback journey in Mexico which consumed fully three months of steady travel, for the most part in the rugged Sierra Madre range. When I bought the pony I had to have a pair of spurs as a matter of necessity. I had been enamored of the music of the rattling of spur chains against the iron-bound wooden stirrups, and lost no time in falling in with the custom and joining in the chorus. But at the very outset I received certain instructions as to their proper use. These were, that no one but a rank tenderfoot ever wore his spurs except when actually in the saddle, though it was permissible to wear them when going no farther on foot than the end of the extended bridle rein and quirt when passed over the horse's head. The “real” horseman removed them and hung them on the saddle horn or carried them in his hand while transacting business afoot, I 56 found that this was the invariable rule, and in later years have been amused at the “film” cowboys who wear their spurs everywhere they go on foot, indoors or out, even at dances or to church, and perhaps take them to bed when they retire. I have also smiled at the so-called “Western life yarns.” written by self-styled “experts,” who go so far as to picture cowboys wearing spurs in Pullman cars, in hotels, at the table, in parlors, or wherever.

One day the Boss and I saddled up, packed the old burro Pete with camping outfit, and set out for some grassy meadows in the high Sierra, driving a bunch of cattle before us for summer pasture. When well up the slope of the range, we reached a little flat where there was a spring, and the Boss told me to hold the cattle there while he rode off to one side to turn back some of the animals that had shown a disposition to stray. I sat on my horse at the lower end of the flat, blocking the trail

and preventing any of the home-loving animals from retracing their steps, as some of them showed a desire to do. After awhile, the cattle having quieted down and the calves having ceased their bawlings. I saw what I supposed was a large-sized, dun-colored dog come quietly out of the brush on the other side of the flat, a hundred feet or so distant. It looked at me in a more or less friendly sort of fashion, or rather seemed to do so, and I returned its stare in the same mood. It walked a few steps, then halted, studied the cattle and myself, then resumed its stroll, stopping several times but making no sound or demonstration of any kind. At last it disappeared in the brush.

After a little the Boss returned with the stray cattle, and asked me how I had made out. "Oh, well enough," I replied. "Some of the critters wanted to take the home trail, but I stopped them. And there was a big dog came along and took a look at us. I didn't know there were any ranches around here where there were any dogs."

San Bernardino Range--Arrowhead on Right

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"A dog! What kind of a dog?" asked the Boss, "There are no ranches nearer than ours."

"Why, it was a sort of dark brown or tan, and had a long, almost smooth tail, as well as smooth hair. It seemed to be very friendly, the way it looked at me."

I pointed out the place where I had seen the "dog," and the Boss went over and examined it. After one glance he called out:

"Dog! Hell! Do you know what kind of a dog it was that you thought was so friendly?"

"Why, no. I don't know."

"Well, your dog was a mountain lion, and a damned big one too! Come over here and look at the trail, then you will know the next time one calls on you!"

I did! Both!

On another and later trip into the mountains we camped one night among some large pines, After supper we packed the food in the sacks in which it was carried by Pete the burro, and put it with the saddles and other impedimenta on the ground at the foot of a tree, which was a large one, with a diameter of six to eight feet. Then we spread our blankets on the opposite side of the trunk, and with our heads close to it and a tarpaulin drawn over them, slept the sleep which is supposedly one of the appurtenances and hereditaments of the "just." No sound or movement of any kind disturbed us during the night. But when we got up next morning and I started to prepare breakfast--whew! The food and the utensils were scattered here and there. The bacon had been eaten, the sugar sack torn open, the biscuit bag emptied--we were foodless!

The loose soil showed the footprints of at least one large bear, who had enjoyed himself at our expense. He had carried out one of the strange characteristics of their kind--never to molest a sleeping, motionless, or apparently dead man. For all of which we were greatly obliged, though we were forced to travel far and long that day before we found food again.

The very first "chore" that was given me on the cattle- bee ranch was on the morning following the first night passed there. By the way, in contrast to the absence of ventilation at the Sanitarium, no such objection could be raised here. The house was an ancient one, built of rough boards nailed upright, with battens over the cracks. Many of them had fallen off, while the remaining ones were warped and twisted, allowing a stiff breeze to penetrate from whatever direction the wind was blowing. The floor was of wide boards, which were also well worn and warped, permitting the zephyrs that found access from that source to join forces with the others, insuring a complete and constant change of air in the living-room. Incidentally there were openings in the floor large enough to allow a skunk to crawl through---which one did! It woke me with the peculiar triple "tap-tap-tap" of its claws on the floors. For upward of an hour I stood perched on a chair in the center of the room, a lighted candle in my hand, watching his Skunkship perambulate and wander about until such time as he re-entered the aperture that had given him entrance, while the Boss, whom I had awakened, peered through a crack in the door of his own room and joined me in the vigil, constantly warning me in a whisper to do or say nothing that might anger the temporary lord of

all that he surveyed. A doorway with no door opened into the kitchen from this room, and another doorless doorway led into the back yard, thus affording free and unobstructed passage to any wandering quadruped, biped, or even centipede that might care to investigate. Of a certainty the place was indeed well ventilated. Incidentally, I never slept sounder in my life than I did here.

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But to return to the “chore.” Soon after rising, the Boss led me to a cottonwood tree behind the house, from one of the limbs of which there was suspended by rope and tackle the better part of a hind quarter of beef. Lowering it, he cut a steak more or less two inches in thickness and the full circumference of the quarter. The remaining portion was then incased in a heavy and closely fitting muslin sack, fastened so tightly that flies or other insects could not find entrance, and was hauled up into the dense vegetation of the tree, there to remain until nightfall. It was then my duty to lower it, remove the wrapping, and raise it above the reach of coyotes or other meat-eating animals, until the following morning. Then the operation of steak cutting and wrapping up was repeated, and so on until it was all consumed. I learned from actual experience that the trio of adults, aided by an occasional visitor, was able to consume without difficulty an entire quarter without the meat showing the slightest indication of “highness.” And the last steak was always much better than the first.

When the supply was exhausted, another “chore” allotted to me was to saddle up and visit the nearest neighbors, tell them that a beef would be killed on a certain day, and they could obtain a portion thereof by coming after it. When the time arrived, one was butchered, the Boss' quarter hung in the tree, and the remaining three-fourths weighed out to callers at a straight price of *five cents per pound*, no matter what the “cut,” on the basis of first come, first served. And it was good business too, for beef on the hoof was mighty low priced in those days.

### *The Indian Who Wanted “White Man's Grub” and What He Got!*

As I have already said, the only help to be had in that region was Indian. The aborigines came from their homes in the desert oases at various periods and worked for the white settlers. One day

the Boss engaged a young aborigine 60 who had been “spoiled” by a white family in town. He wore a “boiled shirt,” a collar and tie, modern shoes, and a cast-off suit given him by his physician employer. When he came to the ranch in pursuance with an agreement made beforehand, he tied his pony to the hitching rail outside the fence, then presented himself at the back door and received his pan of provender. This, as was customary, consisted of a liberal ration of boiled beans, stewed raisins, stale biscuits, perhaps cold meat, and whatever simple food might be available from the surplus of the day previous from the family table. No one had ever been known to object to it. Indeed, it was quite a treat to most of the aborigines.

We were seated at the table partaking of the regular breakfast of thick and wide slabs of beefsteak, frying-pan size flapjacks, cream, honey and coffee, when to our utter amazement Mr. Indian walked coolly in at the back door. This was bad enough, for under no circumstances (and with good reason) did a white man ever permit an Indian to enter his home except on express invitation. He bore the pan of perfectly good food in his hands, walked up to the table without removing his hat, set it down, and in the most impudent tone announced:

“Say, I don't like this kind of grub! I want some beefsteak and hot cakes and coffee, like you all have!”

The Boss' cartridge belt and gun were hanging at the end of the fireplace, and he made a quick jump for it. The Indian saw what was coming, for he knew well enough that he was violating an unwritten law which carried capital punishment with no delay, and he made an even quicker jump for the doorway. He did not stop to untie his pony, but hopped over the fence at one jump and went streaking down the trail fully as fast as his pony could have carried him, a shot in the air serving to speed him up a bit. I untied the horse, gave it a couple of slaps on the rump, and sent it after its master, who never returned to earn his dollar-a-day wage.

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*“Me Catchum Baybee!” Said the Squaw.*

A most interesting incident occurred one day which was a whole chapter in itself upon the advantages of natural methods of living, more especially for women. Sally, a squaw, walked from the Indian rancheria, a couple of miles distant, about 6:30 one morning, to "do the washing." She ate a hearty breakfast of the "hand-out" order just described, and then went to work vigorously. About 9 o'clock, however, she disappeared without saying anything about it, causing the rancher's wife much disappointment, as she thought the squaw had gone home. But shortly after 12 o'clock she made her appearance from the thicket on the bank of the zanja some distance away, carrying a bundle in her arms very carefully. Casually enough she remarked to her employer, "Me catchum baybee," at the same time exhibiting the copper-colored morsel of humanity with great pride, informing us that it was "all same 'ombre."

Then she resumed her task at the tubs, and worked until almost sundown, just as energetically as though such things as babies caused no inconvenience by their timely or untimely advent. We learned incidentally that the first thing the mother did after the man-child made its appearance was to give it a good bath in the almost ice-cold water of the mountain stream. It lived!

*The "moral" to this chapter would appear to be that variety in environment and occupation, as also in the character of both two- and four-legged population, coupled with abundance of hearty food and adequate ventilation, are great helps to a Tenderfoot One-Lunger in his pursuit of health. They serve to prevent monotony, as well.*

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## CHAPTER VII

*Indian Ideas of This Life and of the Next--How the World Was Made--The Mystery of Tahquitz.*

THE rancheria of desert Indians on the plain near the Sanitarium has already been noticed. One day in the fall I went down there with the Boss to see the Chief, Capitan Juan, in order to induce him to accompany us into the mountains to gather up the cattle which ranged there during the summer

months, and drive them down into the valley for the winter. Juan agreed to go for the standard wage of a dollar a day. But as we were leaving, the Boss said to him in a joking manner:

“I am going to take my new rifle, Juan, and perhaps we may see a bear and shoot----”

That was as far as he got. Juan threw up his hands in dismay and with an expression of great apprehension on his countenance said:

“Stop, Señor! Stop, Señor!”

“Why should I stop?” asked the Boss, though he was well aware of the reason.

“The bear will hear you!” said Juan. “I think he has already heard you! No, Señor, I will not go with you as I promised, for you will surely have trouble with the bear!”

Nor could any amount of persuasion, even the offer of a higher rate of payment than at first agreed upon, induce him to relent. He simply but firmly would not go! The bear had undoubtedly heard the threat to shoot him, and would be sure to revenge himself upon any one who uttered that threat.

So a white man was engaged in place of the Indian 63 Chief, and we set out on our errand. One day it was decided that I should take a certain mountain ridge, the other white man was to work the center of the canyon, and the Boss took the opposite slope, all the cattle to be converged into the valley.

The Boss struck a cattle trail that ran along the edge of a precipitous *barranco* for a goodly distance, with trees and scrub oaks overhanging it. Some distance up the *barranco* the trail turned sharply at right angles and went up a still steeper slope, then made another right-angle turn quite a way from the first. As he rounded this corner, his horse snorted with fear. And well he might, for there on the ground in the middle of the trail lay the body of a freshly killed steer, while an immense grizzly bear was gorging itself on the blood that flowed freely from its torn throat, preliminary to feasting on the tender flesh.

Ordinarily a bear will not attack a man unless directly interfered with, and this was a case in point according to the grizzly's ideas.

The horse swung sharply around without waiting to be guided, while at the same instant the grizzly abandoned the carcass of the steer and made a jump for the intruders. The Boss jabbed his spurs into the horse's sides, but they were scarcely needed, for the animal at once put forth every effort to escape from the angry bear, which was pursuing with all speed, "woofing" at each jump. Down the steep trail they went, the declivity assisting in maintaining a high rate of speed. As the edge of the *barranco* was neared, the Boss saw that it would be impossible to make the sharp turn without slacking speed, which, at the rate the bear was traveling, would inevitably have been fatal to both horse and rider. The only weapon he had was a six-shooter, and this was useless under the conditions. He had noted that both banks of the chasm were perpendicular, with sharp brinks, void of all vegetation save clumps of grass and weeds. Accordingly he decided to take a chance and try to urge the horse to jump across the *barranco*, as death by falling upon the rocks at the bottom would be preferable to being torn to pieces.

The grizzly was almost at the horse's heels and one of his powerful and murderous forepaws was within reach when the brink was reached. The Boss lifted his steed's head with the reins, plunged his spurs into his flanks, gave him an encouraging word, and out they sailed into the air. Fortunately the opposite side was at a little lower level than the one from which the leap was made, and to the surprise and relief of the rider, as also doubtless of the animal, the horse's forefeet found secure lodgment on the bank, and with a short struggle safety was attained. The bear had halted on the opposite edge realizing that there was nothing further to be done, and went back to his feast.

Next day all three of us visited the scene, finding it indeed difficult to believe that a horse could have made such a jump carrying a rider on his back. One of the party went to the opposite side of the chasm, and with a *reata* the distance was measured. *It was exactly twenty-one feet* from the take-off on one side to the imprint of the horse's forefeet on the other!



That was the last task the horse was ever called upon to perform. "You have earned a rest for the remainder of your life," said the Boss, as he turned him out to pasture and gave him his freedom.

When they returned to the valley, at the first opportunity the bear-fearing Indian was told of the occurrence,

In the most serious manner imaginable he said:

"What did I tell you? I told you the bear would hear you if you said you were going to try to shoot him, and that he would take revenge and try to kill you. And he *did* hear you, and he *did* try to kill you! You yourself have said it!"

And to the day of his death, the Chief, beyond any doubt, remained firm in his belief in the omniscience of the Bear God!

## 65

Another interesting belief of the Indians was their tradition as to the origin of mankind, or at least of the present peoples. Even the most intelligent did not believe that there are more than a few thousands in the world, all told. The writer, as already related, earned the reputation of being an unconscionable falsifier because he described the city of New York to this same Chief, making it mild by comparison with the reality, since he was quite sure the Indian would not credit him, as indeed he did not.

Beyond the head of the valley and overlooking the desert on the opposite side were two lofty peaks, one of them some 12,000 feet in height. Talking one day with the Chief, whose friendship I had won (I taught him his letters), he asked me where I had come from.

I described my former home as best I could, and explained that all the white people had come originally from the other side of the ocean. In turn I asked Juan as to his own origin, and was filled with surprise when the Indian calmly related to me the story of the flood, though without ark and animal adjuncts. All this portion of the earth, he said, had once been thickly populated. Then came a

great flood, and when it had reached its utmost height all the world was covered with water except a few of the highest peaks. Every one was drowned with the exception of one good man and his wife, who had made their way to the summit of the loftiest mountain and remained there until the waters subsided. Then they came down from their place of refuge, built a home, started to cultivate the soil and to rear a family. And these were the ancestors of all the Indians of the entire world, as he knew it.

How much of this legend had its origin in the sea that once covered a great part of the present Colorado Desert there was no means of determining, but the tradition of the destruction of all human life except the single couple was found to be universally believed by all the desert Indians.

## 66

On another occasion Juan asked me as to the manner in which the mountains and the valleys were created, and I gave the version as narrated in the Bible. But the Indian Shook his head and said that the California mountains were not made in any such fashion. According to him, a tradition had been handed down from time immemorial by the heads of the tribes, that once upon a time the entire earth was covered with water. There was no solid ground anywhere, but in a certain place a slender broken stump or tree trunk was projected in the air where the water was found to be shallow. All else was water. There were but two living things in all this vast expanse--an eagle and a duck. The summit of the stump was only large enough to permit one of the birds to roost thereon at a time, and by mutual agreement they took turns, going fifty-fifty in the use of the support.

Once upon a time while the eagle was resting, the duck was swimming about and finally dove down into the water out of sight. It was gone a long time, and when it returned it had a quantity of mud on its bill. This was the first solid substance either had ever seen, excepting the stump on which they alternately roosted, and their curiosity was greatly stimulated. Then the eagle incubated an idea. It proposed to undertake a long journey of exploration, and told the duck, over whom it exercised authority as being the larger, that during his absence the other must devote itself entirely to diving into the water and bringing up mud, making two equal piles thereof, one of which should serve as a permanent resting place for the eagle, and the other for the duck. A point on the west was

designated as the site for the duck's mound, and one on the east for the eagle. He was gone a long time, and when he returned found that the duck had not played fair, as it had made its own mound of mud twice as large as the one intended for its companion. In his anger the eagle then flew down, grasped the end of the western mound in his beak, and turned it completely 67 around, at the same time transposing the other mound, until their positions were exactly reversed, the smaller mound being on the west and the larger one on the east.

And if you doubt this, all you need to do is to look at the great Sierra Nevada range which borders California on the east and is the property of the eagle, while the Coast range in the west, half the height of the Sierra, belongs to the duck.

In time the space between the mounds became dry land, people came from *quien sabe* where, and the result was the Indian world of California!

On one occasion Juan asked me for my ideas with regard to the lot of human beings after passing away, and I gave him the orthodox description of heaven and hell. Juan shook his head over this, and expressed incredulity. His sense of justice appeared to be shocked at such a doctrine.

In reply to my questioning, he finally but reluctantly gave the Indian version of the next life. Far, far to the northward, he said, many leagues across the desert, there was a peculiar canyon or chasm with lofty perpendicular sides, the rock being serrated like gigantic saw teeth, and so constructed that the points of those on one side fitted into the cavities on the other. Those serrated cliffs meandered for an indefinite distance farther than any one could see.

At the extreme end was a vast valley where it was always green and pleasant. Trees, flowers, grass, game, fruits, and edible vegetable growths were at all times in profusion, and the valley was well supplied with gushing springs and running streams. It was never hot and never cold, never too dry and never too moist--an Elysium, in fact. Such a thing as a desert was unknown, and life was one continual and endless period of rest and enjoyment.

Each person when he died found himself at the entrance to the serrated chasm, far down in its depths. The walls were so arranged by the gods that the massive perpendicular jaws were constantly moving back and forth, the saw-like projections fitting into each other closely with the exception of a small recess in the depth of each cavity large enough to hold a single person. To attain this wonderful, happy valley, it was incumbent upon the newcomer to run from cavity to cavity as the jaws opened, and to gain the place of refuge before the teeth could close together again. Only the most agile and fearless, who were those that had lived a correct life on earth, were able to make the journey successfully and with little delay, and emerge into the happy valley, after innumerable escapes from being crushed to atoms. Each saw-point represented a wicked deed, therefore the more sinful the life of a man, the longer it required to work his way to happiness. The wicked were forced to pass many years in their efforts, undergoing all sorts of hardships and narrow escapes, though all finally reached the goal of their efforts.

Juan expressed his disbelief in my exposition of the white man's idea of heaven and hell.

“You say your gods make a man, then if he not be good they roast him all time in fire?”

Yes,” I said.

“What good that do?” replied Juan, after due consideration. “What for gods make a man just to roast him all time after he dead? Do your gods watch him roast just for fun? I think only ---- bad gods do that! Only those 'Pache and Chimehueva Indians roast man in fire for fun, and he die heap quick. I think my gods best. Make bad men run like hell long time, not get caught in rocky jaws. Bimeby he get heap ---- sorry he so bad, then gods let him go happy valley after long time, and see old friends. They not want any one roast all time just so gods have fun. Indian can't be happy in happy valley if he know old friends p'r'aps caught in rocks or roasted in fire all time. No, Indian think his gods best.”

I could think of no suitable reply to this, and so held my peace.

I was sent on a trip into the San Jacinto Valley one day, with Chief Juan to assist me, to obtain a small band of cattle that the Boss had purchased. The ranch to which we were bound was well into the mountain range, the headquarters being in a wide canyon with precipitous ridges on either hand, the snow-capped summit of the highest peak towering almost directly over it.

While eating dinner, there came, without the slightest premonition of any kind, a tremendous explosion, which boomed and reverberated, and was echoed back from the cliffs on every hand, while the vibrations shook the house and made every loose object rattle again and again, many falling to the floor.

I was intensely surprised, but ascribed it to the handiwork of man, as was only natural.

“Good heavens, who let off that blast? They must have used a terrible lot of powder or dynamite. What sort of work is going on up here? Is some one opening a mine, or what?”

My host looked at me queerly. “I guess this is the first time you were ever in the San Jacintos,” he said.

“Yes, I never was here before,” I replied.

“I thought so. Suppose you ask Chief Juan what that explosion was. He knows as much as any one about it.”

“How about it, Juan?” I said. “What blew up, and what made all that racket?”

“Him Tahquitz,” was all that Juan would vouchsafe at first. He did not appear especially interested in satisfying the white man's curiosity, but after much urging the following remarkable statement was elicited:

“Tahquitz, he live 'way down inside mountain, with wife. She heap scold all time. Everything Tahquitz do, she scold him. Sometimes he get damn mad, but no lick his wife like Indian and some white mans do. 'Stead hit her with club make her shut mouth, he go out when he get tired, slam door

hard as he can, and then stay 'way long time. No bring wife grub, no nothing. Make her 70 heap sorry. Then he go back and she stay good long time.”

That is as good a theory as any. Ever since white men came to this region, they have had their curiosity aroused as to the cause of the mysterious explosion, and have endeavored in every manner to solve it, but without avail. The locality is not volcanic, though there are a number of hot mineral springs in this part of the State. Who shall solve the puzzle of Tahquitz, the scolding wife, and the slammed door?

*The Desert Indian Chief Who Knew of the Custer Massacre Several Days Before the Whites*

The desert Indian Chief, Capitan Juan, was responsible for a most curious and inexplicable occurrence during the summer of 1876. It was in July of that year that the gallant Custer and his entire command were massacred by the Sioux Indians in the Big Horn country of the Dakotas. Only an occasional city newspaper found its way to this far-off spot, while the local papers had not yet reached a stage of prosperity that warranted having a telegraphic news service.

One day the Boss came home and said that Capitan Juan had told him a strange story, but he could scarcely credit it. It was to the effect that far to the north, many hundreds of miles, a noted Indian fighter with long blond hair, a chief of white soldiers, had been surrounded by hostile Indians and that he and every one of his little army had been killed. When asked how he obtained this news, the usual Indian blank “*Quien sabe?*” was all the reply vouchsafed, nor could any amount of questioning induce the Capitan to reveal the source of his information. He reaffirmed the truth of his report, and said that “Pretty quick white man find out all true.”

Of course we whites did not believe it, although we knew that there were widespread apprehensions regarding the Indian campaign then being carried on and in which 71 Custer had a prominent part. When at last the facts of the massacre became known, it was learned by comparison of dates that Juan's knowledge of the affair had antedated the earliest telegraphic reports thereof.

It is upwards of 1200 or 1500 miles across trackless and then unsettled country, mountains, and desert, from the scene of the massacre to the home of these desert Indians. How did they obtain the information? It certainly could not have been by the familiar smoke signals of the plains Indians, for if there had been anything of the kind going on, it would surely have been noted by the white settlers.

In many portions of the world it is known that what are called savage tribes have some unknown means of communicating with one another which has defied all the efforts of civilized explorers and students to solve. The advance report of the Custer massacre was but an example of this fact.

Years after this the author was traveling in remote portions of the Sierra Madre in Mexico with no other companion than a native guide. Frequently I visited Indian villages in isolated localities where a white man was seldom seen, where it was not possible that any one could have carried advance news of my presence and plans, while no one had overtaken and passed me on the trail who could have conveyed such information, yet in the course of conversation the Chief of the village would announce as casually as can be imagined: "We knew some time ago, that you were coming here, and we are glad to see you.

How did they know it?

How did Capitan Juan of the Coahuilla Indians know that Custer and his men had been massacred long before the whites did?

*All of which goes to prove that there are indeed stranger things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.*

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## CHAPTER VIII

*Hot Air (from the Desert) and Honey as Aids in the Cure of Tubercular Troubles--Nature's Own Cough Remedy.*

AS A CHILD I had known the ordinary honey bee of commerce, from occasional contact, when running around barefooted among the wild clover, with the business end of the peppery insect--a contact whose resultant pain could only be alleviated by liberal applications of mud, and of tobacco juice, when convenient, or moist "cuds" of "fine cut," or plug of the popular "Chawdog" or "Battle-Axe" brand, or even of Natural Leaf Twist. But that acquaintance had been limited to never more than one individual at a time, which however was amply sufficient, being indeed one too many.

When I turned my face westward, little did I dream that among the many novel and varied experiences awaiting me away out there in the Sunset Land, was the intimate personal acquaintance of hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of bees! I had not realized that there were so many in all the world, and was indeed surprised when I saw the comparatively limited area within which was confined so much potentiality for the production of the two "h's"-- honey and hell!

Among the chores which were included in my gladly accepted agreement with the cattle-bee ranch owner, was the herding of this vast number of the wisest of all of Nature's insect offspring, the ant only approaching it in wisdom, ingenuity, and tireless industry. Some may raise the question as to which of the two species is the 73 wiser. The ant is industrious, ingenious, and persevering. Yet its efforts are selfishly confined to the advancement of its own especial personal interests. If it has any valuable place in the economy of Nature as an aid to man-kind, I do not know what it is, unless it be the inculcation of the value of patience!

On the other hand, the bee may be said to be the least selfish and most benevolent of all animal creation, since it is the sole living entity outside of a small minority of the human race which labors tirelessly, energetically, and with high mathematical and mechanical skill, in the storing up of as large a surplus for the benefit of its human masters as is possible. Its own needs are small and easily supplied, yet some instinct or complex forces it to toil constantly throughout every feasible moment of its existence, which is brief at the best, in the gathering and hoarding of wealth for which it can have no possible use beyond a comparatively small percentage of the accumulation.



For, the great Maeterlinck to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a fact that when given a location in a region of almost perpetual bloom, the bee stores up unheard-of and enormous quantities of the nectar from that bloom, instead of “loafing on the job” and contenting herself with gathering just enough for personal needs, as the author referred to declares--erroneously, as all California beekeepers know. A neighbor kept careful account of an unusually productive swarm on his “bee ranch,” and found that by the end of the season it had yielded not less than 600 pounds of the liquid or extracted product! In the apiary where my “choring” was performed, there were swarms that produced over 250 pounds each of comb honey, and perhaps there would have been more had there been space in which to store it.

The bee is either the most benevolent and unselfish of animal creation--or it is the most foolish! Here is a fine field for hair-splitting argument, though I do not just at this moment recollect any one who ever got the best of 74 an argument with the bee, especially when present in numbers. I know that I never did!

The bees to the herding of which I was assigned, were contained in some sixty-odd hives of the Langstroth pattern, placed on scantling supports in the shade of a peach orchard. After awhile the swarming season set in, and then I acquired quite complete knowledge of the actual “herding” process. As soon as the notes of the peculiar preparatory song of flight were heard, I hastened to the hive whence was issuing the Mother Queen and the members of her retinue, to the number of many thousands. With a bucket of fresh water and a whisk broom, I sprinkled them liberally, thus adding to the extra weight they were already carrying in the supply of honey that was laid in just prior to setting out upon their prospective journey.

No matter how far afield the scouts always sent out in advance to select a new home might have gone, the added watery burden usually proved too much for an extended journey, and the bees sought a resting place in a convenient spot close at hand. This was usually the limb of a peach or cottonwood tree, sometimes a fence rail or low-growing shrub. As soon as the peripatetic horde had quieted down to some extent, a new hive, empty, swept and clean, was built up on other hives until the uncovered frames of the lower story were in close touch with the downhanging extremity

of the cone-shaped cluster in which they usually congregated. Then, after another sprinkling as a discouragement to further efforts flightward, the mass was gently and carefully swept into the waiting receptacle, after which they were left to their own devices while setting up housekeeping in their new quarters.

If these proved acceptable to Her Majesty the Queen, the family went to work immediately, building comb for the accommodation of brood. But if for any reason the mistress of operations did not approve of her quarters, next day they would be found vacant, with the swarm <sup>75</sup> clinging to another tree limb. Sometimes they would be located only after long and diligent search, and sometimes they never were found. Months later I occasionally ran across a tree in some remote locality where a swarm had attached itself to a limb and had built great sheets of comb, where they seemed perfectly content. Hollow trees and cavities in the rocks are favorites for vagabond swarms. I once saw a cave filled with bees and honey, the entrance to which was a wide crevice extending from the level surface to a point several feet above my head as I sat on horseback and studied the novel sight. The farther extremity was obscured by masses of aged, coal-black comb, denoting the many years of occupation, while snow-white sheets of that recently made were hanging in the foreground. A steady stream of bees was coming and going, entering and leaving by the upper portion of the crevice, and paying no attention whatever to the intruder in this remote mountain fastness. On his own part, he was careful not to arouse the ire of any by unnecessary proximity or by combatting any of the insects who evinced an inclination to be too familiar.

The season of my bee-herding chores happened to be one of the best ever seen. The preceding rainfall had been heavy, and the nectar-producing floral wealth of every variety was superabundant. In a very short time the upper stories of the older hives were filled with comb. With the new ones, equal in number, since each of the original stock had sent out its surplus population, my hands were kept busy caring for the honey and making provision for new stores. Indeed, so abundant was the flow, and so unnecessarily industrious were the foolish bees, that in some of the hives, after they had filled every inch of the upper stories, they actually built comb in solid masses between and underneath them, fastening them solidly together. After loosening this comb to some extent with the immense "honey knife" provided for handling it, it was necessary to use a crowbar and much

76 strength in order to get them apart and remove it--in damaged condition, but still fit for the solar tank in which comb and honey were separated by being melted in the heat of the sun.

After beginning the "choring" among the beehives, I soon learned one very interesting peculiarity, which was that the insects had a decided antipathy to the color black. If I went among the hives wearing a black hat and a black shirt, as I did at first, I was at once made the object of attack, vicious and persistent in the extreme. But if I wore a light-colored head covering and shirt, or hid the black one underneath a jumper of whatever color so long as it was not the hated one, I was left to my own devices.

I had always had a great liking for honey as a child, perhaps because butter had always been so absolutely repugnant that I could never swallow it, neither then nor during my entire life. As with everything else appetizing. I had been stinted in the use of honey, a morsel of comb an inch or an inch and a half square being the entire allowance at any one meal. Now, however, I found myself confronted with unlimited quantities, and no one to ration it out parsimoniously. Here it was by the hundredweight, by the ton. Not infrequently I was left alone at the ranch and was under the necessity of "baching it." At noontime it was my regular practice to eat entire combs of unripened and uncapped honey, with mayhap a little bread or some cold flapjacks left over from breakfast. But the principal portion was the unfinished product of the bees, the liquid dripping from it like water, and impregnated with the perfume of the flowers from which it was made, intoxicating in its exquisiteness of flavor. I have always believed that this had not a little to do with the restoration of health which progressed steadily from the moment I began my outdoor life.

When the hot winds from the desert just across the range drifted into the valley, which they did at irregular but frequent intervals, fiery as the blast from the doors of 77 an immense furnace, I practiced facing it, throwing my shoulders back, opening wide my mouth and allowing the burning, dry, desiccating air to penetrate to the uttermost cell of the uttermost extremity of the lungs. This was done for several minutes at a time, and I could actually sense the action of the life-giving draughts. In that atmosphere animal matter never decayed. It was desiccated. So too with the decay

caused by tubercular disease in the human body--it becomes desiccated. The cavities remain, but the raw surfaces are healed over and new life fills the veins.

Many, many years later I was in a hospital in Mexico preparing for a painful operation. A physician was giving me a thorough going-over in advance. After listening intently to the action of the lungs, he looked up at me and said with an expression of incredulity:

“Mr. Weeks, have you ever had tuberculosis?”

“Why do you ask, Doctor?” I replied.

“Well, you do not appear as though you had (and he glanced at my plus-200 pounds of weight), but there is a sound in your right lung which is not normal and comes only from tuberculosis.”

I satisfied him with a brief sketch of my experience in that direction, and he was filled with amazement.

Human beings are not the only animals fond of honey. In very hot weather, when the surplus boxes are filled with comb, the bees will hang in great masses on the outside of the hives, enjoying the cool evening air. I have seen a skunk sneak up between two hives, reach his head around the corner to a cluster of bees, run out his tongue, which is exceptionally long, and sweep across it as many of the insects as could be covered. Then he crouched back, chewed them up with apparent relish, and then renewed the operation until he was satisfied. He must have been stung many times in the process, but did not seem to mind it.

Another bee herder living in a mountain canyon across the valley had his hives in an inclosure surrounded by a heavy picket fence. One morning he found a panel of it smashed and three or four beehives torn and chewed into kindling wood. Footprints showed that bears were responsible. The next night a milk pan full of tempting comb, well impregnated with strychnine, was placed in the opening. Several days later I paid him a visit and he told me of his experience. I had been looking

at four bearskins hanging on the fence, which were larger than the hides of some full-grown beebes placed close by, when he said:

“My goodness, when I opened the front door in the morning and looked out. I thought the whole dooryard was full of bears! Over there by the watering trough where the cattle come to drink, there were four big grizzlies all stretched out dead.”

After that the beehives were left severely alone so long as I knew anything of the country.

An experience of a different kind was that of a tenderfoot beekeeper in an isolated canyon at a distance. The ground was covered with a wild growth which was being patronized by many bees. It had no title, but the tender-foot took it up, stocked it, and had a wonderfully successful season. He extracted the honey, tons of it, and shipped it in barrels to San Francisco to be sold. After awhile he received a report from the commission merchants saying that there was something wrong with the shipment. Many retailers had sampled it, but complained that it had a disagreeable taste or taint which made it unsalable. The beekeeper went to the city to investigate, but could obtain no satisfaction. No one wanted it under any circumstances. Taking a couple of sample bottles in his pocket, he started out to see what could be done. When very greatly discouraged he chanced to meet an English tourist, to whom he told his tale of woe. The traveler happened to be a wholesale druggist, and his interest was aroused by the peculiar flavor of the honey. He asked what kind of a plant it came from, but the beekeeper knew nothing of botany and could not tell him. After consulting various experts in such matters, it was discovered that the growth was wild hoarhound. The result was that the beekeeper sold his entire crop at a good price to the druggist, and made a contract to ship his output annually to him. The buyer, it was subsequently learned, bottled and sold the honey “as is” as a cough remedy of great value--which indeed it was.

Much of the honey, especially that made from the chamiso or greasewood shrub, had so little distinctive taste or odor, and when removed from the comb was so clear and water-like in its appearance that during a large portion of the three years passed in this section, it was used for all household purposes in which sugar was required, even to the sweetening of coffee or tea. And as

its cost to the producer was practically *nil*, while “Island sugar” (from Hawaii), which was then the only brand on the market, retailed at *six pounds for the dollar*, it can be seen that the economy was well worth while. Occasionally we had visitors who affirmed with great positiveness that no one could deceive them, and that they could detect the substitution in any form of cooking in a moment. It was especially gratifying to see these visitors partake of cake or preserves or what-not that required sweetening, and then, when they had declared positively that cane sugar must have been used, to assure them that no other saccharine substance than honey had been placed in any of the food.

*By the way, the appropriate “moral” for this chapter would appear to be that honey and hot air are wonderful alliterative aids in the treatment of tubercular troubles.*

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## CHAPTER IX

*The One-Lunger Earns from “Six Bits” to One Dollar a Day by the Hardest Kind of Labor--Stealing” Wood and Water.*

THERE is nothing which so firmly impresses the actual value of a dollar upon the mind, whether of youth or maturity, as the stress of earning that same dollar which many, who are fast passing off the stage, experienced in their younger days, and not infrequently in their older ones as well. When a dollar, a single dollar, meant a hard day's work--not an eight-hour or even a ten-hour day, but a day whose limits were not even comprised between sunrise and sunset, but which commenced at the first peep of dawn, or before that, and continued until long after the mantle of night had descended--one was apt to gather a rather accurate comprehension of what that dollar really was worth. It did not mean a day with “an hour off for lunch,” but a day with only a few minutes--fifteen or twenty--snatched hastily for the necessary stoking of the human engine at the noon hour, then back to the field for another six or seven hours or even more of the hardest toil, and all this for a single dollar or perhaps less, which the employer regarded as ample compensation, a belief seldom shared,

however, by the toiler. “The Indians work for a dollar a day, so why pay white men more?” was the cold-blooded theory of the greedy employer.

One who has passed through such experiences looks with amazement upon the youth of the present generation. They seem to fancy that Dad has a tree (a dollar tree and not a Pagoda one) out in the back yard, from which he can shake unlimited financial plums into their laps, without 81 themselves ever undertaking the trouble to gather the silver or golden fruit with their own hands. And when they have filled their pockets with that fruit, they scatter it broadcast as if it were of no more value than so many pebbles or leaves. They fancy that when the time arrives, they themselves will be able to acquire a fortune with little effort, and that hard work, diligence, and economy as essentials to such a consummation are among the exploded theories and fallacies of the past, as indeed would sometimes seem to be the case.

A few pages from the Book of Experience of one who learned to the fullest the value of a dollar, gained through toil and hardship of an anything but lightsome character, may serve as a suggestion to some of the present-day youths who are so heedless and reckless in their treatment of money--that commodity regarding which a famous Wise Man of Biblical times after ample opportunity for observation and experience, declared: “A feast is given for laughter, and wine maketh merry, *but money answereth all things!*”

I have described my experience as a “chore-man” about the cattle-bee ranch, but have said nothing about any monetary compensation therefor. Naturally enough, little can be said with regard to anything that does not or did not exist. To be sure, the steady gain in health from the moment I commenced my outdoor life under healthful conditions, was not a thing to be measured in terms of money, even though at that time there was nothing but gold and silver coin in circulation in California, and any one who insisted upon the acceptance of greenbacks according to the stipulation engraved upon their backs was at once blacklisted. But there were a wife and three babies “back East” (the youngest born a few months after I left on my long voyage), and the acquisition of visible means of support became a very important consideration. Later I might expect a modest percentage of the receipts from the honey crop, which had indeed been promised me, but with 82 that article

selling at three and one-half cents per pound for the liquid product, and nine cents per pound for the comb, from which had to be deducted all costs of packages, freight, storage, and commissions, it can readily enough be seen that the prospect was not distinctly encouraging that the dividend would be a very large one.

*Thirty-six Long Days--Thirty- six Round Silver Dollars!*

The original settlers had devoted large areas in that region to grape growing, for the purpose of wine making, but later purchasers of the land had found it unprofitable, owing to their lack of knowledge in the production of a marketable beverage, and their only recourse was to dry the fruit and sell it for any obtainable price. It was customary to hire Indians for the work of gathering and drying, there being no other labor available. The ripe fruit was laid cluster by cluster upon threshed straw spread on level ground adjacent to the vineyards. When the fruit was properly cured it was gathered up, freed from all extraneous substances, and packed in large gunny-sacks. Another One-Lunger who, like myself, was on the lookout for employment of any kind, proposed that we should undertake to handle the product of a large vineyard which had already been gathered and spread out to dry by Indians. Accordingly, we interviewed the owner of the place. He said that he could not afford to pay any higher rate than the natives received, but if we were willing, he would give us the contract at that figure.

We were agreeable, and went to work at once. We both lived at a considerable distance from the vineyard,--several miles, in fact. It was our practice to reach the scene by horseback and commence gathering up the fruit just as soon as it was light enough to distinguish the dried grapes from the straw and gravel. Down on our knees in the broiling sun (and the September sun in California surely *can* broil, as proven by the fact that two 83 of my daughters once upon a time fried eggs in a tin pan on the back porch with no other heat than exposure to the sun's rays) we toiled all the long hours, with a brief halt for dinner, given us for *lagniappe* by the kindhearted wife of the vineyard owner. We kept at it, stopping occasionally to pack the grapes in sacks, just as long as we could distinguish the valuable from the worthless substances.



The work lasted for just thirty-six days--thirty-six long, hot, weary, thirsty, back-breaking, skin-scorching days! And when it was completed and the last grape packed in the last sack, we each had earned thirty-six great big silver dollars--trade dollars at that time, and discounted by dealers but not by employers, at ten per cent on their face value!

It surely will be conceded that in this undertaking I gained some little light upon the value of a dollar as expressed in labor units. The fact that I had just come from a position in New York where I had earned from \$5.50 to \$7.50 per day, added to my comprehension of the relationship between labor and capital!

#### *How I Earned "Six Bits" per Day Chopping and Floating Stolen Wood*

After the completion of the raisin collecting episode, there came to me one day a choice specimen of the genus "Old-Timer," one of those contemptible creatures who are not above taking advantage of the necessities and the ignorance of the customs of the country of even a near relative. While the average pioneer, or old-timer, gave all that could be asked in the way of fair and even generous treatment, especially of tenderfeet, and still more so of One-Lungers, there were others of diametrically opposite character, as I am now about to relate.

"Say, old man, do you want a chance to make some money?" was the salutation in an assumed cheery and open-hearted manner.

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Did I? I did--and so expressed myself in most emphatic terms. "All right. We want a lot of firewood down at the Sanitarium for the invalids who cannot stand a little cool weather, and I knew you were on the lookout for chances to earn money, so I came to you first rather than go to the Indians."

Then as a secondary consideration and "temptation": "I'd just as soon pay money to you as to an Indian!" But he failed to add that no Indian, wise as they all were to the customs of the

country, would have worked for him on any such terms as he proceeded to offer to his One-Lunger Tenderfoot kinsman.

The supposed “kindness” was duly acknowledged, and an elucidation asked.

It was explained that there was a heavy growth of forest trees suitable for firewood on Government land in the mouth of a canyon ten or twelve miles up the valley, through which flowed a stream of considerable size. A wagon road terminated on the bank of the creek about halfway up, and the big idea was to go to this canyon, camp in the grove of trees, chop down and cut up as many of them as seemed desirable, put a dam across the creek at the terminus of the road, and then float the wood down to that point, pick it out of the water and cord it up. Then the purchaser would assume charge and haul it to the Sanitarium, paying the exceedingly tenderfooted woodchopper the munificent price of \$1.50 per cord, cut in stove sizes of 14 to 16 inches in length.

“You can make \$1.50 a day and even more, easily enough,” said the crafty old-timer to his unsuspecting victim, “though of course you will have to keep a lookout for any Government inspector that might happen along. They caught one man cutting wood from public land a couple of years ago, and gave him a term in jail. However, I am in a position to know if any one comes snooping around, and will warn you in time.”

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Eagerly enough I closed the deal and promised to commence operations at once. The fact that Uncle Sam owned the trees did not bother me. Was I not an integral part of that same U. S.?

Taking an axe, roll of blankets, coffee pot, frying pan, slab of bacon, sack of soda biscuits, bread, etc., and packing the outfit behind me on the saddle, I rode next morning to the mouth of the canyon, staked the horse out where there was sufficient grass, and made my camp.

Several days were passed in felling trees and converting them into stove wood, and a goodly quantity thereof was accumulated on the bank of the creek. Next it had to be floated down to the road crossing as agreed. Going to that point, I felled three or four trees on both sides of the stream,

dropping them so that their limbs completely filled the channel from bank to bank, forming a barrier which would hold all floating objects. Then returning to my camp, I threw the wood into the water, and after hours of hard work with the swift current managed to get it all down to the improvised dam. After this I found it necessary to strip, go into the icy cold water, and fling it all out on the bank, where I corded it up in readiness for the purchaser.

This individual had kindly explained to me, as every schoolboy knows, that a cord of wood was an oblong pile eight feet long, by four feet high and four feet (48 inches) thick. Hence it required three ranks of stovewood from 14 to 16 inches long (three times 16 is just 48!) to meet that measurement--which was a truth and a falsehood. The universal custom, as I learned afterward, was to count two ranks to the cord, the trouble of cutting the logs into small pieces making up for the difference in width. So he paid me on that basis, when in honor he should have been bound to follow the custom of the country rather than the mathematical measurement. On this basis I found that I had earned or rather received just "six bits," seventy-five cents, per day for the arduous 86 toil, besides boarding myself and ruining a brand-new axe through accidental contact with the bed of boulders where the trees were cut down.

Still, I escaped arrest at the hands of any Government inspector. I later learned just how contemptibly mean one person can be in his treatment of another for the sake of a few dollars in his own pocket.

### *Fourteen Hours a Day for One Dollar!*

After this experience came the early rains, and the time for grain planting. I obtained employment on a 2500-acre ranch where much wheat and barley was to be sowed, using old-fashioned two-horse plows, seeding by hand, and then harrowing. There were eight teams in use, of which one was assigned to me. The others were driven by Indians. My "home" was three miles from the grain ranch. I arose at 4 a. m., whistled my horse from grazing on the hillside, saddled up, and rode to my place of employment. There I fed grain to the entire eight teams, because the Indians had a custom that they refused to violate, that they never came from their rancheria on the plain to go

to work until the sun was in sight. The boss had too much good sense to attempt to run counter to their custom. With the two white men (a Missourian and myself), however, it was different. The boss could “ride” us to the ultimate minute, morning and evening! After caring for the teams, I ate my breakfast, taking only a few minutes for that purpose. Then I went back to the barn, harnessed my own team while they were finishing their breakfasts, and was out in the field and had my plow ready to start while it was still so dark that I could scarcely see the white rag signal on a pole at the other side of the wide field by which I set my course and drove a straight furrow. In due time the Indians came at leisure to work in the same field.

The rule of the place was that no one should start to unhitch his team from plow or harrow until the sun struck the western horizon, which in this case was sea level, there being no intervening mountains. Then we hurried to the stables, and the Indians, after unharnessing their horses, made a bee line for their wickiups, leaving me to feed all the horses again. After this I was at liberty to saddle my own horse and return to the cattle-bee ranch which I still utilized as a place of lodging.

And for all this I received credit “on account” at the (Indian) rate of one dollar per day!

*Stealing Irrigation Water at the Same Indian Rate of Payment.*

An especially disagreeable and personally dangerous feature of the employment upon this ranch was the manner in which various of the employes, myself included, were ordered at regular intervals deliberately to *steal irrigation water*. The stream or zanja heretofore spoken of was owned by a number of the pioneer Mormon settlers who had purchased a large area from the Spanish or Mexican owners. Through the regulations of these settlers, subsequently ratified by the courts, all the water flowing in the channel was divided into ten-day allotments, it being considered necessary to do this in order to sustain vegetation. Although no settler could by any possibility utilize the whole flow, without danger of having his land washed down into the ocean, nevertheless they controlled it, and no one living above them could touch a drop without their permission--which they never granted until forced to by legal procedure or the payment of large sums of money.

As a result of long-continued litigation, the owner of the 2500-acre ranch had been allotted six hours of the flow at regular intervals commencing at 3 p. m. and continuing until 9 p. m., careful tests having shown that when thus taken from the stream no appreciable diminution was caused in the volume on the Mormons' lands 88 ten or fifteen miles below until after dark. But this did not meet the views of the ranch owner, and he was in the habit of ordering his men to turn on the water at any hour, frequently at daylight, and keep it running all day as he might elect. Since the earliest days of the American occupation of California, the use of water, whether for farming or mining, was regarded as a most valuable asset, and any one who essayed to divert it to his own land except in the time limits specified, was regarded as a water thief--which he manifestly was. Like horse stealing, water theft was regarded as deserving of capital punishment, when a man was caught in the act. And when taken wet-handed, fortunate indeed was he to escape with his life. The cemeteries were thickly sprinkled with the graves of water thieves.

But when the boss issued his orders, there was no evading them except by quitting, and one went out to the field with his shovel on his shoulder never certain that he would not be brought back a corpse. Certain it was, the reader may be sure, that the pilferers of water kept a sharp outlook for mounted and armed visitors. The wear and tear on one's nerves was surely worth more than the Indian dollar-a-day wage, but that was all any of us received for our illegal conduct and the constant risk of our lives. And when the boss was haled into court, water having been found running on his fields outside of the allotted hours, he solemnly swore that he had no knowledge of such illegal use, and if there were anything of the kind done, it was entirely at the individual motion of the guilty employes and without authorization on his part! So we had to take the blame!

*The deduction from the foregoing chapter is that an interesting study is afforded of the result of following the Biblical injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is also a marked illustration of another saying from the same source: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Which, indeed and indeed, it is. Do I not know it? 89 At the same time I never could see how any one could "own" the water sent by Nature, or how any one could "steal" it. Hence I had no compunctions with regard to taking it when needed, and have none today. I was only*

*sorry that I was not strong enough to defy the selfish Mormon riparian hogs when they threatened me with violence if I dared again molest the water running past my own door and which they themselves could not possibly use.*

*And I had the same sentiment about the wood on vacant lands. Nature put it there to satisfy human needs, just as she put the fish in the streams and the game on the hills and the plains, and my needs were great at that time. They transcended all mere human law, the violation of which never caused a moment of regret or hesitation. It was the doctrine of the Fugitive Slave Law over again, the violation of which my preacher-grandfather taught was the sacred duty of every man whose natural rights it denied. And whenever occasion presented itself in these directions, the law was deliberately broke-and would be again.*

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## CHAPTER X

*Copies, Sets Up, and Prints an Octavo Volume of Five Hundred Pages for an Average Wage of Two Dollars a Day.*

I BEGAN now to plan to have my family come out from the East, conditions there making it desirable that this should be done. I had a!- ready cast ambitious, or perhaps envious, eyes upon a claim in the adjacent foothills with a crude shack upon it which had been taken up by another One-Lunger who had waited too long before coming to this Land of New Lungs, and whose weary bones were resting on the hillside beyond the Sanitarium. I made arrangements to secure the claim, and immediately following this came the question of furniture. A small start had been made in this direction, as in settling with the vineyard owner for picking up his raisin crop I had agreed, in anticipation of the advent of my family, to take a discarded but perfectly good cookstove, for about one-third the price of a new one--a really generous bargain on the part of the employer, since it was good as new and had only been set aside because of its insufficient size.

I had observed that in nearly all of the settlers' homes in that region the equipment was for the greater part strictly homemade. Very little "store furniture" was to be seen anywhere. In those days

the price was prohibitive. Even in the Sanitarium there were many articles produced on the spot-- such as tables, cupboards, settees, and what-not. There were sawmills on the mountains, and lumber was to be had in town at a comparatively low price. I had seen various articles made from redwood, that most beautiful of California lumber products. I had noted the ease with which it could be "worked," its attractive coloring, the 91 absence of the necessity for using paint on anything made from it, as also the entire lack of knots or other imperfections, this being in decided contrast with the local product. So after much consideration I invested in sufficient redwood to meet my modest needs, and began work with a few carpenter's tools that were loaned by a neighbor. All the available spare time for many days was devoted to the furniture-making task, and when completed, the shack on the claim had all the necessary outfit of tables, beds, cupboards, stools, etc., all finished and ready for use when my family should arrive from the East. No, there were no spring mattresses on the beds. A kindly rancher's wife made some straw-ticks from material which I supplied. They were filled from the stack left from the threshing of the preceding summer. In later years, after we had gone to San Francisco to live, we had all the furniture suitable for a comfortable home,-- piano, easy chairs, lounges, etc., but never was such satisfaction taken in its possession as there was in the crude outfittings, the product of my own more than willing labor, in the crude foothill home when the loved ones arrived. Some happy days were passed there!

*Preparing and Printing a Legal Transcript of 500 Pages.*

But it soon developed that a larger income must be obtained than could be derived from ephemeral raisin gathering, wood chopping, plowing and planting, or even water stealing! Opportunities were therefore eagerly sought. The first opening, which gave me a gross income of one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half per day, was afforded by a water lawsuit in which the same old-timer was engaged who had paid me the liberal Indian wage of a dollar a day for plowing and planting grain, as already described. He had lost the suit in the lower court, and had decided to appeal it. For this purpose it was necessary to have a transcript of the legal proceedings prepared and 92 published. This was required to be a literal copy-- *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim et spellatim*. The legal fee for copying the numerous and extensive documents was established by law at a certain rate per folio, amounting easily enough to ten dollars or more per day when done by an expert. But not

knowing this, I was induced to undertake the task at the wholly inadequate wage of \$ 1.50 per day--an advance of fifty per cent over the plowing rate, and welcome enough.

The copying required many days. It then had to be put into type and printed in book form. By arrangement with the owner of a printing office, I was kindly permitted to set the type and do the presswork for the entire edition of some five hundred octavo pages. The litigant thus obtained his transcript for a mere fraction of what it would have cost had he paid the regular rates, and had he not had a One-Lunger Tenderfoot relative whom he could impose upon. In undertaking the task of printing the book, I was, of course, going in direct contradiction to the positive instructions of Dr. Flint--never under any circumstances to return to my former occupation. But it was a case of "needs must," and the devil was driving me hard--the devil of gladly assumed necessity. Incidentally, while carrying out this task, it was necessary during the greater portion of the time to ride back and forth morning and night between the claim and the town, since it was impossible to have my family remain alone at night in a locality where Indians were the nearest neighbors. Fortunately my younger brother happened along before the printing was completed, and took up his quarters at the shack, thus leaving me free to remain in town overnight for a portion of the time.

#### *The Stranger Who Proved To Be a Liberal Paymaster.*

A refreshing contrast to the transcript episode was the conduct of a perfect stranger who came to the Sanitarium 93 already spoken of, when I was for a time relieving the regular "chore man" thereof and was waiting on the patients. He had come from San Francisco to arrange some complicated real estate transactions, including the drawing up of inventories, the writing out of leases and agreements, riding to the nearest telegraph office at night, fifteen miles distant, sending telegrams to his principals, and various other tasks. I assisted him in all the business, besides performing my regular tasks, and when settling day came I presented a modest bill of costs in accordance with the rate of compensation I had been receiving. But he did not approve this, and taking dictation from him, I made out a bill for more than four times the amount I had asked, which he paid, saying that he would have been ashamed to turn in such an entirely inadequate voucher for such an amount of



service. To the day of his death this *gentleman* remained a warm friend, and years later, I had the sad pleasure of writing an appreciative obituary in my own daily newspaper.

I foolishly allowed this to become known, in my natural exuberance over what seemed such liberal treatment in contrast to what I had before received. I was shortly afterward called upon and asked to divide the fee with the lessee of the Sanitarium, on the ground that it was not anticipated that I would make any money because of the position I had been filling! When I asked for a bill of particulars as to wherein I had failed to live up to every detail of my “chore-doing” agreement, it was not forthcoming, nor was a cent of my hard-earned fee given up

### *Thirty Miles on Horseback and Ten Hours “at the Case” for Two Dollars per Day!*

I had let it be known in other settlements in the county that I could set type and was ready to “go to the case” at any time when help might be needed--this of course, as already stated, in direct defiance to Dr. Flint's instructions. But I was goaded by the wolf just outside the door! An opportunity was presented in the county seat, fifteen miles distant, for a few days' employment, and I accepted it gladly enough. In those times the eight- hour printing-office day had not even been heard of, perhaps not even dreamed about. So I got up early, got my own breakfast, saddled my horse, rode the fifteen miles and reported for duty at 7 a. m. At 6 p. m. I saddled up again and returned to the claim. And for this somewhat strenuous day I received two whole dollars--just twice the honorarium for driving a plow team and playing hostler for something like fourteen hours daily. When it rained, as it did on several occasions, and since I had no waterproof clothing of any kind, I got hold of some scraps of discarded carpet and fastened them about my legs and shoulders. These kept me more or less dry--sometimes considerably less, as may be supposed.

### *The Editor-Postmaster-Cook Who Gave Me Employment*

The editor of a small weekly newspaper in another town also sent for me on occasion. The office was a rough-board, false-fronted shack of three rooms, in which the proprietor and his wife lived, while he edited, postmastered, cooked, etc., the spouse being an invalid. I took my blankets with me, slept in a homemade cot on some loose boards laid across the ceiling rafters, and reached by

climbing up cleats nailed to the side scantling. I “kept my nose in the space-box” ten long hours daily, and ate my meals at the editor's table--beans, bacon, golden yellow soda biscuit and stewed raisins, all prepared by the editor. Here too I was requited with a compensation of two dollars daily, but as it was “clear money,” with no deduction for expense of whatever character, it was gladly received. *And Now the Super-Pious Editor!*

Still another newspaper publisher there was who occasionally sent for me. He too was an economical chap, 95 and was very positive in his preliminary announcement that two dollars a day was the maximum wage paid in his office. As it would have cost me a dollar a day for board and lodging, leaving a surplus of no more than the Indian wage, I concluded that the only manner of deriving any benefit from this “lucrative position” was to take my blankets and camp outfit of coffee pot, frying pan, etc., cook my own meals in the back room of the office, and sleep on a mattress of old newspapers. This plan met the editor's approval, and was carried out. As this occurred after the advent of my brother, I had no further apprehension as to the safety of the family in the Indian-populated foothills.

Incidentally this penurious publisher was a tenderfoot, though not belonging to the One-Lunged Brigade. He was far worse! I soon noticed that he had a peculiar habit of giving a nervous start and a quick, apprehensive glance over his shoulder when the outer door was suddenly opened, or if some one approached him noiselessly. This gave me cause for wonder. He and his wife took a prominent part in church affairs, and distinctly disapproved, both in conversation and editorially, of the “low moral tone” of the community, especially with regard to the keeping of the “Sabbath day,” as he called it. The milkman was ordered not to deliver his wares on Sunday. This was in the good old days of the “Pinafore” furore, and the church which the couple favored with their edifying walk and conversation decided to stage a performance of that most amusing but entirely innocuous comic opera. Both the editor and his wife had good voices, sang prominently in the choir, and were awarded parts in the rendition. But when it developed that there was a certain ribald and altogether profane, not to say blasphemous, reference to a big, big “D” in the libretto, they straightway refused to participate in so scandalous an affair. BUT--one fine morning the editor failed to appear at the office! He and his “wife” had dropped out of sight between 96 two days--

just in time to avoid an interview with a wildly angry father (of the “wife”) plus a six-shooter, who was acting as the representative of a deserted sure enough wife and three stranded children in the background! *Another Editor, but This One “Had a Heart.”*

The editor of still another paper in still another town, thirty miles from my claim, also sent out an S O S, to which I gladly responded. For several glorious (to me) weeks, my program was as follows: I saddled up Tuesday noon, and reached the newspaper office well toward evening. In that region rapid transit either by horse or other means was an impossibility. With a kerosene lamp supported by a wire slipped through a hole bored in the thick outer edge of a type case, I distributed all the type from the Previous week's edition, which, by the way, was of the “patent inside” character, two pages being printed in San Francisco, and two pages at home. This usually consumed the evening hours until 12 or 1 o'clock.

Early Wednesday morning I went to the case and began sticking type on the mass of copy prepared by the editor. Sometimes, I varied it by setting up from my head various items of news gathered by the wayside. This was completed Friday evening, proofs read and corrected, and the forms made up. Saturday morning a temporary printer's devil reported for duty, and we ran off the edition of 1250 copies on an old-fashioned Washington hand press, printing the maximum token an hour (250 copies) that was a pressman's ambition (and that of the “devil” as well) in those days of primitive machinery and primitive newspapers.

This completed, the office was closed, and the drugstore-keeping editor (he was only an editor on the side) handed me sixteen great big “dobie” dollars, pay at the rate of \$4 per day. Thus enriched, I saddled my horse again and

Above--Site of the One-Lunger's Cabin on Mesa in Middle Distance Below--Stream that Mormons Claimed to “Own”

97 set out for my distant foothill home. Of course, there was board to be paid from this honorarium, but the balance remaining was the best remuneration I had received for many a long day.

This portion of the Tale of the One-Lunger might be extended, but the reader may perchance have gathered from the foregoing that I may with good reason claim to have acquired quite a profound knowledge of the difficulty of earning an honest dollar while a stranger in a strange land--a One-Lunger Tenderfoot. *An Editor Who Refused to Heed Advice--and Died!*

I was temporarily employed upon a small daily paper at one time, which belonged to a local political boss. The editor, who came from another portion of the State, was a native-born Californian. He was past twenty-one years of age, well educated and well read, and ought to have been well posted with regard to some of the unpleasant accompaniments of personal journalism, as evidenced by the long and bloody record of such affairs on the Coast. But he refused to take tenderfoot or other advice, and died one morning from an attack of acute lead poisoning, superinduced by the impact, entrance, and exit of two 45-caliber slugs fired at close range from a Colt.

There were then, and doubtless still are, quite a number of people in the Golden State as well as in other portions of the Far West, who do not care to have their records or even their names "back East" investigated or made public. Such a person was running for office, but was opposed most strenuously by the boss, not because of any suspicion as to his personal character, but because he was of an independent turn of mind, and could never be induced to "take program." Shortly before the date of the election, it was whispered about town that the newspaper in question had obtained and intended to publish the Eastern 98 record and real name of the offensive candidate, with a view to removing him from the contest.

Hearing this rumor, the candidate stopped the editor on the street one afternoon and said he understood a derogatory article was to be published with regard to himself. The newspaper man returned a noncommittal reply, whereupon the candidate said in deliberate terms: "I only wish to warn you that if you publish any such article as I have heard rumored, I shall shoot you on sight!"

The newspaper man merely expressed his disbelief in the candidate's sincerity, and walked away.

In the following issue of his journal appeared the real name of the candidate, with legal certification of the criminal record from which he had fled, coming to California and changing both patronymic and mode of life, for he had been a good average citizen during his ten or a dozen years in the State.

The next day the editor's fellow workers, whom he had told of the threats, cautioned him to be on his guard, and even offered to loan him a weapon in case of attack. But this he refused, saying that he had no idea the exposed candidate would carry out his pledge. Within ten minutes of the tender of the weapon, he was dead, shot through and through by the man whom he had antagonized, and who had warned him of his intentions.

The fact of the warning having been given was brought out in full, but the jury disagreed. There was a change of venue, followed by acquittal. This was one of the thirteen murders of California editors which the writer once compiled and had published in an Eastern journal, in addition to the story of the woman editor who was publicly spanked and who left town in consequence of the ridicule therefor. *The same "moral" applies to this chapter as to the preceding one--the wisdom of taking any sort of a job that comes along.*

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## CHAPTER XI

*"Goes Broke" on His Homestead Claim, While Mormon Water-Hogs Threaten His Life if He Touches the Stream That Runs Past His Door.*

AFTER several months of this sort of life, with only desultory employment, for the greater part at the established Indian wage rate, and only semi-occasionally in newspaper offices at a higher scale, it became plainly, not to say painfully, apparent that some more permanent engagement must be found which would command a reasonable compensation. The only value of the claim as then constituted, was that it afforded a home of a kind, from which sorties could be made at every opportunity in pursuit of the singularly elusive but constantly more necessary dollar. It chanced just at this juncture that the printer in charge of the job department of one of the local newspaper offices

(the one where I had gotten out the 500-page transcript unaided and alone), was called away on a long voyage for business and family reasons. The vacancy was at once offered me, and was gladly enough accepted.

A cottage and a bit of ground were found in the outskirts of the place at a very modest rental (\$8 per month), and thither we moved, regretful at giving up the claim, but glad to have home and permanent employment in close juxtaposition. To be sure, the wage was only \$ 15 per week, but at that time and in that region it was considered a fair rate. Indeed, during the year which I held it I actually saved quite a sum. An occasional "story," such as a hanging, as also the personal account of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, from a participant, sent to outside papers, brought in always welcome additions, (My old employer, the *World*, published this.)

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I planted a garden, and kept a cow and chickens. When fuel ran short, instead of paying cash for a fresh supply. I borrowed a farm wagon from an accommodating neighbor on a Sunday and went out into the unsettled portion of the valley. I always found a supply of wood from fallen trees and branches, occasionally grubbed grease- wood, as that growth even when green made most admirable fuel, being very resinous. Landowners were glad enough to have it removed.

But the hope of being able to follow Dr. Flint's advice and to eschew any form of the printing business, was always present and predominant. I looked toward the claim as to an *ultima Thule*, economizing and saving every cent possible with that end in view.

Something like a year passed in this manner. My cough had practically disappeared, after dragging along for months, but constantly decreasing in its violence. My weight was attaining normal proportions, and I regarded myself as a reasonably well man.

About the middle of one forenoon a fusillade of pistol shots was heard from the center of town, followed by shouts of "Fire! Fire!" This shooting was the established pioneer method of announcing a conflagration. Work was suspended in the newspaper office, and all turned out and engaged in salvaging property. There was little or nothing in the way of fire apparatus, only an old-

fashioned hand engine which proved of scant avail against the sheets of flame that swept the heart of the town. By the middle of the afternoon there was little left of the business portion of the place. An almost clean sweep had been made of the leading establishments, and it was a gloomy enough sight that was presented in every direction.

It chanced that the following Saturday was the first of the month, and that evening the publisher of the paper, after making the rounds of his usual collecting tour, announced the suspension of publication, owing to the cancellation 101 of fully three-fourths of the advertising contracts. Orders for job printing were also cancelled. As a result, the force of employes was also cancelled or at least decimated to the extent of ninety per cent, and I was one of those eliminated. There was nothing to do but return to the claim, where shelter free of cost was at least assured, and endeavor to derive some sort of support from the soil, assisted by what employment could be found among the large farmers at the old Indian wage of a dollar a day.

As soon as possible, after planting a good-sized garden, my brother and I cleared the chaparral and sagebrush from some thirty acres of the wild land. We plowed it and sowed barley thereon, that being the only growth whether for hay or grain. At that time horses were not fed oats in California, whole or crushed barley being the sole ration in addition to alfalfa or barley hay.

A dividend of a dozen hives of bees had been awarded me in return for my efforts at herding their occupants during my first year. I obtained from an acquaintance enough more at bargain prices to bring the total up to twenty-five stands, which, on the basis of my first year's experience, I confidently expected would give me a fairly good return, since each old swarm was certain to throw off at least one new one, while the honey produced would belong solely to myself.

It was in the summer that the fire occurred, following which we returned to the claim. By the time the rains should have set in, the land had been cleared, and the grain planted. The garden was in good shape, and matters appeared to be in an encouraging condition. All that was necessary was that Nature should do her share, and of this I felt no doubt. But she did not! A little rain fell, just enough to be aggravating. To be sure, it started the grain, but that was all. Day by day we watched

the clouds coming in from the distant ocean and banking against the mountains. According to past experience and 102 all the laws of Nature, they should have condensed and precipitated the accustomed, moisture. But those supposedly immutable laws enjoyed a vacation that season, and day by day we were only met with disappointment, becoming more and more acute as time wore on.

As for the garden patch, I had obtained a tacit sort of permission from the landowner next below me to divert a small amount of water from the zanja, which ran through the claim, and use it for irrigating the vegetables. I built a dam of rocks and brush, ran a ditch line with triangle and plumb-bob, and soon had as thriving a garden as one could wish to see--that is, one with a number of hungry mouths to feed.

An interesting feature was a good-sized patch of potatoes, which I planted in November. Not being dependent upon rainfall, they grew thriftily as potatoes always do on newly cleared land. By February or thereabouts they had reached the stage where they should have furnished welcome food for the family. A peculiar feature, however, was that they never blossomed, while I had always been taught by my potato-expert father, who had originated one variety that had met great favor, that this was essential as indicating the "setting" of the tubers on the roots. For some time I was disposed to regard the thrifty- appearing patch as a failure, a sort of agricultural false alarm. I was hugely disgusted in consequence. But one day, nonplussed by the absence of the expected and as I supposed necessary bloom, I investigated with a shovel and found that each row of plants had beneath the surface an almost solid mass of as fine potatoes as I had ever seen. Not only my own family, but various and sundry neighbors, enjoyed them as long as they lasted.

This success, however, proved to be the only one of the entire venture. While the clouds continued to come in from the ocean and to lower against the mountains and over the wide valley, the expected rainfall did not follow, and at last it became apparent that that terrible bugbear of 103 the early California farmer, a dry year, was upon us. To the fullest extent did the One-Lunger learn to its utmost bitterness the truth of the proverb that "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." The usual natural vegetation failed to vegetate; the sagebrush and the greasewood put forth no honey-



yielding bloom; the vast areas of varied floral wealth that covered the valley in normal seasons failed to appear, and in their place were thousands of acres bare of growth.

Sheep began to die and were driven hither and yon in search of scanty pasturage, which was soon exhausted. They were abandoned in droves of thousands to die of starvation. The air was tainted with the odor of their carcasses. If a settler wished mutton for his table, he killed the most likely looking sheep or lamb without inquiring as to its ownership. If he wanted to make a little real money, he found a stray bunch of the animals, killed them, removed and dried their skins, and sold them to some wandering peddler at from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. Lacking ammunition for my bored-out Springfield rifle shotgun, I killed an occasional sheep or lamb with a rock. Two or three times a week the zanja was good to yield a mess of trout, from grasshopper or angleworm bait, which added not a little to the table supply.

The mountain pastures were covered with cattle driven from the valley, while many cut the tops from live oak trees in order that their animals might browse on the leaves and tender stems and maintain the breath of life until the rainy season came around again. The bees began to die from starvation, and what had seemed a good prospect became hopeless.

To cap the climax, one day when the barley was from a foot to eighteen inches in height and it seemed possible that a few tons of hay might finally be obtained, which would bring in some much-needed dollars, a hot wind from the desert came over the mountains to complete the 104 results of Nature's faithlessness. It blew for three days and three nights, and when it stopped the once green barley field was covered with a dry, brown, worthless mass of what had been vegetation.

But the crowning blow came one day when four hard-looking men rode up on horseback, each with a rifle across his saddle horn and a 44-Colt in his scabbard. They halted on the bank of the creek below the cabin and I went down to learn their errand.

Without waiting for me to wish them good-day, their spokesman called out in gruff tones:

“Who owns this place?”

"I do," I replied.

"How did you get it?"

Of course this was none of his business, and he and I both knew it, but I replied:

"I found it was vacant land and took it up."

There was no further inquiry in this direction, but the next question proved to be a vital one.

"Who dug that there ditch and took the water out of the sanky?"

"I did."

"Don't you know you hain't got no right to that water?"

"Why not? It comes from the mountains and runs through my claim. Besides, the owner next below me told me I could take out enough on his time to irrigate a vegetable patch, and I am careful about it."

(It should be explained that under the old appropriation laws, water was divided up by hours, each landowner taking the full flow of the stream a given number of hours every ten days.)

"That's nothing here or there. That there water all belongs to us, down at Cottonwood Row [the original Mormon settlement] and nobody's got any right to touch it without we say so."

"But the little water I use once in awhile couldn't hurt 105 you. Not one of you can use all the flow of the zanja during his time. It would wash your land into the ocean." (Which was true.)

"That don't make a damned bit of difference whether we could use it or not. You hain't got no right to it. It's all ours. Now, young feller, we are going up and tear your dam out, and if you put it in

again and take out any more water from the sanky, it'll be mighty unhealthy for you!" And as he said this he patted the butt of his rifle by way of emphasis.

I did not need to have hints given me from the muzzle of a gun to realize what they meant. I knew only too well the record of many a bloody water fight in California. There were too many graves occupied by small settlers who had sought to make a living by the use of Nature's bounty as exemplified in the running streams.

There was nothing to do except to obey the orders of these water monopolists,--hogs, I had almost said. So, smothering my wrath and disappointment, all I could say was:

"All right, I hear you."

And that was *that*! The end had come. I found that my Mormon visitors were entirely in the right according to the inequitable laws then existing, though happily no longer in force. The earliest comers on a given stream could lay claim to the entire flow, and no one dared settle above them and take water therefrom. Any one could take up land below theirs and use the water they allowed to run to waste, as was done by many. But no one could go above them and use the flow to the smallest extent, even though half of it might be running to waste after passing through the first comer's lands! Right then and there I became a convert to belief in the sole ownership and control of water as a whole by the people, and its administration for the equal interest of all users, especially 106 where irrigation was necessary. I never could see how any human being could "own" the water that Nature sent into the valleys for the use of mankind. And when any such "owner" managed to get himself killed, as was sometimes the case, while trying to deprive a later settler (a "damned newcomer" as he was called) of the opportunity to gain an honest livelihood from the cultivation of the soil, I was most assuredly *not* among the mourners. Nor am I to this day, though such occurrences are seldom known now.

Is this Anarchism, or Socialism, or Communism, or Bolshevism, or any other kind of “ism”? All right, if it be. For one, I think it is only plain common sense and plain ordinary justice of the plainest and most ordinary kind. And I think I earned the right to that opinion.

But the dictum of the Mormons left me broke!--in pocket, but thank Heaven, not in spirit! *The “moral” to this chapter is, that if Fate has it in for a chap, there is no use bucking against her decrees. As also that if there is anything that is more cruel and heartless than Nature, I have never been able to place it!*

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## CHAPTER XII

*A Friend in Need Helps Him to Reach San Francisco by Freight Train--Obtains Employment at Once on a Morning Paper. B-R-O-K-E!*

AN EMPTY pocket, an empty larder, though not exactly an empty house!

Furthermore, there were a wife and four children dependent upon one's own exertions. In one respect, however, we were in a fair way to have a “full house,” having already accomplished “two pairs.” For another child had come, another hostage to fortune, and we had two Queens and two Kings--in other words, two girls and two boys. Who would not be stimulated to put forth his every exertion, subject himself to any manner of hardship, in order to provide for the unconsulted little innocents?

For three long years and more I had struggled and fought, constantly hoping for that substantial success which was seemingly denied me. Here I was, worse off financially than at the outset, though far better equipped bodily and mentally for a continuance of the combat. No one who has not passed through such an experience as now confronted the One-Lunger can have the slightest idea what this discouraging culmination of all his efforts and his high hopes meant. For one, I shall

not seek to describe my own feelings. They would not in any event interest the reader. For that matter, this was not a time for feeling, but for action.

I was quite well aware of the unpromising business situation in the southern portion of the State, where the 108 effects of the dry year were felt to the utmost. I knew that that region was filled with other One-Lungers who besieged the newspaper offices with applications for employment--“wages no object,” if they were only just sufficient to keep body and soul together. One of the largest and oldest newspaper proprietors of Los Angeles told me a number of years later that there had never been a time in all his experience, commencing with 1876, when he could not fill any position in his establishment with competent men, semi-invalids, at ten dollars a week. They were willing to work for just enough to pay their necessary personal expenses, and in those days, as will be seen, such expenses could be kept at a marvelously low standard if one elected so to do.

I knew that the only hope for me was in San Francisco, and I decided to go there and seek employment. But I had no money, and no means of obtaining any. I could not very well go there by horseback, for there would be necessary expenses on the road. What *should* I do? At last I reached a conclusion. I went to town and called at the business establishment of a man who had come to California the same year that I had, and whose very agreeable acquaintance I had then made. I explained my position to him in full, told him I was absolutely penniless, and asked him to loan me sufficient to cover my expenses to the city and to care for my family until I should find employment and be able to send money to them. I told him that he would be repaid--how soon I knew not--but that he could depend upon reimbursement at the earliest possible moment.\*

*\* N. B.--It is scarcely necessary to say that the debt was repaid quickly. And when, years after, he ran for a State office, I supported him most heartily in my own daily newspaper! He served two terms.*

There was not the slightest hesitation or questioning on his part. Nothing was said with regard to any fixed amount or any fixed time of repayment. Instead of that, he brought his till to me, well filled as it was with coin, 109 and told me to help myself and take my time about paying it back! *That* was indeed a friend worth having, and an already warm friendship was firmly cemented that death only could end! And perhaps not even then.

Without unnecessary delay I prepared at once to go northward. In those days freight trains all carried a so-called "emigrant" car especially designed for those of moderate means who were willing to undergo some small degree of hardship for the sake of a substantial saving. This car was equipped with wooden bunks. Passengers furnished their own bedding, also curtains if they desired them, while a stove was provided for making coffee and doing light cooking. Three days were necessary to make the trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco, instead of the fifteen hours required at present. The fare on the freight train was \$10, fifty per cent or more less than on the regular train and Pullman. A basketful of food was an essential, as there were long stretches between stations, as well as extended delays when they were reached.

Full of confidence in my ability to secure employment with little delay, I bade good-bye for the last time to the little shack in the hills, and to the homemade furniture that had afforded so much comfort and satisfaction. With an unnecessary promise that I should be heard from quickly, I set out on the long journey to a city where I had but a single acquaintance.

It was early morning when the freight train at last arrived. I went at once to a lodging house kept by a former resident of San Bernardino (he had once been the county judge!) and to which I had been directed. Obtaining a room for \$6 per month (it was "south of the slot"), I went to the *Chronicle* office shortly after the noon hour, that being the usual time for morning newspaper workers to report for duty. I had a note of introduction to the foreman from a mutual acquaintance, which I presented. After reading it, he said: "Very well, I will put your name on the sub-list, but you will have to look alive if 110 you expect to hold your own with my men. They are all experts." I told him I would do my best, then exhibited my old New York Typographical Union "card" to the "Daddy of the Chapel." After this qualification my name was duly inscribed at the foot of the list of a score and more already indited.

The sub-list, it should be explained, consisted of the names of men who were authorized to substitute for regulars whenever the latter concluded to take a day off, which was whenever one felt so disposed. There were twenty-three regulars in the office, and more than that number of subs, so the opportunity could not be said to be very encouraging for a stranger, especially for a

newcomer, since the native son sentiment was very strong, and "foreigners" were not especially welcome. Nevertheless I was most agreeably surprised when, late in the afternoon, after all of the unemployed subs had left, a delayed regular came in, and asked if I wanted a day's work. After a hearty affirmative, he handed me his rule. I proceeded to throw in my case, and then followed it with my first night's work on the *Chronicle*. To my great satisfaction, when I pasted my slips the following day. I found that I had earned within a few cents of \$5, all work being by the piece, and at the rate of fifty cents per thousand ems.

With this as a starter, I took heart and was soon in the swing of office etiquette and performance. From the first initiatory night onward, I never worked less than four days a week, though I found the position of a sub somewhat nerve-racking. In order to lose no opportunity to be on deck when any one sought the service of a substitute, I made it a rule to arrive at the office as soon after 12 m. as possible, and before the usual time for the arrival of the regulars, which was 1 p. m. Thus I often caught an early bird. Most of the other subs came later, hung around for a couple of hours, and if not engaged went away to their own devices. But I remained in the office Until late in the afternoon, perched on a stool in some 111 corner where I could watch the door, thus catching many a late bird.

I will not deny that it was a weary sort of occupation when at times I waited idly but watchfully from 12 noon until 7 in the evening, with half an hour's absence at 5:30 for the evening meal, and finally was obliged to leave without having been engaged. One may well be pardoned for feeling depressed under such circumstances. But whenever I began to feel blue as a result of such fruitless experiences, I had only to think of the little family in the shack in the foothills of the south in order to restore my courage and cheerfulness, and to go away smiling and hoping for better luck next day.

I made the early acquaintance of another sub, a brother of the famous Alaskan explorer, Lieutenant Schwatka. I found him a most congenial companion. He inducted me into the mysteries of economical maintenance for men situated like ourselves. He had learned the ropes by hard experience, and well knew the art of making a small amount of money stretch as far as possible. He took me to a restaurant "south of the slot," a clean and well- ordered but not at all stylish place,

where we could obtain breakfast (at noon for morning newspaper workers), consisting of a good steak or other meat, potatoes in any shape, coffee, three kinds of bread *ad lib.*, a large dish of pickled beets or other relish, all for the preposterous price of 15 cents. At six o'clock we patronized a three-for-two restaurant, of greater pretensions. It was the custom in all except the high-priced eating-houses in those times to have a list price of one bit, or 12 1/2 cents, for every dish--meat, with vegetables, soup, dessert of any kind, wine, red or white--and it was real wine too, not the "red ink" of later days. But if one ordered three dishes at one bit each, the charge for the combination was only two bits, or 25 cents. Thus, one could have roast beef or other meat, or fish, potatoes, a pint of claret or white wine, and a dessert of any kind; also assorted bread in quantity, as well as 112 salad or other relish, for which no charge was made. The largest restaurants in the city were of the three-for-two variety, and their proprietors became wealthy therefrom. I knew one who became a millionaire.

At 11 o'clock in the evening refreshment was needed to carry on for the remainder of the working hours--until three and sometimes later. Coffee and rolls were sufficient, at a cost of ten cents. After I had once learned the ropes of the food problem, and during the months that I was alone in the city before I could arrange to have my family join me, I made it an inflexible rule never to expend more than 50 cents a day for meals. Thus, with room rent at \$6 per month, and food costing only \$ 15 for the same period, it can be seen that the "high cost of living" was an absent quantity, at least so far as I was concerned. There were many others, reporters as well as composers, who were equally economical. There were also some who were not--at least for a couple of days after pay day!

After making certain of a sufficient income to make regular remittances to the lonely family in the foothills of the south, the next thing to receive consideration was my own wardrobe. I was wearing a suit of clothes which was the last of three that had been made by a tailor in New York some four years before, and which I brought with me. But to tell the truth, it was commencing to show more or less signs of wear and tear. It had been repaired and refurbished at various and sundry times, but by now it had actually outlived its usefulness, to say nothing of presentableness.



During all my sojourn in the South, the only clothes I had bought were of the rough type worn by all outdoor workers. Khaki was unknown in this country at that time, but there were heavy brown and blue duck and denim garments that were extremely cheap and of unbelievable durability. A pair of overalls or trousers of this quality could be bought for 50 to 75 cents, while a blouse <sup>113</sup> or jumper of the same goods cost 25 to 50 cents. Two suits a year were all that any reasonable man could be expected to need. Underwear could be bought for as little as 25 cents the garment. I wore many a shirt that cost no more than 50 cents, and on occasion less. In three years I bought one new hat. Cowboy boots with high tops and heels cost \$4 the pair, and were long-lived, while good shoes could be had for much less. My fellow workers were all well dressed, and indeed took pride in their personal appearance. This was quite at variance with many whom I had come in contact with in New York, where the motto of all too many appeared to be, "If booze interferes with good clothes, so much the worse for the clothes." Which it usually was! Indeed, the appearance of the members of the trade in San Francisco was one of the surprises that I encountered. They ranked well with the business men whom one met on the street, and could not be differentiated from them. There was not one of the many whom I knew who did not appear to take pride in his appearance and in "looking as well as any one on Montgomery or Market Street."

Naturally I felt shabby by comparison, though there was good reason for my appearance. But as soon as I could command the amount needed, I squandered all of \$17 in a well-fitting ready-made suit, and wore it with great satisfaction. For after having had the same clothes for upward of four years, they are apt to become a trifle wearisome, to say nothing of any other qualification.

By the way, while discussing the subject of the high (or low) cost of living, an interesting little incident comes to mind. I was passing a vacation years later in the Big Bend region of Butte County, making my headquarters at Yankee Hill, once a large and rich mining camp. To the solitary remaining store, which as was customary had the post office in one corner, came every day all the old-timers for miles about, though none of them received mail more than once in a coon's age. Each was a pensioner, <sup>114</sup> several from the Mexican war. They usually gathered a couple of hours before the stage was due. It was a complete education in frontier matters to listen to their conversation.

Incidentally each of the old chaps had a claim with cabin, garden patch, sometimes a gravel bank from which gold dust could be washed in moderate quantities when the owner wanted to “go to town.” There was good hunting and fishing, and altogether the white-haired old relics lived a life of comparative comfort.

One day the conversation turned to the question of “how much cash money does a really sensible man require to carry him through a year?”

One after the other kept the conversational ball rolling, and all agreed that one hundred dollars cash money was all that any reasonable man could possibly need. With clothes obtainable at prices as given herewith, and with the proprietress of the store selling homemade wine with 20 to 25 per cent alcoholic content at 50 cents the gallon, I thought I could see the reasonableness of the position.

After all had spoken but one, who had been listening intently, he rendered this opinion, first discharging half a pint or so of tobacco juice and stroking his long white beard:

“I don't see how'n hell you fellers can spend so much cash money in a year! A hundred dollars--a hundred dollars--my God! Nobody but a dum-fool could need so much! Why, I been livin' up here more'n thirty year and been drawin' a pension just like you fellers, but in all that time I hain't spent more'n fifty dollars cash money arey year. I bought everythin' I needed, and I can't see what' nell you spent so much money on. You just throwed it way, that's what!” *The “moral” to this chapter is that if one makes up his mind hard enough, he is rather apt to attain what he desires.*

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## CHAPTER XIII

*His Knowledge of Firearms Proves Valuable When a Mob Threatens the Office in Its Desire to Lynch the Editor.*

AND now there were to come some of the most thrilling experiences of my life, though, like all such occurrences, there was not the least premonition thereof.

In 1877-78 the notorious Dennis Kearney, the drayman, began his famous anti-Chinese agitation. "The Chinese must go!" was the battle cry, and the movement spread all over the State, accompanied by many deeds of violence which no good Californian can call to mind without a blush.

Coincidentally began the movement for the adoption of a new constitution. The old fundamental law of the State was antiquated, archaic, and entirely inadequate to deal with the many questions of public interest and necessity that had arisen and were constantly arising, notably the railroad matter.

The *Chronicle* alone of the prominent newspapers championed the cause of a new constitution, and was seconded by Kearney. A convention was at last called, in which the majority of those elected were found to be of a progressive character. As a result the new organic law that was presented to the people for their verdict at the polls contained many features that aroused the bitter antagonism of the ultra-conservative element. After an acrimonious campaign conducted single-handed by the *Chronicle* in support of the proposed constitution, the measure was adopted by a large majority.

Among other things, it provided for a new charter for San Francisco, something that had long been greatly needed. This in turn called for the election of a new city government, including of course a mayor. Up to this time the *Chronicle* and Kearney had worked harmoniously. It was no secret, indeed, that the agitator's speeches and other public utterances were prepared for him by a particularly bright young reporter on the staff. But now a candidate for the mayoralty appeared in the person of the Rev. I.S. Kallloch, a baptist clergyman, whose reputation, following him from Massachusetts and from Kansas, was far from flattering. The *chronicle* opposed him on the ground of his unfitness, while Kearney was an ardent supporter.

In those days and in that region campaigns were conducted in quite different fashion from now, and the language commonly used by stump speakers and by newspapers as well would not be dreamed of in modern times.

The *Chronicle* began publishing reports from Kalloch's former homes, which were of a decidedly damaging character. These at length aroused the mayoralty candidate to such a pitch that on day he announced at a public meeting at the Metropolitan Temple (the name given his church), that on a certain date he proposed to hold another gathering in the same place at which he would pay his respects to the De Young brothers, Charles and Michel.

Matters had reached such a pitch, and the antagonism was so bitter, that *Chronicle* representatives were chary about attending meetings of the Workingmen's party, as they ran the risk of being recognized and personally ill-treated, as indeed they were on several occasions.

One bright chap was drafted from the composing-room and sent to the place of meeting of a Workingmen's Club to secure certain needed information by observation and not by declaring his identity and errand. But the rash young man, filled with importance over his mission, announced loudly as he entered the crowded room:

"I am from the *chronicle* --"

That was as far as he got. When he regained consciousness he was literally in the gutter, bruised, bleeding, 117 clothes in tatters, and altogether in such a generally dilapidated condition that he went home without reporting back at the office, sending word by a messenger that he had become suddenly indisposed--which indeed was the cold truth. His career as a reporter came to a sudden and permanent end with this single experience.

I had made the acquaintance of the city editor of the *Chronicle*, and when the evening arrived in which Kalloch had promised to turn loose on the De Youngs, I was asked, on account of being a stranger in the city and not known as having any connection with the just then unpopular paper, to attend and report anything said by Kalloch that was worthy of notice.

At first the gathering was of the usual kind and method. The auditorium was packed with an excited crowd, and various rabid speeches were delivered. But Kalloch devoted himself to general political topics, and not until near the close did he mention the De Youngs. Then he said that he proposed

to keep his pledge regarding them, but that he intended to use certain language that would not be seemly in the house of God, and for that reason would adjourn to out-of-doors, and speak from the summit of the lofty flight of steps leading to the Temple doors.

The wide thoroughfare and the neighboring alleys were packed by thousands, and after a few introductory remarks, Kalloch proceeded to use language of an entirely unprintable character, *and which in fact never has been printed*, although Charles De Young was begged to permit its use as a complete justification of his subsequent acts--which it would have been. What he said would have aroused a protest even from inmates of a brothel. In a wide experience on canal and rail, in the purlieus of New York and other places where the newspaper business takes one, I had naturally and inevitably heard considerable bad language, but had never dreamed that a presumably respectable man, least of all a minister of the Gospel, *could* permit such words to defile his lips.

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It was impossible to take notes, owing to the press. As soon as I was clear of the crowd, and while the remarks were still fresh in my memory, I wrote out the most objectionable expressions. These were given to Charles De Young. The next morning he did what any man must have done who had any respect for the women of his household--called Kalloch out of the church into the street and shot him--unfortunately not fatally. At least it was the opinion of those who knew what he had said that it was a pity he had not paid with his life for his vileness.

In an instant, almost, the city was in turmoil. A mob gathered at the scene of the shooting, and De Young was with difficulty rescued and hurried to the city prison. He was placed in the steel tanks for safety's sake, where his brother joined him not long after of his own volition. Word was passed that a meeting to take prompt action with regard to the shooting would be held that afternoon at the Sand Lots, the gathering place of Kearney and his followers during the anti-Chinese agitation. The city editor asked me to go there and return an early report of the proceedings, for the same reason as the night before--that I was a stranger and would be safe from attack. A crowd of fully 5000 had gathered, and was addressed by several of the leaders. Kearney himself, however, was absent in Vallejo, and it was impossible for him to return before nightfall. The speeches were all of a highly

incendiary character. Finally one prominent official of the party stepped to the front of the platform and called out:

“How many of you are heeled and ready to go down to the city prison, take it, and hang the De Young---- -- -----?”

Never had I seen, and never in later life, even in the revolutionary era in Mexico, did I witness such a spectacle as followed. At least 4999 of the possible 5000 men present were armed, and the air was filled with the sheen of gun and knife as the afternoon sun struck them.

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The speaker shouted: “All right! Now we'll go!”

The he and his associates started to leave the platform and head the procession of intending lynchers.

In order for the mob to reach the city prison in a body, it was necessary to march half to three-quarters of a mile down Market Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, thence at right angles down Kearney Street, half a mile or so farther, and then turn into Merchant Street, a narrower avenue from which the jail opened almost directly. There were tortuous back streets, however, by which the place could be reached much quicker than by the route taken by the mob. Through these I hurried as rapidly as I could without attracting undue attention, and turned down Merchant Street toward the jail entrance. When I reached that point, what I saw caused me at once to seek a place of refuge and observation. This I found in the hallway of a brick building directly across the street, which was provided with old-fashioned iron folding-leaf doorways once so common with business structures. I closed all of the leaves except one, leaving it open just far enough to enable me to get a good view of the proceedings. Then I waited for what might occur.

After awhile a noise like the roar of the ocean surf could be heard in the distance, from down Kearny Street. It came nearer and nearer, until finally the head of the mob entered Merchant Street,

many with weapons openly in hand for instant use, and poured down to the entrance of the jail court opposite the door where I was concealed.

but that was as far as it got! No one could imagine that a mob of thousands of angry men could be halted so suddenly as was this. But it stopped, and not one person entered the courtyard by so much as a single inch.

Why? Because instant and certain death awaited the first on so entering!

Facing the mob in the narrow gateway were two murderous looking Gatling guns, manned by complete crews, while the courtyard was crowded with National Guardsmen, 120 with rifles ready for instant use and not loaded with blank cartridges, as had been the case when the militia had been called out not long previously to deal with anti-Chinese mobs. At the other end of the courtyard, facing into Washington Street, were other Gatling guns, other gun crews, and other National Guardsmen, all fairly honing to be turned loose, for kindred mobs had done much damage and had caused accompanying loss of life, without retaliation in kind.

Not a word was spoken on either side. The gunners and the riflemen stared intently at the mob, watching closely for the slightest indication of any hostile, overt act. The howling mass suddenly became stationary and voiceless. Those in the advance edged away from the uncomfortable-looking gun muzzles, and milled backward. The word was apparently passed along, and the crowd melted away. In a short time Merchant Street was as quiet and peaceful as was its customary condition.

Then I left my hiding place, and hastened to the office, where I made my report. It had been announced from the Sand Lot platform that Kearney would arrive from Vallejo at eight o'clock that evening, and the Rifle Clubs were ordered to be at the Embarcadero to meet him. The Kearneyites had a regularly organized military force, were armed with Springfield rifles and clad in semi-uniform. No authority had yet been found with nerve (or guts) enough to call them to account and forbid their illegal actions. The fact that the members were all voters *might* have had something to do with this failure to perform plain duty.

This, too, I reported, and was asked to be among those present when Dennis arrived. I was there, and walked in close proximity to the open carriage in which Kearney was conveyed to headquarters, accompanied by the leaders and escorted by a numerous armed guard. He had, it was reported by telegraph, talked wildly at Vallejo about lynching the De Youngs, and had made many threats of 121 what he proposed to do in San Francisco. It was confidently expected by his followers in the city, and feared by people generally, that hell would surely break loose when he arrived. In preparation for such a possibility, every company of National Guards had been ordered out and was held in readiness to suppress any attempt at violence. The police reserves were also on deck, and the Citizens' Committee, or "Pick-Handle Brigade," which had been organized to suppress the anti-Chinese attacks of the Kearneyites, was likewise ready, as well as anxious, for business. And it may well be understood that all were keen to use their weapons. The people generally were becoming weary of unrebuked law-breaking.

Kearney and the leaders went into conference at their headquarters on Market Street, and after a long wait the leader appeared on the balcony at an upper window, in a very different mood than at Vallejo. He advised his hearers to go home peaceably, and assured them that the law, under his own watchful eye, could be depended upon to administer equal and exact justice to the De Youngs. (The expletives used are omitted.)

It developed that he had been informed of the preparations that had been made to cope with his threats, should he attempt to carry them out, and he at once began to sing a very different tune. He never showed very much stomach for active trouble unless the odds were all in his favor. He was in much the same frame of mind that lie exhibited a short while after this at the time of the reception to ex-President Grant upon his landing in San Francisco at the conclusion of his world tour. In a public speech he had announced that on the day of the arrival he would have a gallows erected on the Sand Lots, and that while the formal reception of the distinguished guest by civil dignitaries and brother soldiers was under way at the Palace Hotel, he would busy himself by hanging him in effigy on his private gallows!



A message was sent to Kearney by certain ex-soldiers, 121 commending him for his plan to erect the gallows, but concluding with the statement that he need not trouble himself to have a lay figure constructed in representation of their old commander, since there would be a live subject whose name would be Dennis--Kearney!

The hint was heeded, for Kearney knew the temper of his correspondents too well to tempt their anger and lead them to carry out their portion of the reception program. There was no gallows and no hanging, and I lost what would have been a most interesting assignment.

Early on the morning following Kearney's arrival, a mob gathered at the *Chronicle* office, on Clay Street below Sansome, inflamed by the inaccurate reports of the shooting of Kalloch the day previous. The reports entirely failed to note the real reason that had actuated De Young--punishment of the traducer of his dearest relatives. Only a few, comparatively, knew of the vile language that had been used by the reverend politician. The journalistic rivals of the *Chronicle* were singularly silent upon that point. The afternoon previous a mob had gathered at the same place and had uttered many threats. As a consequence, the doors and windows had been barricaded, while the only access to the office was by way of a street on the opposite side of the same block. Those who had business therewith were informed as to the steps necessary to gain access thereto. One went to a certain number on Commercial Street, immediately in the rear of the newspaper office, which fronted on Clay Street. At the designated number there was an iron folding door similar to the one on Merchant Street that I had used while witnessing the discomfiture of the mob the day before. A single leaf of this stood partly open, and a visitor crowding through this found himself confronted by a squad of policemen, who detained him until he had given a complete account of himself and his errand. He was then permitted 123 to pass through a series of workrooms and passages until he found himself in a courtyard or *patio* in the center of the block. A long ladder in one corner was pointed out. By climbing this, entrance was effected to the editorial rooms. It need scarcely be said that there were not many visitors.

As the mob increased in numbers and in apparent ugliness of disposition, the representative of the imprisoned De Youngs sent to a dealer in arms and had a number of boxes of rifles, with

accompanying ammunition, brought to the Commercial Street doorway just described, whence they were hoisted by block and tackle into the editorial rooms. One of the boxes was opened and a couple of the guns removed. They were strange looking weapons. The Henry rifle was then the standard breechloader, but these were not of that pattern. Neither the manager nor any of the men to whom he appealed for information could give him any assistance. No one could be found who had ever seen a weapon of the kind, and all efforts could not make them "work."

I was standing in the background, as became a newcomer, while the examination and discussion were going on. I was not paying much attention to it, when I heard the manager say in a loud voice:

"I wish to God I could find some one who knows how to use these ----- guns. I would make it worth his while."

With that, I stepped up, glanced at the weapon in his hands, recognized it at once as an old and trusty friend, and said: "All right, Mr. Andersen. I know how that gun works, and will be glad to show you."

It was a familiar enough weapon to me. IT chanced that at my foothill home in the south I had borrowed a rifle from a neighbor, an old Indian-fighting cavalryman, which was of the same pattern as those that had been obtained for anti-mob use. It was a Spencer carbine, the first type of breechloader used in our army toward the close of the Civil War--the one to which the plains Indians had given the name of "Sunday gun." They claimed that the white soldiers had a new rifle that was very bad medicine, since they were able to load it on Sunday and then fire it all the rest of the week without recharging.

Instead of loading at the side near the breech, as did the Henry and its successors the Winchester and Marlin, the cartridges went into a tube that began in the heel-plate of the butt, where it would scarcely be noted by any one not familiar with the mechanism. The empty shells were ejected from the side, as with the other patterns noted. But if one did not know how to load a Spencer, he was apt to experiment for a long while until the mystery was solved.

As soon as I had explained the mechanism to the manager, he asked me to take charge of the whole affair--to break out the entire supply of rifles and ammunition, to serve a gun and a box of cartridges to every man in the office, from pressroom and composing-room to editorial staff, to instruct them as to the proper method of operating them, and then to report back for further orders.

When the task was completed, requiring several hours, I was asked to find four or five other men who were willing, and to organize them as a guard, patrolling the building and holding them in readiness to repel the threatened attack of the mob, wherever it might be directed. The front wall of the office had a parapet some three feet or so in height, while the roof was flat. It was decided in case the mob attacked the main entrance, that from this defense an effective fire could be opened which would be highly discouraging.

After receiving instructions and discussing means and methods for defense, the manager concluded: "Oh, by the way, Weeks, you and your men will charge up double time for your services (that meant a dollar an *hour* --not the Indian wage of a dollar a day]. And I will have 125 meals brought to you here. But remember, we depend upon you to keep a close watch and defend the office at all costs."

As it turned out, no shooting was necessary. Perhaps the mob had received an inkling in some manner or other of the preparations that had been made to give them a warm and hearty, not to say hospitable, reception. Anyhow, after blocking the street all day and far into the night, vociferating profanely what they intended to do, they concluded not to do it, and toward midnight dropped off gradually one by one. The armed guard was continued for some time with apparent satisfaction to the chiefs of the establishment, and with real satisfaction to the recipients of the "double time" emolument, honorarium, or whatever you may choose to designate it. *Several "morals" may be deduced from the foregoing chapter, ouch, for example, as the desirability of being "Johnny-on-the-Spot," as also of having a working knowledge of the use of firearms, to say nothing of being a stranger among hostiles, and hence immune from attack.*

## CHAPTER XIV

*The Murderer of His Chief Is Acquitted, While the Principal Witness in His Behalf Goes to State Prison for a Long Term for Perjury.*

THE mob excitement over the shooting of Kalloch by De Young for the vile public defamation of the women of his family only lasted a few days. It was predicated at the outset upon untrue reports that the reverend libeler had been killed. This was immediately followed by the statement that he was so seriously wounded that his life was apt to end at any moment. This in turn was shown not to be especially well founded, as the wounded man made a surprisingly rapid recovery for one who had supposedly been brought to the brink of the grave.

As soon as the imminence of death was removed, De Young was released on bonds, following which a grand jury indicted him for assault with intent to commit murder. The trial was delayed from time to time upon one pretext and another, until the affair was ended for all time by the killing of the editor at the hands of the son of the man whom he had shot.

In the meantime the *Chronicle* had occupied the new office building on the corner of Kearny and Bush Streets, a handsome five-story structure. It was the first one erected in San Francisco by any newspaper for its exclusive use. This was before the days of skyscrapers and steelframe buildings, and in that city, with memories of the earthquake of 1868 still vivid in the minds of all except the younger generation, five stories were regarded as marking the desirable limit in that direction.

The removal was productive of an agreeable surprise for the One-Lunger. When I first entered the establishment 127 on Clay Street, my name had been entered on the sub-list, as noted, it being the ultimate entry, since that list was conducted on the priority basis. The regular list, however, that of those having permanent positions, that great desideratum of all morning newspaper workers, was arranged alphabetically. When the new office was occupied, a new list was posted. In this I took no immediate personal interest, since I realized that I was a decidedly new newcomer, while there

were subs who had been in the office as long as two years without having reached the goal of their ambition--the dignity and the privileges of a regular.

Great was my surprise, therefore, when I learned that instead of being the last on the sub-list, my name had been removed therefrom and was now the last on the regular one, the initial "W" being the ultimate letter represented thereon. Thenceforward ensued a season of comparative prosperity for me. My wages were from \$5 to \$ 6 daily, and I never worked less than six days a week, although the *Chronicle* was a seven-day paper. I was now able to establish my family in comfortable quarters in the city, and for the first time since leaving New York, five long years before, enjoyed comparatively smooth sailing. Always, however, there was present "in the back of my head" the hope and intention to follow Dr. Flint's insistent advice and to abandon the mechanical side of the newspaper business at the earliest possible moment. It was toward this end that I always worked and planned.

As soon as he was released from confinement, Mr. De Young took up the not inconsiderable task of securing overwhelming evidence of the truth of the charges brought in the *Chronicle* in its opposition to Kalloch's candidacy for the mayoralty. For this purpose trained investigators were engaged, both in Massachusetts and in Kansas, with the result that a great mass of affidavits and legal documents were obtained confirming the *Chronicle* in every respect.

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It was learned that the fact of these investigations and their result was reported by friends in the localities where they were carried out, and that this finally led to an attempt to secure De Young's consent to the quashing of the indictment against him and the abandonment of any attempt at prosecution. Several times he was approached in this regard, but his reply was ever the same:

"No--I cannot entertain such a proposition. I have been accused by my fellow citizens, as represented by the grand jury, of shooting Kalloch with the intent to kill him, which is true enough. But I propose to submit an abundance of undeniable proof that I was entirely justified in my strictures upon his character and my claim that he is unfit to enjoy public confidence and honor.

That evidence I shall present when I am brought to trial, and nothing can prevent me from doing so.”

It was stated by Mr. De Young's friends, after his tragic death, that the last refusal of the kind was made directly to the man who shot him, the interview taking place within twenty-four hours of the time of the shooting.

Early one evening Mr. De Young was standing in the business office of the *Chronicle*, with his back to the counter and facing the double swinging doors of the main entrance, which was constructed diagonally across the junction of the front and side walls. Three business acquaintances were fronting him, with their backs to the door, from which only a few inches separated them. All were taking part in conversation. Incidentally, Mr. De Young was wearing a long ulster, which was buttoned closely down the entire front--an important fact, in view of what was to follow.

Suddenly one of the leaves of the door swung open. An adult son of the preacher-politician Kalloch stepped in, reached over the shoulder of one of the visitors, gun in hand, and fired point-blank at De Young, hitting him in the neck and inflicting what was believed to have been the fatal wound of several that he received. At once the visitors fled from the scene, running into the street. The wounded man staggered along the passageway in front of the counter toward a gate opening into the interior of the office, falling just after he passed through it, and breathing his last in a few moments. During the time between the first shot and his fall, De Young was endeavoring vainly to unfasten his overcoat for the purpose of drawing his own pistol from his hip pocket. But he never succeeded in loosening all of the buttons, several remaining fastened as he lay dead. Kalloch followed his victim, firing at him until the entire five shots in his weapon were discharged, some taking effect and others going wild.

The entire editorial and composing-room staffs were busily engaged on the third and fourth floors, and heard and counted the shots as they followed each other in quick succession--five in all. At once a rush was made for the ground floor, where De Young was lying dead. Kalloch was quickly put under arrest. He was of course indicted and put on trial for murder. The case appeared to be a

clear one on its face, since the facts as narrated were established by many witnesses, especially with regard to the number of shots fired.

But a plea of self-defense was offered, which was supported by the testimony of the defendant himself, and that of one other witness, named Clemetshaw. Kalloch swore that he had visited the *Chronicle* office for the purpose of holding a friendly conference with De Young, but that the latter, on the instant of his entrance, had drawn a pistol and fired at him without a word, whereupon he had drawn his own weapon and fired at his assailant solely in defense of his life.

Clemetshaw, a harness-maker, employed in San Rafael, across the bay in Marin County, swore that he was in San Francisco for amusement and chanced to be passing the *Chronicle* office that evening. Glancing casually through the large plate-glass windows, he saw a man whom he did not know but afterwards identified as De Young, standing as has been described, with three others facing him. He saw the folding door open, and another man, whom he identified as Kalloch, but with whom he had no previous acquaintance, enter the office. Then the man with his back to the counter had drawn a pistol and fired at the newcomer, whereupon the latter returned the fire, six shots in all being discharged.

Abundance of witnesses were called to establish the fact that only five shots had been fired. The defense acknowledged that Kalloch had discharged all five cartridges, the shells of which were found in his weapon. Of the dozens of men on the upper floors who heard the shooting, not one could be found who did not testify that he had counted only five shots. A careful and thorough examination of the body and the room only accounted for five bullets, while it was impossible that a sixth could have been fired and left no trace of its passage or lodgment. But notwithstanding the flood of evidence in this direction, and the exceedingly incredible nature of Clemetshaw's testimony, Kalloch was found not guilty on the ground of self-defense, and was discharged from custody.

There was nothing more that could be done, so far as he was concerned. He had been once in jeopardy and could not be again called to account, no matter what might develop. And something did indeed develop!

A few months later a new administration took office, and there was a complete change in the city government. One of the early acts of the district attorney was to lay the Clemetshaw matter before the grand jury. An indictment was promptly found, charging perjury, and in due time he went on trial. The evidence regarding the number of shots that had been fired, as produced at Kalloch's trial, was repeated, with many corroborating details, and a verdict of guilty was soon reached. Thereupon Clemetshaw was sentenced to a term of fourteen years in State prison, which sentence he served, minus the legal allowance 131 for good behavior. Nothing further was ever done in the case, and those responsible for the deliberate perjury committed by Clemetshaw went unpunished.

A unique occurrence in connection with the killing of Mr. De Young will be of interest to newspaper men generally, as well as to others. His mother, for years a widow, was justly, even inordinately, proud of his success in promoting himself in a few short years from the post of a newsboy peddling papers on the street, to the co-ownership of a thriving and widely circulated publication. She had one invariable custom. At the breakfast table a copy of her son's paper was always placed beside her plate. She read it carefully column by column, page by page. It was only a four-page nine-column sheet then, as indeed were the other San Francisco dailies. At the time of the murder she was old and feeble, and it was felt that the shock of reading about it in the paper next morning might prove fatal, while if her usual copy were kept from her she would at once know that something was wrong.

In order to avoid this, as soon as the regular edition was run off, the forms were taken back to the composing- room. Every line of matter relating to the tragedy was removed, and a complete new make-up prepared, largely from type set especially therefor by the compositors who were kept on duty for that purpose. Just one copy of this emasculated sheet was printed, which was laid in the usual place for the mother's especial pleasure.



No one was permitted to see her who would whisper a word of the affair. When she asked as to her son's unexpected absence, she was told that he had been called suddenly on a business errand to the interior of the State and would be absent several days.

This fiction was kept up for four days, there being four successive editions of the *Chronicle* prepared as described--as remarkable a paper as was ever produced under remarkable conditions.

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Not until three hours before the funeral, on the fourth day after the killing, was she informed of the tragedy. She herself passed away in less than two months thereafter--heartbroken at the slaying of her beloved son for his defense of the good name of herself and her daughters. *The "moral" to this chapter would appear to be that murder does not "always out," at least so far as punishment of the murderer is concerned; and that with sufficient "political pull" even a capital crime may be committed and go unavenged, as also may subornation of perjury.*

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## CHAPTER XV

*The One-Lunger Goes on an Editorial Desk--Warm Welcome Extended to Him After Midnight by the Famous but Irascible Judge Terry.*

AFTER a year or more "at the case," indications presented themselves of a recrudescence of the lung trouble, and a vacation of several months was enforced under medical treatment, while another unsuccessful attempt was made to wring a subsistence from the soil. A position was held open for me, and the perilous occupation was resumed for a season. But fortunately, my latent purpose of permanently abandoning so dangerous a means of gaining a livelihood soon found an opportunity for fruition. The proof reader announced his intended resignation, in order to engage in business on his own account, and I at once applied for and was given the position. That ended my typesetting days for good.

My thoughts now began to turn downward down to the editorial rooms on the floor beneath. I could long since have had employment as a reporter, but the compensation enjoyed (?) by those wielders of the pencil (the black, not the blue one) offered no inducement, indeed, was an insuperable bar. The salary list of the local room ran from \$10 to \$25 per week, a certain lump sum being allotted which could not be exceeded, while as a compositor the pay roll showed that for a year prior to my abandoning the case my earnings had averaged \$6.30 daily, or \$37.80 per week of six days--and as a rule I worked the full number. One of the reporters, a college graduate he was, drew the munificent salary of \$ 10 weekly, which it must be confessed was all that he was worth, as I learned when I had to edit some of his copy 134 subsequently. But one-half of this amount was paid by his father, without his knowledge, while the office paid the other \$5! This chap waxed very indignant over what he was pleased to call the "presumption of graduates of the greasy composing-room" in blue-penciling some of his copy. The assistant city editor was one such graduate. And the copy in question most assuredly needed the liberal use of the blue pencil.

Hence the city room presented no temptation to me. Training might be all right, and was indeed highly desirable, but it would not buy any of the persistently and constantly needed shoes for the babies. For this reason, amount of compensation was perforce always the first consideration.

The news and telegraph department was in much the same condition, though not quite so much so. When I began reading proof, the *Chronicle* was only a four-page paper, nine columns to the page--the old blanket-sheet type. On Sundays an extra effort was made, and eight pages were issued. But before [left the proof room, the regular daily edition was changed to eight pages, with twelve on Sunday, and remained so for several years. Besides reading proof, I had been assigned the congenial task of compiling, outside of office hours, an entire rural affairs page for the weekly edition, which brought my salary to the respectable figure of \$45, this being only \$5 less than the city editor and the night editor each received.

In the news and telegraph room were four men, two of whom drew fair salaries, while the other two received weekly only \$22.50 each. As proof reader I was brought into contact with the chief of this department, and he became aware of my desire to "go downstairs," encouraging me in my ambition.

He urged me to seek such transference, but the salary question was an insuperable obstacle. So matters ran for a couple of years. During that period I worked every day--even days a week--thus earning additional compensation. In the meantime I had 135 commenced sending contributions to the Eastern press, and had met a kindly reception, thus adding to my income and the comfort of my family as also to the bank account which I had started. Then one day the chief of the news room came to me.

"Here is your chance at last," he said. "Both ---- and ---- have given notice of resigning, and their salaries combined just equal what you are now drawing in the proof room. Go at once to the managing editor and ask for the vacant positions, at the same salary they are now receiving, so the total allotment for the news room will not be increased. I know that you can do their work, and I shall back you up in your application."

The duties of the two men involved the perusal of all the exchanges, both Coast and Eastern, as also the Panama, China, and Australia mails. They were also required to assist in the editing of telegraphic news of all kinds, and to do various other tasks that might be allotted, such as special interviewing, and articles upon subjects other than news. Backed by the chief's indorsement, and knowing that I could depend upon him to help me over any rough spots, I presented my application, only to be met with smiling incredulity. Both the managing editor and the proprietor of the paper, Mr. M. H. De Young, were present at the interview. I argued to the extent of my ability, and called in the chief of the news room to testify as to his belief that I could perform the double tasks, But all seemed in vain.

"One man cannot possibly do two men's work," was the apparently unanswerable arithmetical axiom thrown at me, and as a mathematical proposition there was of course no answer. The two chiefs were very pleasant about it, as they plainly showed their good will, but insisted that it was a sheer impossibility. At last, when I was about to leave, in despair I said:

"Well, gentlemen, I shall only ask you this: Let me try it for one week, and if I do not make good by the end of 136 that time I will go back to the proof room without a word."

“Oh, well, you may try it, but you never in the world can make good. It is a physical impossibility.”

Then I thanked them and withdrew. *I held the dual position for upward of five years*, and received never a word of complaint or criticism. I gave it up when I was made editor of the Sunday Magazine, as constant night work had injured my eyesight until my oculist said a change was absolutely necessary.

During this period the “full house” spoken of previously was achieved, there being now three Kings and a pair of Queens--a remarkably strong and winning hand, strong and promising enough at all events to make the one holding it devote his every effort toward success. Their increasing needs made additional income necessary, and this was obtained by acting as telegraphic correspondent for a New York paper (the World), writing special articles for various Eastern publications, including the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Country Gentleman*, etc., upon various subjects, such for example as a compilation of the histories of thirteen murders of California newspaper editors, as well as the spanking in public of an indiscreet woman editor, all of which went unpunished. I also formed a connection with several real estate firms engaged in colonization projects, preparing their advertising copy, and having the pleasure of seeing every enterprise thus handled become a success. I ran a “clipping bureau” on the side for a number of contracting concerns, watching the Coast papers for notices of public building of any kind, bridges, roads, courthouses, jails, etc.

It is true, my time was somewhat fully occupied, as may be realized, but my office duties did not begin until 7 p. m., leaving me the entire afternoon to carry out my own devices. My “Sunday” was placed on Thursday, which gave me another full day for private enterprise. In any event, what are we here for? Especially when a galaxy 137 of five hostages has been given to fortune of one's own volition, each hostage requiring certain essentials of existence in the way of food, clothing, books, amusements, etc., which it was a pleasure to provide.

Occasionally, while holding down the news room position, I was called upon to perform various tasks--nor immediately in my line of duty, but because I was the only available man, owing usually to the lateness of the hour. In those days the city room force was supposed to have its tasks

completed and to have left the office by 12 midnight. The ultimate hour of going to press was 3 a. m., but the time was more or less flexible. No such hard and fast regulations in this respect were in force as are now necessary.

One of my most memorable experiences in this direction was when, about one o'clock one morning, the city editor, who had remained beyond his usual hour, asked my own chief to direct me to go to the residence of that well-known historical character, Judge Terry, and ask him certain questions which he considered required an immediate reply. The redoubtable Judge's reputation need not be referred to any further than to say that he was a typical old-timer, quick with tongue, pistol, and knife, as shown by his slaying of Senator Broderick in a duel, as well as by a long list of other personal encounters. He was about the last person that a peace-loving man like myself would care to arouse from a sound slumber in the middle of the night. I did not believe that the city editor himself would ever have attempted it of his own motion. Incidentally the Judge had but recently taken unto himself a new wife, in the person of the putative common law widow of the late Senator Sharon, whose legal fight for a share of the estate of the deceased the Judge was handling in a manner that made his opponents quite unhappy.

I protested at the assignment, calling attention to the Judge's well known exceeding irascibility of temperament. I felt sure that in anger he would as soon take a shot at 138 an intrusive newspaper man as at a wild animal that might disturb his slumbers, and mildly suggested, after reading the questions, that their answer would make just as good a "story" the next day as at that unearthly hour. But I was made to understand in a polite sort of way that I could either carry out the city editor's wishes or the managing editor would be asked next day to demand my resignation. So I went--for once, and only once, unwilling to perform the task assigned me. Reaching the residence of the Judge on Van Ness Avenue, I rang the bell repeatedly, but received no reply. Determined to "fill the bill" and not to return and acknowledge my inability to carry out the assignment, I then gathered handfuls of gravel from the middle of the street and threw the stones up against the windows of the second story, it being only a two-story building of the olden type. Soon a window was thrown up with a crash, and a gaunt, gigantic figure, which I could recognize from the street

lamp immediately in front of the place as that of the Judge, stepped out on the balcony over the front door, with nightgown flapping in the cold wind.

“Who in hell is that? What in hell do you want?” was shouted at me in a voice that could have been heard a couple of blocks distant.

“Judge,” I replied, “I have been sent here from the *Chronicle* ----”

That was as far as I got for quite a space.

At the mention of the name of the paper, which was antagonistic to the old politician, the Judge turned on the loudest and most prolific record in his loud-speaker, and if he left anything unvoiced in the way of frontier profanity and objurgation, I do not know what it was--and my acquaintance with that vocabulary was extensive, as also was his own!

Finally he stopped for breath, and I took advantage of the opportunity.

“Judge,” I said, “I thoroughly agree with every word 139 you have said, and most heartily indorse every opinion you have uttered. I think with you that it is a damned outrage to wake a man up at this time of night to ask him a lot of unimportant questions, and I told the city editor as much. But he intimated that it was a case of following instructions or tendering my resignation. I have a wife and five children. I am a comparative newcomer here, and it resolved itself into a question of bread and butter for them. If I had only myself to consider, you never would have been waked up--by me, at all events. But it is a case of necessity and not my personal wish.”

The Judge hesitated a moment, and then said:

“Young man, you're right. I don't blame you a damned bit. It is all the fault of that --- ---- ----- of an editor. Just wait a minute until I can get dressed, and I will let you in and talk to you.”

Which he did. He gave me all the information I wanted, with some interesting facts in addition for good measure. He was polite and cordial as a Southern gentleman can be. We drank some very

fine whisky together, and he remained a good friend until the day of his death at the hands of a hired killer. When he was in jail in Oakland for contempt of court, he received me cordially, and when the *Chronicle* wanted an interview with him I was always sent, as it was known that the Judge would unbosom himself to me as to no one else.

But I have always held that it was an inexcusable outrage to send a man on such an errand--both on the messenger and on the one whom it was desired to interview. Always have I maintained that no editor should ask a reporter to perform an ungentlemanly act, and this surely came within that category. "*Beating*" the *Detectives on a Murder Story*.

Another interesting experience was in connection with a murder in a not especially respectable all-night resort. 140 Indeed, its character could not well have been worse. The reporter on "late watch" at the central police station and receiving hospital telephoned about 1:30 one morning that a badly wounded man had just been taken to the latter institution in a hack by some friends, who had disappeared without giving any details except that the wounded man had been stabbed in the Cremorne Gardens, on Market Street. He had died within a few minutes, and before he could be questioned, while his friends had not even waited until he was gone, but had hastened away. He asked the night editor to send some one to the place mentioned and see what could be learned of the affair.

"I shall have to ask you to go," the chief said. And I went, this being a decidedly different case from that of the Judge. Knowing the character of the place, I sauntered in as casually as possible, finding most of the lights turned out, which was somewhat suspicious and indicative of some unusual happening. A cluster of eight or ten men at the farther end of the room-long bar were discussing something in low tones, and the very atmosphere of the place seemed charged with mystery, if not crime, as indeed it was.

The barkeeper came toward me, and I asked for a little whisky. As I drank it I remarked: "Pretty tough about that chap who was cut here awhile ago in a row. Just heard that he had died down at the

receiving hospital, and thought you might know his name or something about him or the man who cut him.”

The barkeeper registered pretended amazement, which a “journalist” fresh from college could have recognized as assumed.

“Dead! Cut! Row! That's the first I have heard of anything of the sort.

“I've been on duty since 8 o'clock, and there hasn't been any row in my trick.”

Then turning to the men at the other end of the bar, he said: “Say, boys, this cully here says a man just died at 141 the receiving hospital who said he was cut in a row here. What do you know about it? This is the first I've heard.”

Not one of them would acknowledge knowing anything about the matter, and they apparently resented my suggestion that such an indecorous affair as a murder could by any possibility have taken place in so decorous and altogether respectable a resort as this. So, seeing the hopelessness of trying to obtain any information, although I felt that they did indeed know all about it, I went out to the sidewalk and stood for a few moments trying to determine what to do.

I sought to put myself in the place of a wounded man, or one with a wounded friend, and thought: “What would I do if a friend were stabbed while in my company ?” Casually looking up and down the darkened and deserted street, I noticed the colored lights in a drug store a block away. There was my answer as plain as though writ in letters a mile high.

“Why, I would take him to a drug store, of course.” The receiving hospital, by the way, was upward of a mile distant.

So thither I went, sauntered in, and bought a tube of tooth paste. As the clerk handed it to me, I said:

“Too bad about the man who was brought here awhile ago who had been stabbed.”



“What man? What are you talking about?” he replied.

“Why, a man who has just died at the receiving hospital. Before he passed out he said his friends had brought him here and had his wounds dressed.” (Guessing at the truth to no one's injury is always permissible--specially when it turns out to be the truth!)

The clerk persisted in his denial, but something in his manner made me feel that he was not telling the truth. So I talked confidentially to him--told him that I was from the *Chronicle* and was trying to learn all I could about the murder that had been committed. I suggested that as this was an “all-night” place, his employer would want to stand well with the newspapers; that the time might come when we could favor him. I wound up by telling him that I would pledge myself to protect him from any possible ill consequences, would keep his name absolutely secret, and would also see that he was paid for the information.

Then he spilled the beans. He told me the name of the stabbed man and the name of the stabber, also the cause of the deadly dispute--all of which had been discussed in his presence by the wounded man and his friends while he bandaged the slashes.

Early the next morning a detective sauntered into the reporters' room at the receiving hospital, and said: “I'm mighty sorry, boys, but we haven't been able to learn anything about that man who was brought here stabbed last night and who died almost at once. Neither have we learned who it was that cut him, though we are on the track of both!”

The *Chronicle* man gave a broad grin and a loud “Hah! Hah!” Then he pointed to the account in his paper, and said: “So you haven't been able to find out anything, eh? Better read the *Chronicle* -- here's the whole story, names and all!”

Exit much and justly peeved detective! *Publishing News of an Important Fire Which Was Not a Certainty.*

There was another occasion when I took a chance on a piece of important-if-true, but unverified, news, and as a result had something like a dozen most uncomfortable hours. Luckily it turned out to be correct, and all my apprehensions had been groundless.

It was the custom of both the managing and the night editor to “lay off” on Sunday night, the Monday morning paper being deemed a rather negligible quantity in comparison <sup>143</sup> with the other issues of the week. The general opinion was that anything was good enough for the issue following the colossal Sunday one of twelve pages, and the Monday edition was made a sort of dumping ground for left-over matter already in type, and which still had a certain news value.

With both of my superiors absent, the supervision of all except the city news was placed in my hands. At first I took this responsibility with considerable diffidence and more or less fear lest I might unwittingly commit some journalistic high crime and misdemeanor. But good fortune attended me, and I soon learned to approach the office on Monday afternoon without any great degree of apprehension.

Then one Sunday night, shortly after 12 o'clock, there came a long-distance call from the correspondent at Santa Cruz, saying that a great fire was burning on the opposite side of the bay, and that there appeared to be more or less ground for the belief that it might be the famous Hotel del Monte, the finest and most exclusive resort of the State at that time. Incidentally, there were large evergreen forests in that neighborhood, the burning of which would have made a great display and would be difficult to differentiate at a distance from a conflagration of buildings.

It had been impossible to get into telephonic or telegraphic communication with the hotel, which had both, or with the neighboring town--where the populace retired at nine or sooner and allowed nothing whatever to interfere with the profoundness of their slumbers. No reply could be obtained to the repeated calls sent to the hotel, which lent additional strength to the supposition that it was that building which was burning, since an all- night service was maintained in the establishment.

Telling the correspondent to continue his efforts to ascertain the real location of the fire and to call me every half hour, I obtained from the "morgue" a complete description of the building, which I boiled down and had 144 put in type. Then, with the meager report of the correspondent as a basis, I wrote a dispatch with the proper date line, describing the destruction of the hotel as an assured fact. I put a flamboyant display heading over it, and then waited to hear again from Santa Cruz. Twice, before it became imperative to send the paper to press, the correspondent called up, only to reaffirm the belief that it was indeed the Del Monte Hotel that was being burned, though he had no absolute proof thereof. This was before the days of the automobile, else the facts might have been learned in no great time, since it was only about twenty miles from Santa Cruz to the site of the hotel.

In his last report, the correspondent said that he and others who had been watching the fire felt positive that it was the Del Monte, adding that if it were left to his own judgment he would not hesitate to publish the account as a fact. He was himself a newspaper publisher of experience.

I gave the word, and the paper went to press with the fire story in a prominent position on the first page. I remained at the office until the edition was completed, in case a later report should be received that a mistake had been made. But none came, and I went home in anything but a calm frame of mind, fearful that I might have committed an unpardonable offense.

Sleep did not come readily. Indeed, it scarcely came at all. I tossed and tumbled, and worried and planned what I should do in case I had been too premature. Altogether I had a most uncomfortable "rest" period, without any rest. About 1 o'clock the next afternoon I concluded that I might as well have it over with at once and learn the worst, so I went down to the office, entering it with not a little fear and trembling.

But this did not last long. The city editor was the first one I encountered, and one glance at his broadly smiling face was sufficient to remove any fears. "Say, old man, that was great stuff about the burning of the Del 145 Monte! We were the only paper to carry it. How did you manage to get the story?"

I told him, and he remarked: "You surely took one hell of a chance!" The same verdict was echoed by the managing editor, and also by the night editor and others who became aware of the facts.

It surely was taking a chance. And in my later days I am not at all sure that I would have taken it, had I had greater experience, though I might! I have been taking chances all my life. *No other "moral" can be drawn from this chapter except that a growing family is a wonderful incentive to one's activities, and also thee o man never knows his own capacity until he tests it.*

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## CHAPTER XVI

*Sent Out as a Special Correspondent and Is Mistaken for a Preacher by a Mountain Hotel Keeper.*

AS STATED in the previous chapter, I held the dual position in the news room for five years--long, interesting, and instructive years they were, too. My two immediate chiefs, the night editor and the managing editor, were without superiors in all that stood for newspaper making of the highest class, and the instruction which I received from them stood me in good stead all through the many years that have since elapsed.

At length, however, my eyes began to give trouble, and after deferring it as long as possible, I consulted an oculist, who, upon learning my occupation, at once advised me to discontinue night work and undertake something less trying to the sight. It was only after this advice had been repeated twice over, the second time much more energetically than the first, that I concluded to accept it as an unavoidable but highly regrettable necessity. I had no idea which way I should turn, since there were no exclusively day positions on the paper at that time. I was indeed in a quandary. I reported the facts to the managing editor, and in a few days he sent for me and said that Mr. De Young thought the time was ripe for the *Chronicle* to enter systematically upon an exposition of the natural resources of the State, with especial view to the agricultural accomplishments and possibilities. Thereby it was hoped to assist in building up the population, which was not

at all commensurate with the merits of the vast fertile and productive area comprised within its boundaries.

The plan was to take up each county individually, make a thorough and careful examination thereof, and devote 147 at least a page in the Sunday edition to a recital of the facts. The representative was to be equipped with a camera (in those days a clumsy plate affair, films not yet being known), and was to obtain typical views of each locality visited. There were fifty-four counties in the State, so that at least a year would have to be devoted to the task. The managing editor concluded by saying that he was laying the idea before me tentatively, in order that I might consider it for a week or so before reaching a determination.

Then are seven days--168 hours--10,080 minutes, in one calendar week. There were still seven days, 168 hours, but only 10,075 minutes, or perhaps two or three more, remaining of the time allotted to me for consideration, when my decision was reached. *Would* I undertake such a mission? Indeed, I would--and did!

The method decided upon was to divide the State into groups or tours of counties, taking four or five that could be reached by the same route of travel, gathering material, taking photographs, and then returning to the city, where the plates were developed, the notes elaborated and put into shape, and then published. In those days there were many counties which were almost devoid of rail transportation and long trips by stagecoach were necessary over roads that seldom were treated to repairs except of the most crude character. One such I especially recollect, over the San Marcos grade in Santa Barbara County, crossing the Coast range from the Pacific Ocean into the Santa Ynez Valley. A portion of this ran almost perpendicularly up a steep hill over a ledge of solid rock, in which a flight of steps had been arduously chiseled, where the animals could plant their sharply shod hoofs while dragging the heavy but empty coach to the top of the grade, all the passengers being obliged to dismount and walk.

In another chapter the story is told of a thrilling experience in the same region, where a coach filled with passengers 148 was saved from destruction one night only by the prompt action of one of the

number in thrusting the muzzle of his gun into the side of the foolhardy driver and forcing him to halt his team until daylight, when the fact of the narrowness of the escape became demonstrated.

This was truly enough a Sabbatical season for me. With a good salary, with expenses paid, with positive instructions to maintain a standard of living commensurate with the high standing of the paper which I represented, each day bringing some new vision of interest, come new experience, even though it might have a tinge of danger, it was one long-drawn-out vacation which lasted well into the second year before the task was fully completed.

During the time of the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco--1893-94--an enterprising but dilatory promotor engaged me to revise the long series of articles, which were then printed in a handsome broad-paged illustrated volume. Unfortunately there was so much delay in getting the work completed, though not due to any dilatoriness on my part, that the books were not ready until the end of the event which was to have stimulated the sale, and hence they all went to the paper mill or the furnace.

Covering the entire State as I did, from the northern to the southern boundary thereof, from the Pacific Ocean to the borders of Nevada and Arizona, or, to use a hackneyed oratorical expression, "From Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierra to the Sea," I gained many pleasant acquaintances, and acquired an invaluable fund of information, much of which came into play when I subsequently became the owner of my own newspapers. *When I Was Mistaken for a Preacher by a Hotel Keeper.*

There was occasionally a humorous incident, as, for example, the time when a mountain hotel keeper mistook me for a clergyman. I had left Truckee, on the summit 149 of the Sierra Nevada, before daylight. I was the only passenger on the stage for Downieville, well down the western slope, and had been traveling all one hot summer day over the rough and rugged tracks miscalled roads through the pine forests. When we at last reached my own halting place, though the stage went much farther, I was weary and worn out and quite prepared to sit down and rest and refresh myself. Thirsty and hungry, I was in a condition where a little stimulant could be appreciated by

any one, no matter what his position in life. Besides, it was the all but universal custom of the times. Not to have followed that custom would have set one down as peculiar, to say the least.

I was wearing a long linen duster, a wide-brimmed soft black hat, and had a mustache and beard of the type then almost universal. Its character may be judged from the fact that one of my little daughters was accustomed to enjoy herself, while perched on my knee, by plaiting it into three braids, each being fastened with a red ribbon bow when completed. Thus adorned, she would then dare me to take her out to the ice-cream shop on the nearest corner--a dare which I never accepted, though she got the desired refreshment without fail.

But the entire get-up, coupled with a more or less serious expression of countenance which I was said to wear along with my beard, was such as to cause the hotel keeper at Downieville to fall into a perfectly natural error. As was customary with all such hostelries in those days, the office and the barroom were synonymous. I stepped up to the combination, and the proprietor bade me a pleasant afternoon, adding: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"You may give me some whisky, if you please," I said.

A startled expression crept over his face, as he hesitated, though a bottle from which he had just served a customer stood at his hand.

"Excuse me, sir, but what did you say?" he replied, with the same surprised appearance.

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"I said that I wanted some whisky. Cannot I have some?"

"Do you mean it? Do you really mean it?" came the surprising (to me) answer.

"Of course I mean it! I would not ask for it if I did not. I said that I wanted some whisky. Cannot I have some?" I was a bit nettled at the strange treatment.

Then came my own turn to be surprised. "You must pardon me, sir, for my surprise, but really this is the first time in all my experience that I ever had a gentleman of your calling ask for whisky at the open bar. Of course, they almost always want some after that long and tiresome stage journey, but they always have it served in their rooms. I never before had one ask for it openly."

"Why, what are you talking about? What do you suppose my 'calling' is, as you express it?" I replied, still mystified.

"Are you not the Reverend---, who has been traveling around the mountains holding meetings all summer?"

"Reverend nothing--not on your life! I am a newspaper man from San Francisco."

His look of surprise was now changed to one of disgust.

"Oh, hell!" was all that he said, as he slid the bottle over the polished counter-and then took a drink with me at my invitation in order to hide his mortification. *Kindly Imposition Practiced upon an Old Lady from the East.*

The hotel keeper and I became good friends, and he gave me some interesting reminiscences of lynchings and other experiences--Downieville having achieved the unenviable reputation of being the only place in all the State where a woman was ever hanged by a mob for such a trifle as the killing of a man. One of his anecdotes, which was especially striking as illustrative of the big-heartedness of the pioneers, is well worth repeating. One day he pointed out a white-haired old man, shabby and bent, sitting under a tree on the opposite side of the road.

"There is the man," he said, "who first discovered gold here. He and his partner took 'out over six thousand dollars in nuggets with their naked hands one afternoon--something unknown before or since. That bar of a few acres where the two forks of the rivers join yielded over fifteen million dollars. It was the richest piece of placer deposit ever found in California or anywhere else, I think. After this wonderful stroke of good luck, he apparently thought that gold would always be



obtainable as easily as that, so he blew his dust in almost as fast as he got it--and now he is in the county hospital, the courtesy name given to the poorhouse in every rural community in the State, as a salve to the feelings of the destitute but still proud old people who are obliged to be maintained at the expense of the taxpayers. He had some fairly well-to-do relatives in Pittsburgh, Pa., and when he was in the full enjoyment of his good fortune he wrote them letters telling of his wealth. But after he became poor, so I learned, never did he lisp about it. He wrote less frequently, but his missives still continued in the same tone as in his heyday.

“One afternoon, five or six years ago, the stage drew up--the same one you came on--and a dear, white-haired old lady alighted and came in. She registered her name, and then told me that she had come away out here in the mountains of the Far West from Pennsylvania in order to visit her brother, unannounced and as a surprise. This brother, she said, was a pioneer miner and was one of the wealthy and leading members of the community, whom she felt sure I must know. She asked to be directed to his house. She let fall some of the ghost stories that the poor old chap had written home about himself and his great success in life.

“Of course I was dumfounded and for a little time did not know what to say. I simply could not tell her the 152 truth, for it would have broken her heart to realize how she had been imposed upon. Then I got my wits together and told her that very unfortunately her brother and some friends had gone into an unsettled portion, of the mountains on a hunting and fishing trip, and were not expected back for several days. But I assured her that my wife and daughters would look after her comfort in the meantime, and see that she lacked for nothing.

“As soon as I could, I went out and got some of the old-timers together. The brother was then, as he is now, an inmate of the county hospital, and did not have a cent to his name. We talked it over, and were unanimous in the opinion that it would be a burning shame to let the old lady know the truth. But what to do was the question. We could not decide upon any feasible plan. At last old man Parkinson, the wealthiest man in town, having the finest house, horses and carriages, and all the appurtenances of wealth, spoke up:

“I have it, boys! Just the thing! I will tell you what we will do. You know my family are all down to the bay, and no one is in the house except the Chinese boy who looks out for me. A couple of you go up to the hospital, get the old man, take him to a barber shop and have him fixed up, then go to Jones' clothing store and get him a complete outfit straight through from head to toe of the very best. Here is some money--pay for everything. I will tell the Chink to treat him as if he were the boss instead of myself, while I will go over to the hotel and stay. As soon as you get him fixed up, take him to the house and he can begin to get acquainted with the place. Tell him about his sister being here, and of our plan. Then next day have him come to the hotel with a carriage and take the old lady to the house. He can explain that he came back from the hunting trip sooner than expected, and was surprised and delighted that she had come so far in order to pay him a visit.’

“The plan was all carried out in every detail. The 153 broken-down miner entered into the spirit of the affair most heartily. He welcomed his sister to what she believed was his palatial home. Our wives and daughters all visited and entertained her, and we gave her the time of her life. She passed two or three weeks in this manner, enjoyed herself immensely, and at the end of the period she had allotted to herself went back home, never dreaming that her ‘rich brother’ was a pauper instead of the wealthy leading citizen she had been led to suppose. Fortunately the Eastern relatives were of independent means, and there was never any occasion to apply to the brother for assistance in behalf of any of them, so the truth never was disclosed.” *The Millionairess Who Was Ashamed of Her Humble Origin*. Incidentally, while in Downieville I made the acquaintance of several men who could have saved a prominent English newspaper from paying very heavy damages for alleged libel because of the publication of a story regarding the super-aristocratic wife of a California multimillionaire, who was cutting a wide swath in various parts of that country and of Europe.

The statement was to the effect that in her early life the present aristocrat had kept a miner's boarding-house in the Far West; had even washed and mended the clothes of her patrons, thus aiding to advance the interests of the hard-working husband, who was himself a pick-and-shovel miner, not a stock market one. The day finally came when he “struck it rich” and became several times a millionaire.

But the newly made aristocrat was, it seemed, ashamed of her humble but entirely honest and praiseworthy record, and when the facts were published in the journal in question, she brought suit against it for libel. She was awarded heavy damages, since the paper was not able to present any evidence in support of its allegations.

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Yet if the paper had but known it, half a dozen old men could have been found with ease, as I myself did, who would have been willing to testify that this same aristocrat had indeed cooked meals (and good ones too), washed (cleanly), and mended (with skill) their clothes, and was glad to do it and accept good yellow gold dust in compensation. Certainly no one thought any the less of her for it at the time. The average pioneer's wife was a good helpmate in every particular. *The Millionairess Who Was Not Ashamed of Her Humble Origin.*

Of an entirely different character was the wife of another multimillionaire "mining" man. She, too, had aided her husband by presiding at the lunch counter of his establishment when he conducted a business men's saloon in San Francisco, and as a result had a wide circle of acquaintances. After accumulating undreamed-of wealth (in stock market mining), they erected the handsomest and most artistic residence in the city, constructed entirely of red sandstone quarried in Connecticut and cut ready to put in place, each separate block marked and lettered for the position designated on the blue prints.

In due time they decided to hold a house-warming reception, and sent out a large number of invitations. An old patron of the lunch counter, himself a prominent business man at the head of a large commercial house, received a card, though he had been out of touch with the couple ever since wealth had been acquired by them and the saloon-lunch counter abandoned. A little puzzled as to how to conduct himself at the affair, he consulted a mutual friend who afterwards told me of it. "Shall I claim old acquaintance, or do you think that she might resent being reminded of her former humble occupation?" he asked. After considering the matter for awhile, the lady responded:

“I would advise you to be governed by circumstances 155 as they may develop. Do not claim old acquaintanceship of your own accord, but place yourself casually where she will be likely to see you. Let her speak first, if possible.”

The recommendation was followed, but an acquaintance of the gentleman, not knowing that the hostess was well known to him, gratuitously offered to present him. The lady did not wait for the introduction to be completed, but with a broad smile broke in:

“Oh, there's no need for you to introduce Mr. Bodley and myself. We already know each other mighty well. Many's the beefsteak and plate of ham and eggs and flapjacks I've cooked for him in my old lunch-counter days. And I cooked them well, too, didn't I, Mr. Bodley?”

The old acquaintance was of course delighted at the warmth and spontaneity of the reception, and a good old-fashioned gabfest followed with the new millionairess, who was not one whit ashamed to recall of her own motion her humble, lunch-cooking days. Doubtless if any of her patrons in those days had wanted their laundry or mending done, she would have accommodated them. *The Anonymous “601” as the Pre- cursor of the Modern “K. K. K.”*

While touring the mountainous region of the State, I found an interesting method in several centers of population favored by miners and lumbermen in “off seasons” for dealing with and eliminating undesirable residents of both sexes. This was done quietly, expeditiously, without the use of force or firearms, but most effectively. The modus operandi was this:

Whenever the number of objectionables became altogether too numerous in proportion to the respectable portion of the community, one fine morning the awning supports in the business part of town would be found decorated with placards bearing the figures “601” in black letters about three inches in height. That night a red lantern 156 would blaze from some lofty tree or pole in view of the entire community. Following this, every train was crowded with male and female undesirables going in every direction possible. Thus the town received a voluntary cleaning up that would have been impossible in any other manner.

Never but once in the history of the town wherein I witnessed the operation of "601" was any man known to defy the unwritten and unspoken mandate of the mysterious force, and declare his intentions to remain. This foolish person did remain--but in an unmarked grave on the hillside above the place.

All day after the appearance of the placards and the danger lantern, the defiant chap swaggered about town, drinking freely, usually by himself, since no one cared to ally himself openly with a declared enemy of the better class of the population. He repeatedly declared his intention to stay, little imagining how well his word would be fulfilled. Along in the middle of the evening he went into a saloon, called for whisky, filled his glass, lifted it, gave the same toast he had been repeating all day long. "To hell with 601!" As he drank the liquor, he fell dead with both charges from a shotgun fired into him from close range "by some person or persons unknown," so said the coroner's jury.

This one example was sufficient, and never again in the history of the town did he have an imitator. No one ever acknowledged acquaintanceship with any member of the mysterious organization, though of course there must have been a membership. Even the local editor, an old friend of mine, gave the vaguest sort of replies to my guarded questioning.

"Honestly, old man, I don't know a thing about it!" he asseverated, looking me squarely in the eye as though he really expected me to believe him. Like the "K. K. K." of reconstruction days, and of sixty years later, this was an organization apparently made necessary to act for the 157 public welfare where the law and its agents were ineffectual. Assuredly, there was no ineffectuality about "601!" *What Became of Certain Missing Press Dispatches.*

A decidedly interesting occurrence took place at Mokelumne Hill, a prosperous mining camp in Calaveras County, in which the author took a hand, and the true explanation of which is now published for the first time. A red hot political campaign was in progress, and the Republican candidate for governor was "swinging around the circle," attended by a retinue of correspondents from newspapers of both parties. All of us chanced to arrive on a Saturday afternoon, and found

the town and surrounding country plastered with great posters announcing a “Rousing Republican Rally” for the next day, which was Sunday.

During the afternoon the candidate sent word to the *Chronicle* correspondent and myself, with whom he was already acquainted, that he would like to see us in his room. “Boys,” he said, “I am in a terrible dilemma. You have seen those posters announcing the rally for tomorrow, and you know what that means in a mountain mining town like this. It means one grand, glorious drunken spree, and that is all there is to it! But if news of it gets down to my bailiwick in Southern California, as it surely will, my name will be Dennis. Every sanctified Republican down there will blackball me. But I do not dare to refuse to take part in the affair, or I shall lose every Republican vote up here, and this is a party stronghold. What shall I do?”

The correspondent calmed his fears in a moment. It appeared that every one of the other correspondents, certain that the Mokelumne Hill meeting would be of no consequence, and desirous of passing Sunday “down at the Bay,” had asked the *Chronicle* man to cover the affair with a brief account, which he had promised to do.

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“So you need not be disturbed,” he assured the candidate. “I shall send dispatches for all of them, wording them differently, but saying that you spoke a few brief sentences to the crowd, excused yourself from talking at length on account of the sacredness of the day, and bade them an affectionate good afternoon.”

The “Rousing Rally” next day was rousing, all right. The candidate was present everywhere, delivered several speeches, hobnobbed at the bar with the local politicians, and cinched every Republican vote in the country, and some Democratic ones as well. He was voted a “good fellow” on every hand.

That evening my co-correspondent sought me out at the hotel. He was in a very agitated state of mind. “What shall I do?” he asked. “When I went to file my stuff, I found the telegraph operator was so drunk that he could not handle the key. I told him I was an operator, which luckily I am, and

offered to send the dispatches. He was very thankful, turned the office over to me, and went back to his booze. But in a little while a chap came in with a wad of copy. He leaned over the counter behind my back, where he could not see my face, laid it on the table, and said: 'Here's a story for the Democrat. Rush it, please. It's damned good stuff.' (He was the local correspondent of that paper.)

"It was! Look at it! What in the world shall I do?"

I looked at it. It was good stuff--for a Democratic newspaper.

And if it had ever appeared in print, there could not be the slightest doubt as to its influence on the campaign. Another man would have been elected governor. The correspondent had not failed to make the most of any and every thing that could injure the candidate. He described the Sunday gathering as a drunken orgy, in which the man from the South had played a prominent part. He had not allowed such a little thing as the facts to interfere in 159 any manner with the story--and it was some story! About one-third truth and two-thirds falsehood.

We went to the telegraph office and talked it over for some time. It was surely a puzzle. At last a solution offered itself. An old-fashioned round-bellied stove stood in the middle of the room, filled with waste paper. Finally I asked my fellow worker:

"Did the correspondent see you plainly? Would he know you again?"

"No he did not. He was behind my back, and I had my soft hat drawn down over my eyes to shade them from the kerosene lamp on my table. He must have thought I was the regular operator, as I was in his chair and was manipulating the keys."

"All right, then. But it is getting cold in here, and I think that waste paper in the stove ought to be burned, along with any other that is lying around."

It was so ordered and done. After it was an accomplished fact, the candidate was told of his narrow escape. The Democrat received the same sort of message that was sent to all the other papers, while

the local correspondent looked in vain for his elaborate “roast” when the city papers arrived at noon the next day. He had confided to a number of friends the character of his report, and gloated over the sensation that would surely be caused by it.

When he did not find his “roast,” the correspondent complained to his chiefs, and an investigation was made. But nothing ever came of it. He swore that he had delivered the copy to the regular telegraph operator, and that individual swore that he had not. He claimed that he had been on duty and had sent the other dispatches, pointing to them as proof. No one had known of the substitution of another man at the key, and the *Chronicle* man was not questioned. Finally the matter was dropped as an unsolvable mystery.

Unfortunately for the Democrat man, he had kept no copy of his “roast,” so had nothing but his own word to offer against that of the operator, who was naturally believed by the company.

Incidentally the Republican candidate was in due time elected, and my fellow worker (and conspirator) received an appointment to a sinecure at a salary of \$6000 per annum, which he held for four years.

All the participants have long since passed out, and this is the first and only time that the mystery of the “Missing Campaign Spree Story” has ever been told. I have never felt any more compunction about my own part in it than I would have at scotching any other kind of snake. *The Judge Who Found It Necessary to Apologize to the Ladies in His Court.*

While traveling in one of the more remote portions of the State, I visited a noted pioneer but still prosperous mining camp. I chanced to arrive there just as a divorce suit between two prominent San Francisco social lights was to be tried, the case having been given a change of venue in order to put it before a jury which was beyond the possibility of prejudice or partisanship because of the aristocratic position of the contestants.

The local superior court judge was one of the old type--something after the character of Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou. It was midsummer, and he wore a long linen duster with no



undercoat, no collar or necktie, a broad-brimmed soft black hat, and carried the usual crook-handled cane.

I had heard a little as to the peculiarities of the judge, who, despite his conceded legal knowledge, was regarded as somewhat eccentric. Anticipating that something interesting might arise outside of the case itself, I visited the courtroom. There were many ladies from San Francisco present, both as witnesses for the contesting parties and as spectators, lending moral support to their respective 161 friends. Knowing of their anticipated attendance, the judge had departed from his almost lifelong practice, and appeared on the bench wearing a stiffly starched high collar, with a voluminous cravat. The day was hot. The perspiration dripped from every face, that of His Honor as well as the rest of the audience. It was soon apparent that the legal chieftain's unaccustomed neckwear was an annoyance, which was not to be wondered at, considering its unusual use by him. He fidgeted and fretted, passed his forefinger over and over again between the closely fitting collar and his epidermis, twisting and pulling the cravat petulantly, and plainly evincing great discomfort. Finally he untied the instrument of torture, removed it, and threw it on the desk with a thump, while the onlookers tried to hide their smiles. For a few minutes he appeared to enjoy the relief, but not for long. The turning and twisting of the collar were renewed, and at last the annoyance became too great to withstand. He tore the offending appendage from its fastenings, put it on the desk to keep the cravat company, and leaning over the edge boomed out:

“You will have to pardon me, ladies, but really it is so damned hot that I cannot stand that collar and necktie any longer!”

The afternoon was even warmer than the morning, and about four o'clock the judge, who had returned from his noonday meal collarless and cravatless, began to get nervous again. He rose and walked the judicial platform to and fro, hands behind his back, glowering about the courtroom and getting more and more uneasy every minute. It was apparent to those of the vicinage that it was about cocktail time.

One of the attorneys had submitted a motion, which was being argued back and forth in the dreary, long-drawn-out fashion so dear to the hearts of some legal lights when exhibiting their attainments to rural communities. At length the judge could stand it no longer. 162 Halting in front of his desk, he leaned over and called to the clerk sitting at his table below:

“Mr. Clerk, adjourn this court!”

“But, Your Honor,” broke in one of the attorneys, “how about the motion that is pending? Will you not rule upon it?”

The judge merely glared at the attorney, and then with the voice of an angry mule driver shouted:

“Oh, to hell with your motion! *MR. CLERK, ADJOURN THIS COURT!*”

It was adjourned, and it is to be supposed that the weary legal mind and body obtained the evidently much needed refreshment without further delay. *A Prophet Not Without Honor Save in His Own County.*

In my travels while collecting data from which to prepare special descriptive articles for the survey of the State, it was my practice, naturally enough, upon first visiting a town, to call at the newspaper offices as the head centers and fountains of information. Of course I always sought to get on the right side of the editor by some complimentary reference to the climate, or the products, or the mountains, or the mines, or the trees, or whatever was the particular point of pride and excellence of the community--sometimes also by an invitation to visit the “Sazerac” or the “Bank Exchange” with me!

So when I went to Siskiyou County. I thought I had found an easy opportunity. Over and over again I had heard orators telling how their candidate would “surely sweep the great Golden State from Siskiyou to San Diego, and from the Sierra to the Seal” Supposing also that every Californian, most of all those living in localities which Bret Harte had honored in one way and another, would be

flattered by my saying a few words on that score, I introduced myself to the editor with something like this:

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“I have always wanted to visit your section, for the name of this county is perhaps more widely and generally known than that of any other in the State, except the one with which it is constantly linked by speech-makers. Everybody has heard of ‘sweeping the Golden State from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierra to the Sea.’ Everybody too has heard of the famous Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou, whose name has made the county familiar to all.”

I waited for an appropriate response, but the editor stared wonderingly and blankly at me for a few moments. Then, after ejecting a half-pint or so of tobacco juice, he remarked:

“Colonel Starbottle--Colonel Starbottle! Who'nhell is he? I've lived here since the spring of '50, and never heard tell of any such damn man as that! What did he ever do?”

That was the last of any attempt ever made in such direction. The forests and the mines of Siskiyou, and the time Joaquin Miller was arrested and indicted for horse stealing, proved more interesting topics of conversation, and something with which the editor was thoroughly familiar. I was shown the original indictment and the original stone wall over which he climbed when he “broke jail,” and also was introduced to the old-timer who interfered when “Chris” (that was his name in those days), the camp cook, was about to be lynched on a charge of horse stealing, and who begged him off on the ground that he was only half-witted and ought not to be hanged for so venial an offense. Besides, the horse was recovered, but was not exhibited to me!

*This chapter certainly has a plain “moral”: In traveling in old-time California, if one kept eyes and ears open he was apt to see and hear many an interesting thing.*

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## CHAPTER XVII

*Becomes Editor of the "Sunday Magazine," and Puts in Three Years of Agreeable and Instructive Effort.*

THE FIRST SUNDAY EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE" *From "Journalism in California"* By JOHN P. YOUNG

"The first person to be distinguished by the title of Sunday editor of a San Francisco paper was George F. Weeks, who began his career as a typesetter in the Chronicle office, and was known as its swiftest compositor.\* He was an indefatigable worker, and when transferred from the case to the proof room, he amused himself in his spare moments by writing special articles, which suggested placing him in charge of the Sunday Magazine."

\* \* \*

BY THE time the survey of the resources and attractions of the State was completed, and the last full page of description printed, the Sunday Magazine, or "Sunday Supp" as it was then called in the office, had obtained volume and importance enough to warrant detailing a single person to exercise control of it, instead of its being a combination from half a dozen different persons who regarded their work in this direction as merely a side issue, and took no great interest therein outside of their own personal efforts and the securing of a prominent position therefor. As can be seen by the quotation opening this chapter, the new post was turned over to me. My duties were entered upon with the determination to make the eight pages, which it had now become, as interesting as was possible.

In those days the crazy-quilt, patchwork methods of make-up, now all but universal, had not been invented. 165 For quiet Sunday reading, one found page after page of special articles, many by well-known writers, others unsigned. Regular employes of a paper were not permitted in that era to emphasize their usually insignificant personality by obtruding their own names, which were regarded as possessing no possible interest to the average reader. It is quite possible that this is as true today as it was then.

These articles were all presented in uniform style, with modest captions, modest illustrations, and in modest space. Best of all, they were continuous--that is, the reader was not obliged to search from one page to another in order to find the various fragments into which it is now common to separate an article of any length. They were, too, "full of meat," whose appeal was directed to the mind and not to the eye. There was nothing frothy or frivolous about the matter presented, though a fair percentage of the humorous was given, and the reader was certain to find an abundance that was both entertaining and instructive, as well as up to date, no matter what the subject treated. Crime and scandal were only notable by their entire absence.

The Sunday Magazines of other papers were always studied, that of the New York Sun being for years regarded as the type of what such editions should be. All old newspaper men will recollect this most excellent feature of that publication, which was conceded to be a model in every respect, and which was highly appreciated by the reading public, as shown by its long-continued prosperity. No higher compliment could be paid to any reporter or writer in those days than to say that his work was remindful of the style of the paper which Charles A. Dana maintained in the front rank for so many years.

To go further in this direction would be apt to render me open to the charge of lauding my own efforts. The greater portion of my duties was the selection, preparation, and proper presentation of the work of others. One department I had, or "collyume" as it is now called, of my own invention, entitled "Bits of City Life," which was alternated with another under the caption "Bits of Country Life." For the first, equipped with camera, it was my practice to take long strolls at odd hours through the highways, but more especially the byways, of the city, keeping a watchful eye for out-of-the-ordinary scenes and actions, frequently encountered if one uses his faculties of observation. When one starts out with that object in view, it is astonishing what a volume of interesting and novel notes can be accumulated in a short time. For the alternating "Bits of Country Life," I glanced regularly over the Coast newspapers and dispatches, and, coupled with the knowledge of localities and of people gained during the survey of each county, was able to prepare many columns in alternation with the notes of personal city observations.

The world has altered astonishingly in the years that have elapsed since the Sunday Magazine was placed in my charge. Tastes have changed. No longer does the solid, instructive page appeal to the great majority. Amusement of the most frivolous kind, to say nothing of crime and scandal, appears to be the watchword of the present-day editors of those as of other publications, although of course it is their province to meet the demands of the public. Assuredly I am not criticising their productions in an unfriendly or captious manner, but am merely calling attention to the radical changes which have taken place in that respect in a small portion of one man's lifetime.

As time wore on, I began at last to see the possibility of the realization of what had been my lifelong ambition--the ownership of my own newspaper. As a child I had this desire. It was promoted in the first instance by the fact that when my father was ten or twelve years old, he and a brother had acquired possession of a quantity of worn type destined to the "hell box" of a newspaper office. This they salvaged and made good use of. They built a press of the type used in cheese making, and with this equipment issued at irregular intervals a little newspaper of four note-size pages, and denominated "The Newark Item," the place of issue being the city of that name on the banks of the Passaic River in that commonwealth jokingly referred to in those times as "the foreign country of New Jersey!" A bound file of the publication had been preserved (indeed, it is still in existence), and I used to read this over and over again with the utmost interest, ponder over it, and picture to myself what I would do when I had a paper of my own.

When the children of the family, five in number, four boys and one girl, held grave discussions as to their intentions when they should be "grown up," all sorts of preferences were expressed by all except myself. From the outset I maintained persistently that it was my desire and intention to become a newspaper editor. And this had always been one of the ambitions that prompted my efforts in maturity, though of course the proper maintenance of my family was at all times placed foremost. Not one of the others adhered to his childish preferences, each one following some pursuit of a radically different character from that of their young aspirations. Never from the moment that I "learned the case" and set my first "stickful" of type, when fourteen years of age,

until I became the owner of my first daily paper: when past forty. did I lose sight of my ultimate determination.

While presiding over the Sunday Magazine, I maintained the connection I had made with various Eastern publications. I was telegraphic news correspondent for two. and prepared special articles for others. There was also frequent real estate advertising to be written, with the result that my bank account grew, every dollar outside of my salary being disposed of thus. The fortunate purchase of a lot in a suburban town, upon which I planned to build a home of my own some time or other, was completed, although the home never materialized, 168 since the property was disposed of to advantage and the resultant amount added to the growing savings account, which became of invaluable importance when the opportunity presented itself which I had felt sure would sometime arrive.

At length that opportunity materialized, and I obtained control of the Daily Californian of Bakersfield, a four-page afternoon paper. which I afterwards converted into an eight-page one. *The somewhat obvious "moral" of this chapter is: Have an object even in your youngest young life; never lose sight of it, never become discouraged, keep it ever in view, bend your every effort in that direction, and sometime you may realize that object, perhaps even become the owner of a daily paper at forty, and at seventy-six find yourself just where I am today! \*(The friends of a certain other fast compositor in the Chronicle office maintained that to him belonged the title of superiority. In order that a fair test might be made, instead of a match being arranged for one hour or for one night, which as every old hand compositor knows would not be a fair comparison, owing to inequality in nervous condition developing unavoidably in such a contest, a man was put to work on the pay roll books, in which was kept an accurate account of the number of ems set daily for several years by every compositor in the office. An equal number of days were taken in the same years for both men, and it was ascertained that the champion of those proposing the match had averaged 12,300 ems each night for two years. My own average record for the same period was 12,600 ems. There was no further discussion.)*

## CHAPTER XVIII

*Acquires His Own Daily Newspaper in a Frontier Town --Thrashes an Impudent British Lord, and Prepares to Entertain Swamp Angels.*

THE LORD WHO TOOK THE COUNT AT THE FISTS OF A MAN TWICE HIS AGE.

SCENE--Editorial room of the Bakersfield newspaper.

CHARACTERS--One (1) British Lord, 21 or 22 years old.

One (1) Yankee editor, 43 years old.

MISE EN SCENE--Table upset, broken chair, smashed lamp, general

disorder, amazed employes. *THAT is a falsehood! You are a liar-----!* ”

“Damn you, don't you call me a liar!”

Biff! Smash! Bang! Thump! Rattle and Crash!

And a redoubtable but undoubted British lord, whose name will not, for sheer charity's sake, be given, ætat 21 or 22, six feet or more in height, went to the mat (in this case an editorial table and subsequently the floor), under the impact of the fist of a man fully twice his age, more or less his equal in height, but without the fear of the lord, whether British or otherwise, in his heart.

Each time the prostrate lord sought to rise, and as soon as he reached his feet, the same good fist, followed sometimes by its mate, sent His Lordship down again and yet again, until the owner of those weapons of offense and defense became a-weary. For the wielder of the aforesaid effective fists was an American editor of Revolutionary descent and of like ancestry with his antagonist, and men of his kind, in California at all events, were not wont to stand or sit quietly and submit to insult from lord or commoner, from high or low, from any one!



After His Lordship had been knocked down and well pummeled, and finally left lying on the floor, the fistwielder called to his son, who was in a rear room and was practically the same size and age as the prostrate and quite manifestly unhappy lord:

“Oh, son, come and throw this out of the office!”

Then, to add to the ignominy of His Lordship's unexpected reception, he was dragged and pushed and bumped and thumped to the double screen door opening on the street, through which he was literally thrown with such momentum that he staggered and stumbled to the curbstone before he could recover from the impetus imparted by the grinning young man who was making such a thorough job of it and putting an appropriate finishing touch to the drama, or rather comedy, commenced by his father.

As to the cause of this *lese majeste*, or whatever the proper term is to use, I had been publishing the paper in Bakersfield for some little time when the affair occurred. In the vicinity of the town were a considerable number of aristocratic younger sons of the genus *homo remittiensis* (to coin an appropriate word) who were being instructed in the art and mystery of “fruit farming.” Some were diligent and successful students, but others devoted most of their time to the “enjoyments” afforded by the one hundred saloons (actual count in a town of less than five thousand census population), so-called theaters, dives, dance-houses and “honky-tonks” of the emphatically wild and woolly place.

The lordling who was the “hero” of this narrative, was on the verge of marrying one of the girls in a prominent resort of whose character there was not the slightest doubt (that of the resort!), and to prevent this some of his friends had him arrested on a more or less well-founded charge of insanity!

I was the local correspondent of a couple of city papers, and in duty bound, I wired a bulletin of the affair, and 171 was asked to send full details, with photos. This was done, the latter being secured

with the clever manipulation of a detective camera by a companion while I interviewed the lord as he stood behind the bars in a cell with the light screaming full in his face.

The San Francisco papers made a “spread” of the juicy morsel, since not every day was a lord put in a California jail! Though such things had been known. After his release, a copy of one of the journals fell into His Lordship's hands, and he made an abrupt entry into the private office of the correspondent-editor. followed by a still more abrupt exit therefrom, as related, antedated by a smashing blow on the point of the jaw just as the word “liar” was enunciated by him, succeeded by various and sundry other personal indignities.

After recovering somewhat from his surprise at the uncouth and peremptory. as well as highly impolite, manner in which he had been manhandled, the lordly exponent of a surprisingly dire lack of pugilistic science (considering his ancestry), came back to the screen door but did not essay to enter. He called out: “You are two to one in there, but I am going down town and shall get some of my friends together. and we will return and deal properly with you!”

It was evident that the distinctly discourteous, not to say disrespectful, manner in which he had been handled rankled to a certain extent. As he turned to depart, I called to him:

“Look here, young man!” (No, I did not address him as “My Lord” or “Your Lordship!” Actually I spoke to him as informally as though he were merely one of the printers in the back room.)

The discomfited youth returned to the door of the office, from which he could obtain a view of certain interior arrangements. Then I continued:

“It was not at all two to one, as you say. I dealt with you singlehanded first, though I am old enough to be 172 your father, and when I became weary I called on my son to do the rest of the unpleasant job and throw you into the street, although I could very well have done it myself without any help. You may go down town and get all the friends you wish, and then come back here and ‘deal’ with me whenever and however you like. *But I shall take the first hand in that deal--remember that!* Do you see that step? (I pointed to the slab of stone at the entrance.) Tell your friends also that the

instant you or any one of them puts foot on it, I shall commence shooting! Now go and get them in a hurry! You cannot be too quick about it to suit me!"

As I was speaking, I removed an open newspaper lying on the desk, under which was reposing a 44-Colt that had been provided because of certain threats sent me a day or two previous by a gang of lawless Swamp Angels infesting a remote portion of the valley, who had in the most cowardly manner attacked and left for dead an unarmed and inoffensive English settler. They had been most properly "roasted" in the paper for their dastardly conduct. His Lordship took one look at the gun, and went away from there in more or less haste!

But alas and alack, while the historical cat of the song came back in due time. not so His Lordship or his friends.

And that was the end of that!

The couple were married, but did not live happily ever after, or for any great length of time. *The Swamp Angels Come--and Depart!*

In anticipation of the threatened visit of the Swamp Angels Just referred to, certain preparations had been made, including the placing of the Colt close to the same right hand that soon after dealt with the offensively intrusive lord. In addition, a pick handle was arranged on 173 hooks underneath the desk, where it could be grasped in an instant, while a pair of double-barreled 41-Derringers were in my trousers pockets--those effective weapons for "close-in" work that afford no indication of their presence until they "speak right out in meeting!" An armory, consisting of a wire-cartridge, buckshot-loaded shotgun, a repeating rifle. and two other 44-Colts, was also established in the composing-room at a window opening into the front office. It was in charge of a young man (my eldest son) who knew how to use weapons, as indicated by medals won at marksmanship contests, and who, while apparently engaged in setting type, was under instructions to watch the Swamp Angels closely when they entered the office, and at the first unmistakable sign of a gun being drawn by any of them, to "turn loose."

A couple of days later, when I returned from an errand down town, I found that the entire gang of Angels, five in number, had called during my absence. All were heavily armed, as any one having knowledge of such matters could see readily enough. Finding that the object of their visit was not in, they truculently left word that they would return in about an hour, as they had “business with the editor.”

As soon as I came in and was told of this, the other employes of the front office all found that they had urgent matters to attend to elsewhere, and were accordingly excused and told to take their time about returning. The man in charge of the armory at the window was again carefully instructed in his duties. His position enabled him to cover from the rear flank any one facing the editor's desk, thus affording an admirable opportunity to detect the first gun play that might be made and to deliver a raking fire with his shotgun which would catch every man and make sure-enough angels of them! The cartridges were charged with the heaviest shot, each charge being good for killing or disabling half a dozen men at such close range.

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Then, everything being in readiness for the reception of visitors, I seated myself and quietly awaited developments. At last the Swamp Angels came, but instead of five, only two presented themselves. The others had either lost heart or had heard something, perhaps from His Lordship and his friends, that made them a trifle chary about invading a hornets' nest that was prepared for business!

They came in and took positions in front of my desk, whereupon I at once arose and carelessly fiddled with the newspaper covering the Colt, doing so all the time they remained. One of the precious pair, who acted as spokesman, commenced a truculent tirade, demanding a retraction of the pungent criticism of himself and his associates. But after a few words I interrupted him, Both men, by the way, had their hands underneath their coats and on their hips the famous “hip-pocket” attitude construed by law as a direct threat to shoot and as full warrant for opening fire on the part of the threatened one.

"I shall not listen to you any longer," I said, "and I have no retraction to make. I said it was cowardly to attack poor Longman as you did, alone and unarmed as you knew he was, and that you did not dare tackle a man whom you knew to be heeled! And I meant it! *You don't dare to!*" Then a brief challenging pause, awaiting developments, which however did not eventuate! "Now, get out of this office!" They hesitated, glaring angrily at their enemy. "I mean it!" I repeated. "Get out!" And they got!

Great is the power of pure bluff, when the other fellow is a coward, even though well heeled, as were the Swamp Angels.

So all the warlike preparations went for naught--perhaps! For I had a sort of idea that news of the warm reception program and entertainment that had been arranged might have leaked out.

Subsequently a friend who knew of the preparations 175 asked permission to inform the Angels thereof, and it was granted, as it might have a salutary effect upon other tough gangs. And after all, there is scant comfort in being obliged to live in a constant state of preparedness for such happenings and in such a community.

"Say, you fellows," said the man, "you were mighty lucky you didn't try any funny business with that editor the other day. You poor goops, you didn't know that you were covered from the moment you went into the office until you left, and if any one of you had made a motion to draw a gun, your whole outfit would have had two shotgun barrels filled with dragoon bullets fired into your sides and backs at close range, besides a lot of ether shots from a repeating rifle and a couple or three Colts that were just honing to be turned loose. You would have been dead on your feet before you knew it. You showed damned good judgment in going out when you were ordered to, without making any gun play, for there would have been a big funeral the next day, without any flowers, if you had started anything."

"Huh!" was all the reply vouchsafed.

Like His Lordship, and unlike the cat, these Angels also never came back. *The Premier "Bad Man" Becomes the Editor's Friend--How He Entertained a Visiting Stranger.*

The foregoing are only a couple of the outstanding incidents of my manifold experiences in Bakersfield during the four or five years that I remained there. Many other interesting anecdotes might be related, would space permit.

For example. I heard much at first about the "bad man" of the town--that is, the super bad one, as there were many of that ilk. Percy Douglass was the rather fetching cognomen of the one in question. For several months I had no opportunity to make his acquaintance--did not even know him by sight. One day a fine-looking chap of about thirty-five, whose face I did not know, and who did not give me his name, called at the office and in a most polite manner entered into a discussion of some item of news which placed a friend of his in what he thought was a wrong light before the public. After a perfectly friendly conversation, he bade me good afternoon and left.

In a subconscious manner I had noted that immediately after his appearance every person in the front office, as also in the mechanical department immediately adjoining, had apparently found urgent business elsewhere and had quietly left the place deserted except for the visitor and myself. All congregated in the pressroom, which was separated from the remainder of the building by a bulletproof partition.

Immediately after my visitor's departure, I was amazed when one of my associates returned from his place of refuge and said:

"Well, he didn't shoot you after all!"

"Shoot me! Who should shoot me?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, Percy Douglass! We all thought he had come to shoot you. Didn't you notice that we all got out of the way and went back into the pressroom?"

Sure enough, it had been the “bad man,” with notches so numerous on his gun that there was no room for more. The result of this initial acquaintance was that he and I remained good friends until the day I dropped into the fire engine house and saw him lying flat on his back, an undischarged 44-Colt in each hand, and a hole in his chest large enough to accommodate both of one's fists, made by the impact of a charge of two buckshot cartridges fired from a sawed-off shotgun. Incidentally, the shots had been fired in self-defense by the fire chief, the coroner's jury found, and were thoroughly justifiable. “Got what he went after,” was the popular verdict.

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*How Douglass Entered a Visitor.*

A little incident in which Douglass played a star part will serve to illustrate his character, as well as that of the then “wide-open” but for many years ultra-peaceable and conservative town. He met a friend at the railroad station one day, who had just arrived on his first visit. As the couple were walking up one of the principal streets, the newcomer said:

“I have heard a great deal about Bakersfield. What sort of a place is it, anyhow?”

At that moment Douglass caught sight of an acquaintance who had just emerged from the door of a saloon diagonally across the street and was walking away without having noticed the couple on the other side. Said Percy:

“What sort of a town is this? Well, I will show you. Just watch me shoot that--- -- -- -----across the street!”

Thereupon he halted, rested his heavy gun across his upraised left arm, took deliberate aim, fired, and the object of his aim fell dead in his tracks.

At the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of “justifiable homicide.” It was well known and was fully established that a “notice to shoot on sight” had been out for some time between the two, which at that time and in most frontier communities was considered ample justification for Douglass'

exhibition of marksmanship. The other would have acted similarly if he had had the opportunity. According to the usual storybooks of alleged Western life, when such notice was given, both parties waited to "give the other an even break." In real life they seldom if ever did. *A Narrow Escape from a Justifiable Error*.

It was after Douglass' friendly call on me--a call that might readily enough have had a different ending had I 178 been aware of his identity--that I procured the Derringers and customarily carried them in my trousers pockets. I later had a narrow escape from committing a fatal but justifiable error--that is, justifiable according to the usage and the law of the time.

Late one murky afternoon in the winter season I was engaged in the composing-room overseeing the make-up of the paper, when an entire stranger walked in as though at home, despite the "No Admittance" sign on the door from the front office. In a gruff and not at all reassuring manner he asked if I was the editor. "Yes," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to talk to you for a few minutes," he replied in a rather ominous tone, as I and others in the room regarded it. I had learned to watch every visitor's manner, his walk, conversation and actions, very closely.

"Very well," I replied. "As soon as I have sent the paper to press I shall be glad to talk with you, but I have no time just now.

He stood to one side, glowering at me, and as soon as I was at liberty I said: "Now, sir, if you will come into my office I shall be glad to talk with you."

He preceded me, and I walked slowly behind him--cogitating--cogitating. I did not like either his appearance or his manner. I did not like the way he wore his face or his clothes. He was not of an attractive appearance or carriage, and acted like a man with a grouch who was contemplating some sort of mischief. So, letting him get well in advance, I drew one of the Derringers, cocked it silently (it can be done if you know how), and held it in the palm of my right hand, where it was completely



concealed, watching carefully for any “hip-pocket” or other hostile movement that he might make, and determined to get in the first shot should it prove necessary.

As he preceded me through the door, I closed up with him, keeping my eyes intently upon his right hand. Then he half turned and swung his hand to his right hip! At 179 once, being now so close that I could touch him, I raised my hand to a level with his abdomen, having learned that a “belly-shot” was a sure one. I kept my own hand close to my body with bent elbow, and waited for the first glimpse of the weapon which I felt sure he was about to draw. I was determined to see it before I turned loose, but to lose no time if it proved as I expected.

But instead of what I supposed and expected, he took a folded newspaper from the usual receptacle for a weapon!

Fortunately the light in the doorway and in the office was quite dim, and I dropped my hand without his having had an opportunity to see what it contained. He then proceeded to explain his errand, which was not an especially friendly one, neither was his manner of speech, being in fact an unfounded “kick” with regard to a news item which had appeared the previous day. I listened with the perspiration dripping from my face and my heart beating like a trip hammer over the narrow escape from a tragedy. After he had related his grievance and I had assured him that I would make an investigation and correct any error that might have been made (none was needed, it developed), he started to leave the office, when I halted him.

“Hold on a minute,” I said. “I want to give you a little piece of advice. The next time you come into a place like this, where you are a total stranger, on such an errand, and act and speak as you have, *keep your hand away from your hip pocket!* It may save you a lot of trouble. Sabe? That's all--good night!”

He gave me a queer look, uttered a startled “Huh!” and walked out without asking the meaning of my remark. In those times and under the prevailing laws and customs, he did not need to ask as to the cause of my advice.

It should be explained that in the Far West at that time, as had been the case for many years, the fatal "hip-pocket motion" was always considered ample warrant for the other man to turn loose, no matter whether the one making 180 the supposedly deadly gesture was merely reaching for his plug of tobacco, a handkerchief, a folded newspaper, or a gun. The presumption was always in favor of the latter, especially if a more or less unfriendly conversation was being carried on. And if the motion was followed by the sudden death of the motioner, he was always held to blame. Many a deliberate murder went unavenged because witnesses were found to swear to this sort of provocation. Attorneys for the defense worked the plea to death. Had I shot my visitor, I would have been acquitted. as there were two witnesses to the gesture besides myself, while he would have had only himself to blame. I would have regretted it most deeply, but would have felt thoroughly justified.

\* \* \*

At the time of the railroad strike of 1893, a gang of manifestly armed strikers invaded the office and made threats respecting their proposed action if I did not change the tone of my editorial comment with respect to that utterly unreasonable and indefensible movement--at least, so far as the local railway men were concerned, since they had no grievance of any kind. While they were talking I was standing behind my roll-top desk, twiddling a half-opened newspaper which covered a 44-Colt lying within a few inches of my hand, watching closely for the first overt aggressive movement on their part. And when they were curtly invited to leave the office, they left as had the Swamp Angels who preceded them a short time. They seemed to sense in some mysterious manner that the atmosphere of the editorial sanctum was not conducive to the bodily welfare of truculent strikers, or cowardly Swamp Angels, or even brash young lords. Like the cowards from the swamps, they had no ambition to attack a man who they had reason to believe might be well heeled.

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A couple of murderers had been dealt with by a jury with what many believed to be too great lenity. They had been let off with light terms of imprisonment instead of being hanged. A committee was formed to administer what they believed to be justice, with a stout rope and an overhanging oak

limb. I received a tip as to the proposed plan of action, and with a friend secreted myself in a thicket within close sight of the front door of the jail, remaining there the greater part of the night, but to no avail. The lynching did not come off, and my telegram of warning to the city papers which I represented that they might expect "some important news late that night" proved a false alarm.

\* \* \*

A party of business men, myself included, went to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, some forty miles due east and over seven thousand feet straight up, for a week-end vacation. While there we had the good fortune to find that a cinnamon bear had been caught in a log figure-four trap. There were eleven men in the party, and with five separate ropes attached to as many points of vantage on the animal's anatomy, we were at last able to land bruin at the terminus of the wagon road to the valley. We proposed taking him to town and parading him in the coming Fourth of July celebration. But he had other views, and that night hanged himself in the tree to which he had been chained. *The only "moral" that I can deduce from the foregoing is that a very little of the strenuous life described goes a long way. It is not to be preferred as a steady diet. In my own case, upward of five years proved an ample sufficiency.*

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## CHAPTER XIX

*Buys a Paper in a Less Lively Community, but Still Has Many Interesting Experiences--The Double Tragedy That Sent Him to Mexico for Recuperation and Rest.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SALOON KEEPER WHO "WANTED TO MAKE A QUARREL."

THE newspaper where these occurrences took place was disposed of after a few years for climatic and hygienic reasons. Another was purchased in Alameda, a Coast city of ultra-conservative character, but still where there were occurrences of a sort every little while. I had been in the place only a short time, and was not yet well acquainted, when one morning a young woman stopped a young man on the street as he was on his way to his business, and after a few words regarding

the advisability of procuring a marriage license without further delay, a proposition which was emphatically negated by the man, shot him dead.

I took a hand in gathering the incidents, and upon returning to the office from interviewing several persons, was told that a certain burly saloon keeper had called and "left orders" that under no consideration was his name or place of business to be mentioned in connection with the tragedy. It had not yet been publicly known as related thereto, but when the paper appeared in the afternoon, the saloon keeper received his proper meed of attention--perhaps a little more than would have been the case had he not been so insolent in ordering that he be not mentioned! Newspaper men will understand this.

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This was not a "gun" town, and I had left my weapons at home. Anticipating the possibility of trouble, I therefore provided myself with an iron bar known as a "side-stick" in printing office parlance, and with this ready at hand by the side of my typewriter (not feminine, but mechanical), was busily engaged in manipulating the keys when suddenly a man stalked in, stood over me, and demanded:

"Are you the editor of this paper?"

"I am," I replied, recognizing him at once. "What about it?"

"Well, I guess I will have to make a little quarrel with you. My name is Franks, and I left orders here this forenoon that you must not mention me or my place in connection with that Decker shooting, but you have gone and said a lot about me. So I think I shall have to make a quarrel with you."

I jumped up, grabbed the fellow by the collar and the tail of his coat, and started him toward the open door, thumping him heartily in the rear with my knee at every step.

“What, make a quarrel with me? I guess not! I never quarrel with any one! And when anybody wants to quarrel with me, this is what he gets!” This being an extra hard bump at the end of the coat tail.

And the quarrel-seeking saloon keeper was finally given a farewell bump of extra force as the curb was reached, and was warned that if he had any regard for his own bodily comfort or safety, he must not come to that office again and issue any more orders or seek to make a quarrel with the editor.

And he never did! *P. S.--The “side-stick” was not needed, but wass filed for future reference on occasion. It is fully as effective as a gun, and not half so deadly or mussy.*

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*The Much-Married Man Who Found a Silent Sympathizer.*

Not all of a small-town editor's experiences have the possibility of tragedy. Some are humorous, though not always intentionally so! Into my office one day marched, or sailed, a stately and impressive dame, fire flashing from her eyes, indignation or some other sentiment (or mayhap chemical) mantling her cheeks. She was plainly enough on the war path. She rounded to, trained her guns on the mere newspaper man, and “went into action.” And it was surely some action. Most assuredly she demonstrated her command of language. She entered upon a tirade of more or less unlady-like abuse in such a verbal flood that there was no opportunity for the object of her wrath to get in a word edgewise or in any other fashion.

All animals, male and female, and some fish, have to stop once in awhile to catch their breath, and so with this super-fluent lady. Then I said to her:

“Madam. I do not know who you are, but you have taken it upon yourself to come into my office without introduction or invitation, and without giving me your name, and have used language toward me that I would not tolerate from any man for an instant. You are presuming upon your sex to protect you. I shall not listen to you any longer, but if you have a husband or a brother and

will send him around this evening (nine out of ten of the men-folk of the place were employed in San Francisco and commuted morning and night), I will promise to be here and we will go into the matter of which you are complaining and of which I have no knowledge. But I shall not discuss it with any one who has acted as you have.”

“Very well,” she replied. “My name is Mrs. Blank. I have a husband, and when he comes from the city this evening I shall send him to see you and he will attend to *you*, all right!”

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(Mrs. Blank, I soon learned, was one of the selfappointed social leaders of the town, and had long been accustomed to boss matters to suit herself--including the newspapers.)

“All right, Madam,” I replied. “I shall be ready, and glad to see him. You may tell him so, if you will.”

Then she set sail and left the office in apparent high dudgeon.

After dinner that evening I dug up the brace of trusty Derringers, saw that they were in good working order, loaded them with the ugly round-pointed soft lead cartridges that belonged therewith, slipped them into my trousers pockets, and returned to the office. After awhile a stranger came in a quiet, peaceable, and gentlemanly appearing chap, with a rather subdued air. Not knowing what kind of a person the promised visitor might be, I had cut off the approach to the inner portion of the office by locking the gateway. I met the stranger at the business counter.

Laying his open hands on the counter, and thereby disclosing his knowledge of frontier controversial etiquette, he inquired: “Is this Mr. Weeks?”

“Yes, sir. What can I do for you?”

“My name is Mr. Blank, and I called to have a talk with you.”

"I am glad you came. Your wife was here this morning and indulged in such language toward me that I declined to talk with her, and asked if she would not send her husband or brother around this evening, when we could discuss the matter quietly."

"Yes, she told me what she said she said, and also what she said you said, and that is what brought me here." This he said with a sort of sigh at the conclusion, as of the performance of a distasteful task.

Then there was silence, and for some little time I watched the visitor as a mouse might watch a cat, or vice versa, wondering which way it would jump. One of my 186 hands was in my pocket, grasping a Derringer, while the slightest movement of the visitor was closely watched. But no threatening motion was made. His hands remained palm up on the counter in full view, and it seemed plain that whatever his intentions might be, they were really not of a hostile nature. Finally, after a considerable period of silence, the gentleman asked:

"I wonder if you would take offense if I asked you a personal question?"

"Why. no. Go ahead and ask it."

"Very well. Are you a married man?"

"*Am* I a married man! Well, rather. I have been married well over thirty years. and have six almost grown children."

"Yes," said the visitor. "I have been married almost thirty years myself, but have not so many children." (This in a sad, resigned sort of tone.)

Nothing more was said, and again there was silence for the space of some seconds. Then he spoke again. still in the same resigned tone:

“I wonder, sir, if you would take it as an insult if I were to ask you to accompany me to the wine-house across the street and have a drink with me?”

We went. We touched glasses. We winked solemnly and understandingly at each other. We drank our liquor, sealed our friendship, recognized our companionship, and bade each other a kindly and heart-felt good night.

But I would have given a great deal to have known exactly what sort of report of the interview the sad man who had been married upward of thirty years made to his wife. There was one thing of which I was certain--and that was, that he did not tell her of the exchange of confidences, of the drink, and of the accompanying wink! There are confidences in every man's life, as well as in an editor's, that are too sacred to be disclosed, even to one's wife!

And if my visitor should chance to see this account, 187 it will certainly be his first knowledge of the preparations that were made to “entertain” him in appropriate frontier fashion, if he had given me an opening. *Human Lives at “Two Bits” the Dozen!*

One of the most thrilling of my experiences in conducting this “small-town” newspaper had to do with an affair wherein a dozen human lives were sacrificed at a blow, all for the picayunish sum of “two bits,” “two York shillin's,” a quarter of a dollar, twenty-five cents!

There was a factory for the manufacture of explosives in the outskirts of the place, employing mostly Chinese labor. One day one of the men gave a companion, who was going to San Francisco for a little recreation and to play “Fan tan” or other game, a quarter with which to buy a lottery ticket. These lotteries, by the way, held two drawings daily, and one could play as little as five cents and from that upward. When the messenger returned, he informed his fellow worker that the “three-way” ticket he had bought had been a loser. A few days later the latter learned that instead of this being true, his envoy had in fact won something like \$250, and all Chinatown had rung with the wonderful good luck. But the faithless fellow squandered the entire amount in dissipation and then told a falsehood about it to his friend. Thereupon the latter interviewed the unfaithful and dishonest



one with a 44-Colt, the weapon affected by Chinese as it is so easily concealed in a flowing sleeve, demanded the money, was refused, and the next instant the thief lay dead on the ground with a bullet through his internal economy.

In the center of a tract of several acres containing the factory, and which was surrounded by a high board fence, was a small solidly built brick magazine in which was stored a large supply of the fulminate used in the industry. This was in charge of the Chinaman who had done the 188 shooting. As soon as he had killed the faithless one, the shooter unlocked the magazine door and stationed himself, gun in hand, in the opening, so that he could command the approaches as also the contents of the structure. Officers were notified, and came to arrest him, but he halted them at a reasonable distance and announced that if they came any farther he would fire into the cases of fulminate and “we all go hellee together.” Now the average Chinaman is noted for keeping his word, and with a healthy respect for this threat, no further immediate attempt was made to apprehend him.

Some troops camped near by (this was in 1898) were called on, and formed a cordon about the place, after pushing by hand to a safe distance several carloads of explosives that had been loaded inside the inclosure. The people living for a goodly distance about the factory were advised to leave their homes until the affair was settled. Some took the advice, and some did not live to regret not having done so. The managers of the factory sought to persuade the Chinaman to surrender, but he had only one reply for them--a curt refusal. He called to a fellow countryman during the course of the afternoon to bring, him some water. A pitcher was prepared, and “doped --but he was suspicious. and after giving it a mere taste threw it away.

The sheriff and a squad of deputies then appeared on the scene, but were unable to do anything, as the Chinaman persistently refused to surrender or to allow any one to approach closely. And so night fell, although a tall electric mast inside the inclosure shed full light on the scene.

Just at break of day the sheriff and his party decided to “rush” the Chinaman from several points, climbing over the high board fence by means of ladders, and thinking perhaps to find the man asleep or take him unawares. But he was as good as his word. He was very much awake, and as the

officers appeared he fired point-blank 189 into the magazine! A tremendous roar went up, which was heard and felt for miles. Many plate-glass windows on the business streets of the near-by town were smashed. Every house for blocks was mowed to the ground like grain before the reaper. The earth trembled as though with an earthquake. The sky was filled with a cloud of debris, fragments of human bodies, and wreckage of all kinds. Where the solidly built magazine had stood was a cavity in the earth eighteen feet in depth, and twice that in diameter. People who had disregarded the advice to leave their homes were killed in their beds, and there was death and destruction in every direction.

All that was ever found of the Chinaman was a section of his backbone, entirely denuded of flesh, a fragment of skull, and his complete cue. These formed a gruesome exhibit in the window of my newspaper office for some time thereafter,

And these lives were all needlessly sacrificed, as stated, for the sake of "two bits." For it would have been comparatively easy to have starved the Chinaman out, while all in the neighborhood were forced to seek places of safety. *A Japanese Would-Be Mentor Tenders Unwanted Advice.*

An unusually atrocious murder had been committed in town by a Japanese, his victim being a woman of his own nationality. In handling the story, perfectly plain language was used, the cold-blooded cruelty of the murderer being presented just as it would have been had the criminal been "French, or Turk, or Prussian," or perchance American, exactly as was the invariable rule in my papers.

The "follow-up" story of next day's edition was equally plain-spoken, though not one whit more so than the case warranted, the crime having been attended with most gruesome and blood-curdling features. The accounts which I sent to the city paper of which I was the correspondent were equally plain-spoken.

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On the day following, I had a visitor. One of the front office employes told me that I was wanted, and I responded. Standing in front of the counter was a most elegantly attired and accoutered

specimen of Japanese malehood. It wore a silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, white vest, gray trousers, patent leather shoes, white spats, gold-rimmed eyeglasses with pendant chain, watch guard and charms, rings on its fingers (perhaps also bells on its toes--I did not investigate), and in one hand carried a cane and a pair of kid gloves. Oh, but it was a picture! Quite a contrast to the shirt-sleeved, soiled-handed individual whom it addressed. He was manifestly a complete exposition of what he supposed to be the appropriate regulation outfit of a hard-working, practical newspaper man, or mayhap "journalist!" In America, if not in Japan!

Having been obliged, as a taxpayer, in company with many others of the like ilk and opinion with myself, to assist in defraying the expenses of the education of various and sundry adults of the same nationality as the visitor, who insisted upon attending our public schools, though many of them were doubtless well able to pay for their own tuition, and who were forbidden by law from ever becoming citizens of the country; having been obliged to witness and tolerate the unwholesome and aggravating spectacle of seeing these same adult impossibles (or worse) sit side by side with small American children in the schoolroom, my own among the number, I had never been in any humor to accord any especially warm welcome to members of that race. My sentiment was all the more aggravated by the fact that the Chinese had always gladly welcomed segregated schools for their own offspring, in order to avoid the unpleasant accompaniments of such close association with the white children. But the Japanese had protested against being subjected to such discrimination, and had made an international affair of it, resulting in Federal interference in this purely local matter, as well as in a decided diminution of the popularity of the 191 official responsible therefor. Hence I did not invite the caller into my private office which might have been crude, but assuredly was not hypocritical.

But to resume: The walking furnishing goods advertisement introduced himself by handing me one of his cards and saying that he was the editor of a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco, and wished to speak with the editor of the *Encinal* --my own paper. After assuring him that I was that editor, he commenced talking about the murder case. He protested against the truth having been told so baldly, saying that he thought I was doing an "injustice to his unfortunate fellow countryman." Then he began calmly to advise me as to what he considered the proper manner in which I ought to

have treated the case. When he reached this point, my Revolutionary blood had attained the sizzling stage, and I interrupted him.

“My dear sir,” I said, “I am conducting this paper exactly as I see fit, and when I wish any instructions or advice from you, I shall send over to the city and ask for it. In the meantime, I do not care to listen any longer!” at the same time waving my hand toward the open door.

And *that was that*! He did not wait to be thrown or bumped out. Nor did he ever return or tender any further advice. But if looks could have slain, I would not be writing this.

Incidentally his “unfortunate fellow countryman” went to the gallows in due time--exactly where he belonged. *The Chinamen Who Unwittingly Disclosed Their Own Plotting in a Murder Case.*

Every California newspaper man is quite well aware of the fact that while the Chinese have many admirable characteristics and may be relied upon almost implicitly in matters of business, when it comes to what they consider their own private affairs--such as murder, for example--they at once afford full justification for Bret Harte's conclusion 192 as to the darkness of their ways and the peculiarity, not to say vainness, of their tricks. At a senatorial investigation held when the Chinese question was becoming a very active problem, it was fully established that they maintained courts of their own, which tried cases and passed sentence of capital punishments which was usually carried out--indeed almost invariably. It was also proven that men were hired to take the place of murderers in the despised white men's courts: abundance of evidence was offered as to their guilt, and very little on the other side. They were convicted and hanged--all this in consideration of the payment of some agreed-upon sum to the family (in China) of the one who went to the gallows. I have seen posters on blank walls in San Francisco's Chinatown which, I was assured by the Chinese scholar who pointed them out, were rewards of various amounts, sometimes thousands of dollars, offered for the removal of this, that, or the other obnoxious person.

During my residence in Alameda, the city recorder, or police judge and committing magistrate, was a gentleman who had passed several years as an attache of the American Legation in China, and had there picked up a working knowledge of various Chinese dialects. He kept up his practice of the

language when he returned to this country, by bringing with him a young student who was desirous of perfecting himself in the "American" language.

It chanced that an unusually sensational murder had taken place among the Chinese while I was publishing the *Encinal*. The police had made several arrests, and the case was set for hearing one forenoon. Sometime prior to the hour set, the lobby of the courtroom was well filled with Chinese who had been summoned as witnesses, as also numerous white men on other business. The judge who was to hear the case was among those present, and moved about among the crowd, talking with his American friends, seemingly utterly oblivious to the chatter of the Mongolians around him.

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At last the murder case was called, an interpreter sworn, and testimony was taken. The stories told all matched each other perfectly. There was not a flaw in their dove-tailing. The edifice was complete, and there seemed to be no possible ground for doubt as to the guilt of those whom the witnesses accused. But after the testimony was all in, the judge directed the witnesses to stand before him in line. Then he proceeded to tell them in their own language exactly the kind of perjurers they were. He recited the entire plot, told each one what he had agreed upon in advance to testify, had the really guilty men put under arrest, and promised punishment to the false witnesses.

A more thunderstruck lot of Chinese were never seen than these false witnesses when the judge made his exposure. For once the customary national sang froid of the Mongolian was completely lacking. *The Double Domestic Tragedy That Sent the One-Lunger to Mexico for Many Years.*

Ten years of busy and satisfactory life passed away, with few outstanding incidents of a thrilling or unusual character. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the possibility of an overwhelming tragedy which should change in its entirety the tenor of my life.

One of my sons, twenty-nine years of age, was a competent assistant in my office. He had become engaged to a most attractive young school teacher whose home was in Butte County. The date of the wedding was close at hand. There came a dispatch one day that his fiancée had been murdered in cold blood--shot twice by a concealed assassin. For some unexplained reason the authorities

were dilatory in their movements, accepting as conclusive an alibi that was afterwards disproved by private investigation. Evidence which was regarded by others as undeniable all pointed to the guilt of a disappointed but 194 never encouraged suitor, revengeful as the marriage came nearer.

The bereaved young man at once gave up his post and began a search for the murderer. Several months passed. and then I received a message announcing his violent death, which, while apparently accidental, yet had many accompanying but later-developed circumstances pointing to design. For example, there was the waylaying and firing on from ambush of a friend (an Indian) who had constantly assisted me in the three weeks' search for the missing boy, during which, by the way, we discovered the body of another man who had been murdered and robbed. Another friend who had been persistent in the sad search received an anonymous letter advising him to leave the community if he valued his life, and not to poke his nose into other people's business. This, too, was long after the recovery and burial of my son's remains. Naturally enough it was queried, if the death had been accidental, why this resentment and effort to stop further investigation?

The crystallized opinion of those conversant with all phases of the affair was that he was close on the trail of the assassin of his fiancée, and fell a victim to the same insane jealousy, as also to fear of prosecution.

The result was a collapse on the part of the author, which induced imperative instructions from his physician to give up all business at once and seek recuperation and rest in other regions. This advice was followed, and I went to Mexico twenty-two years ago. remaining there throughout the entire revolutionary period, and realizing complete recuperation, though the less said about the 'rest' portion of the prescription, the better. But that is most emphatically another story! *From which can be deduced the undoubted fact that there is a Fate, divine or otherwise, that shapes our ends rough--hew them how we may!*

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## CHAPTER XX

*When the Possession and Use of a Gun by a Fellow Passenger Saved an Entire Stagecoach Load of Passengers from Death.*

NOW for another kind of a stagecoach story than the one related elsewhere of my initial journey across the Mojave Desert and the Tehachapi Mountains. This one had a real thrill to it--that of a narrow escape from death.

A number of years after my first trip of the kind in California, I took another. This time it was in a mud-wagon, and not a big Concord coach. This was a heavy vehicle covered with canvas, with two seats inside and one in front for the driver, and a curtain separating him from the passengers. We were crossing the Santa Ynez Mountains in Santa Barbara County, and were going down into the valley of the river of that name. It was in the night. It had been raining hard for several days, but we kept right on traveling, as a little thing like a rainstorm is not supposed to stop the carrying of the mails. There were five passengers, four inside and one outside with the driver. This man was a stage driver himself, and was on his vacation. As we went down into the valley after crossing the summit of the mountains, we could hear the roaring of the river becoming louder and louder all the time, and hence knew the water must be very high. Some time before we reached it we heard the ex-driver asking the other man if he intended to try to cross the stream in the dark, saying he thought the water must be pretty bad judging from the sound, and he believed it might be dangerous.

The driver laughed and sneered at him, and said he 196 must have cold feet. He said that he had crossed the river many a time safely enough when it was in flood. He guessed he knew his business, he did! He was not going to stop and delay the mails, but was going right into the river as soon as he reached it, as he always did. The ex-driver argued and argued. but could not induce the man to agree to wait until daylight. We, inside the stage, could hear the talk. but did not know what to do. We thought the driver ought to know his own business, at least.

As the coach came near the river about two o'clock in the morning, the ex-driver unbuckled the apron that was across his own lap and that of the driver, so that he could get out quickly. as he afterwards told me. He intended to jump to the ground just before we went into the water, as he

felt sure it would be dangerous to try to cross, and he knew that if he were driving he would never attempt to do so. When we were about a hundred feet from the roaring stream, a man sitting on the front seat inside, and who had been listening carefully to the talk outside, loosened the curtain, put his arm out, and stuck the muzzle of a 44-Colt into the driver's ribs, saying:

“You blasted fool, stop your team or I'll stop you! Quick now-- *Stop!*”

“Huh, what's that?” said the driver.

“*Stop your team*, I tell you!”

I think the driver may have felt a gun in his ribs before this. Anyhow he knew what it was and what it meant. So he brought the horses to a standstill with a jerk, though he swore at the man with the gun. Then we all got out, and the man with the gun told the driver he was a fool for even thinking of going into the river in the dark when it was so high.

“You may commit suicide if you want to, but you can't drown me so long as I have got a gun!” he said.

The driver blustered and swore and said that he knew there was no danger, but the man with the gun said he 197 thought there was, and anyhow we would wait until daylight before going any farther. Then we got a lot of wood from dead trees of the heavy forest growth on the river banks, built a fire under a spreading live oak that kept the rain partly off, and waited until daylight. As soon as we could see, one of the men cut a sapling and we went down to where the road entered the river. We found that the bank had been washed squarely out, and the pole was put straight down into the water. *It was fifteen feet to the bottom from the sharp edge of the bluff bank!* And the water was running worse than any mill-race.

The driver did not say another word.

We did not cross the river that day, but went back to a station and waited until the water went down. We all told the man with the gun what we thought of him, and thanked him for saving our lives.



But we did not tell the driver what we thought of him! None of us had the right kind of words in his dictionary, or enough of them!

The winter after this the same foolish driver was going over the same road during a storm, but fortunately without any passengers. There had been another heavy rain, and as it turned out, the bank had been washed out again just as before. But there was no man with a gun to take the matter into his own hands. The marks of the wheels next day showed that he had driven straight into the stream. It was a week before the wreck of the coach was found on a sand bank many miles down the river, with the horses tangled in the harness. But the driver never was found. Since then I have always been afraid of trying to ford streams when they were in flood, though I did it once in Mexico and was almost drowned for my foolishness.

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Here is another story of a narrow escape in a stagecoach: Some time after the one I have just related, my wife and I were up in Butte County on a vacation trip in the mountains. When we were ready to start for home, it was raining hard and had been for several days. But there were only two rivers to cross, and both had bridges, so we were not afraid of any trouble. It rained so heavily that in order to keep it out of the stage, which was a mud-wagon, the driver buckled the curtains tightly all around. As the fastenings were on the outside, we could not loosen them even if we should need to. But we got along all right, though the rivers were high and it kept pouring in torrents. The town of Oroville, where we were going in order to take the train for San Francisco, is on a steep bluff on the bank of the Feather River, over which there was a bridge several spans in length. I noticed that when the stage went on this structure the driver slowed his team down until they hardly walked. Indeed, they scarcely crept along, going as slowly as it was possible to make them. The river was boiling and racing away down in the bottom of the gorge seventy-five feet below, and we could hardly hear each other talk because of the roaring of the water over the rocks. This was late in the afternoon, about sunset. As soon as we reached the hotel we took off our wraps and went to the dining-room, as we were hungry after our long ride. Just as we were sitting down to the table, there came a tremendous crash and roar. Every one started up and hurried to the door, as

it seemed as though the hotel might be falling down. In a few minutes a man came running up and shouted:

*“The Feather River bridge just went down into the canyon!”*

We went out and looked at it, and sure enough it was down in the bottom of the gorge on the rocks and in the water, a total wreck. Our stage was the last vehicle that had crossed it before it collapsed. Next day the driver told me why he had driven so slowly across the bridge--he had known for a long time that it was in a highly 199 dangerous condition, but the authorities had neglected to take any steps to make it safe, though they knew very well about it.

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Here is another interesting (and true) story of stagecoach travel. This is about a Chinaman who was shaken to death while traveling over a rough road. I was going from Grant's Pass, Oreg., to Crescent City, Calif., a journey of two nights and two days over the mountains and through the great redwood forests. I was the only passenger. The road across the mountains was crude and rough. It was not much traveled, and was full of stones and stumps and humps and hollows.

I had never before been over such a bad road, and the driver at last told me that I was likely to have serious physical trouble unless I “held myself” as he did when the road was rough--leaning forward with the lower part of my arms resting on my legs and relaxing my body completely, letting it sway and move with every jar and jolt of the coach. I should not try to hold myself rigid as I had been doing, by bracing my feet against the bottom of the dashboard and my body against the back of the seat. He told me that not long before he had had a Chinaman as his only passenger, who had sat on the rear seat. He tried to tell him about the proper way to sit, just as he had told me. But the Chinaman did not understand him, or would not pay heed to what he said, though he urged him several times to follow his example, telling him repeatedly that he was liable to be injured if he did not.

After awhile the Chinaman complained that he was sick and wanted the stage to stop. The driver halted for a little while, but it was a wild and rough country in the mountains, covered with forests, and with not even a single settlement of any kind for many miles. So there was nothing to do but to keep on traveling. Later on the Chinaman slid from his seat in the back to the floor. 200 The driver thought he was doing this in order to ride easier. Sometime after this he stopped to water his team. He then took a look at the passenger, and spoke to him. But he did not answer. He was dead--literally shaken to death by the jolting over the rough road. So it was found when his body was examined by the authorities who were notified at the first settlement.

I paid heed to what the driver told me, and found that he was indeed correct. It was one of the most valuable lessons in rough traveling that I ever had, and I have never forgotten it. Once before I had taken a long stagecoach journey of five days and four nights, and at the end had to stay in bed several days before I was able to walk around. But such a thing never happened to me again.

All the old stage roads such as this are now smooth and in good shape, and all the old stagecoaches and mud-wagons have been replaced by autos, so no more Chinamen or any one else can be shaken to death. They still kill plenty of passengers, and drivers too, but in another fashion now, and a great many more of them than in the old days. Old-fashioned stagecoach drivers never tried to beat a railroad train to a road crossing. *A very apropos "moral" to be drawn from these sketches is that it is a good practice to look before you leap, especially in time of high water.*

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## CHAPTER XXI

*The Man Who Went to the Gallows Rather Than Betray a Woman--An Editor Who Declared He Was God Almighty.*

WHILE employed upon a "small-town" daily paper--a four-page, five-column, hand-press publication upward of fifty years ago, in Southern California, a tragedy occurred. The true solution never was known, or at least made public, and this is believed to be the first publication of the

remarkable facts. It is the story of a man who went to the gallows rather than befoul the reputation of a woman standing well in the community, but whose favors he had enjoyed clandestinely.

It is one of the rarest instances of fidelity toward a companion in what is regarded as a “sinful” love, that has ever been recorded. Ignorant and uncultured he was, but nevertheless a man.

Two men living on a ranch in a remote region left home one day with a team to go to the nearest settlement for supplies. The ranch was the property of a widow and was operated by her, a daughter and a son, both past their teens, with the aid of a hired man of twenty-five or thereabouts. That evening the body of the young son was found by the roadside, his temple having been crushed with a bloodstained rock that lay close by, while the surrounding surface showed traces of a desperate struggle of some sort. The man told a rambling and unsatisfactory tale of the affair, and was promptly arrested and charged with wilful murder. He had not attempted to escape, and did not deny that the young man's death was due to himself, but claimed that it was the result of a fair fight and that the death of his antagonist had been entirely unintentional on his part. But he refused most positively to give the reason for the fatal dispute, insisting that it was a private matter in which the law had no concern.

He had no means, so a young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. He performed his task only half-heartedly. The family stood high in the estimation of the community, and public opinion was against the slayer, who was “only a floater,” though an industrious, temperate, hard-working and pleasant-spoken chap. The defense was perfunctory, and it took the jury only a short time to bring in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Sentence of death by hanging was at once passed.

I had attended the trial, and felt assured that all the basic facts had not been brought out. I felt that there must be some “story” behind the affair which the accused man had what seemed to him good reason for keeping secret. While he was awaiting execution I took cigars and newspapers to him in his cell, and was allowed to see him without others being present, in accordance with the lax customs of the times. In response to my repeated requests for his confidence, and having told him

that I felt sure an untold story lay behind the tragedy, he at last consented to tell the truth, only a few days before the execution. But he first pledged me most solemnly never to reveal that truth, either before or after his passing.

Then he said that as a matter of fact, the widow and he had been lovers for some time. By accident the son discovered it, and on the fatal trip accused his companion and at length attacked him. He had sought to be as gentle as possible in his resistance, as he did not wish to injure his mistress' son, whose resentment was only natural. Neither was armed, and the fighting was at first with fists. Both soon fell out of the wagon in consequence. The ground was covered with rocks, and the young man seized one and began using it on his antagonist's 203 head. He showed me scars that were the result thereof. Finally, without any intention on his part of inflicting serious injury, he picked up a rock, and after receiving a serious blow himself, responded with a like one, which chanced to strike a vital spot, most unexpectedly causing the death of the angry young man almost immediately after the blow was struck.

I told the condemned man that if this were known he would certainly not be executed, since there was a lack of the premeditation required by law to be established as a precedent to a capital sentence. I begged him to allow me to make the proper representations to the authorities. But he refused most positively. "No," he said emphatically. "Mrs. ---- stands well in the community; she has lost her son at my hands, though not in any manner intentionally on my part, and if the truth were told her reputation would be destroyed and her life made miserable. She has suffered enough. I would rather go to the gallows than betray her."

And he went! He was hanged one morning just after sunrise. I watched his face as the black bag was being drawn over it. Never shall I forget the expression of agony and despair that it bore. Right then and there I became an opponent of capital punishment, and have always argued against it in my papers, on the ground that the law has no right to take anything from a human being that it cannot restore in case it is found that a mistake has been made. It is over fifty years since this took place, and I can still see the poor chap standing on the gallows, the sun striking full in his face, the manifestation of unutterable woe upon it, as though it had happened but yesterday.,

As the parties to the affair must have all gone over the range by this time, and as I am giving no names of persons or places, I do not consider that I am violating my pledge to the brave man who gave his life to save a woman's reputation.

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*Diary of a Survivor of the Greely Arctic Expedition Which Never Was Published--and Why?*

While I was filling the position of editor of the Sunday Magazine of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the managing editor introduced me one day to Sergeant Maurice Connell, one of the survivors of the Greely expedition who were rescued at Cape Sabine in 1884. Connell's enlistment term expired after his return, and he had not been successful in obtaining re-enlistment, so he said. He was in ill health, unable to perform any except light tasks, and was in a quandary as to how he should support himself for the remainder of his life.

It appeared that he had kept a diary of the entire experience from the time the expedition set out until shortly before the rescue, and the idea had suggested itself, or had been suggested to him, that a good profit might be realized from its publication. This was encouraged by the managing editor, and thereupon he communicated with a New York publishing house, and in reply was asked to have the diary put into shape for issuance in book form. This Connell himself was unable to do, as it was necessary to rewrite and elaborate the brief entries and put them into presentable English. The book itself was in poor physical condition, owing to the vicissitudes of weather and handling which it had undergone. The first essential was that a fair copy be made. The notes as set down from day to day were short and concise, serving largely as mere memoranda. It was necessary that whoever undertook the task of preparation should be in constant touch with Connell in order that he might enlarge upon and explain important points as they arose.

I agreed to undertake the task outside of office hours, and immediately commenced work. First, I read the diary over carefully, and saw at once that its publication would unquestionably produce a sensation. It threw light upon a number of disputed points, and directly contradicted 205 much that had been published about it in the press.

This diary was upon its face primary and reliable evidence of the highest credibility. It was like the “blotter” in a business house, which the courts have always held as the first and best evidence in a dispute, since it is made at the exact moment of the completion of any given transaction, while later entries in the permanent books might be open to the suspicion of irregularity or change, if desired.

It will be remembered that one of the ghastly features of the affair was that life was preserved among the few survivors by using the bodies of their comrades for food. There had been such conflicting reports upon this point, that it was necessary to go into it in order that the facts might be recited. After consultation with the managing editor, I determined to do so, reluctantly enough. I apologized to Connell for what would otherwise have been an inexcusable liberty, but he at once set me at ease.

“Of course it is necessary for you to know the truth about it, as a great deal has been said that is not true. There is no necessity for apologizing. I will tell you about it.”

He sat for a long time, gazing out of the window into the drifting fog of a chilly San Francisco summer afternoon, the expression upon his countenance as bleak and forbidding as the outdoor scene, while he sent his thoughts back to the horrors of the last camp in the Arctic. At length he began:

“While we were at Cape Sabine we were reduced by privation and starvation to the utmost limit that can be reached before death comes. When human beings reach such a point, they lose every quality that makes them distinct from brutes, and become nothing but starving animals, seeking solely for something to satisfy their hunger. They are in no sense morally responsible for what they may do in that search. Let me ask you, what is the strongest instinct among the brute creation under such circumstances?”

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“It is self-preservation. of course.”

“Exactly so. The instinct of self-preservation compels a dumb brute animal to maintain its life in any and every manner that presents itself or that can possibly be found. It will eat anything that is eatable, no matter how repugnant or nauseating. That is exactly what we did at Cape Sabine when we had lost every particle of our human intellectual attributes and had become mere animals--starving animals.”

He went into more or less detail regarding the occurrences at the final point of their journey before their rescue, giving an account which in many features was in direct variance with the preponderance of what had been published. Yet he solemnly assured me that he was speaking only the truth. And no one could help believing him! He told also of the journey to Fort Conger, of the seasons there, and of the terrible return to Cape Sabine. In the principal matters he never departed from the brief notes in the diary, which, under the great stress under which they were written, were necessarily fragmentary and condensed.

When my work was about half completed, with his permission and in order to prepare the Eastern reading public for this most interesting forthcoming work, and make them anxious to see the promised book, the correspondent of a New York newspaper was told of it and of the sensational disclosures made, and was authorized to inform his paper thereof and of the approaching issue of the volume. This he did to the extent of half a column or thereabouts, which was appropriately emphasized when published.

About ten days later Connell called on me and announced that he had reconsidered his determination regarding the publication of his diary, and had decided to give up the idea. He had received an assurance of a position at a satisfactory salary for the remainder of his life, and as this had been the only motive for undertaking such publication (self-support), he had concluded to go no 207 further with the work. He requested the return of the diary and the completed manuscript. These were turned over to him, and were, as I was subsequently told, placed in a vault in San Francisco, where they were destroyed during the earthquake-fire in 1906. I had no means of



verifying the truth of this report, and never made any effort in that direction. Three things I did know, however:

That a decided sensation was thus prevented; that the truth about the expedition as seen by one of its members and committed to writing, never was told; and that the only compensation I received for my time and labor was the satisfaction of learning what I believed to have been the absolute truth in regard to a much misrepresented affair. *An Editor Who Believed He Was God Almighty and Issued a Proclamation to That Effect.*

A most curious case, as well as one that was unique in the annals of journalism so far as known, was that of the editor who conceived the idea that he was God Almighty, issued a proclamation to that effect--and died in an insane asylum. This will be the first time the facts have ever been made public.

He was associated with a close acquaintance of my own in the publication of a small-town daily paper, of which he was the editor, while the other was the business manager. A tremendous local disaster had thrilled the world, every newspaper the globe around filling its columns with every possible obtainable detail. The small-town paper was published in a community more or less adjacent to the scene of the affair, and a heavy burden fell upon both of the associates in consequence. It proved too much for one of them!

One day the editor locked himself in his sanctum, and in response to all appeals demanded that he be not molested, since he and Almighty God were in conference! At 208 length he emerged, with a quantity of manuscript in his hand, which he carried to the mechanical department and handed to the manager, with instructions that it be at once put in type and placed at the head of the editorial column for that afternoon's edition.

It was a wild and rambling communication, written in the first person, purporting to come directly from the Almighty and signed by him, declaring that the disaster had been sent in order to punish the people for their wickedness, and giving instructions for certain radical changes in the order of their lives and government. Naturally the manager demurred, after looking over the manuscript, but

the editor at once drew a revolver, placed himself at the door of the department, and ordered that his message be put in type, threatening to shoot any one who endeavored to leave the room or who refused to carry out his orders. "I am God, and I order you to obey! You will disobey at your peril!" he said, with his pistol ready for instant action.

Nothing was left but obedience or a bloody conflict, and he was obeyed. He stood guard while the message was set up in double-lead type, placed at the head of the editorial column, and the forms placed on the press, which was in the same room. Several of the employes sought to evade the vigilance of the armed maniac, but in vain, as he had placed himself where he could command the only exit, as well as the movements of each person.

At last, when the press was started, he took a chair where he could watch its operation, gun in hand. He noted every movement. The monotony of the sound of the machinery apparently had a lulling effect, and after awhile it was noted that he had fallen asleep. The press was kept running, for fear that the cessation of its noise might arouse the insane man, while one of the employes quietly unlocked the door, hurried out, and obtained assistance. The lunatic editor was disarmed, and placed in confinement, where he remained until he passed away 209 several years later, but always under the impression that he was God Almighty himself, or if not, then at least his personal representative on earth. His physical health remained in good condition until the last.

The entire edition of the paper containing the Almighty's proclamation was destroyed at once, with the exception of one copy, preserved in a safe deposit vault as a curiosity. *A Bankrupt Editor Who Paid All His Debts by Living on Mush and Milk!*

There was another composing-room graduate, a sober, serious-minded, earnest chap, who purchased a weekly paper in a more or less wide-open town. He went into debt for a large part of the purchase price, and invested the ultimate cent of his savings. After a short residence he became convinced that it was his duty to endeavor to uplift the moral tone of the community, which it must be confessed stood not a little in need thereof. In consequence he began publishing a series of "reform" articles, But the community did not agree with him, especially as he was that *bete noir*

of the pioneer times in California, a newcomer. They were quite satisfied with things as they were, had always been, and as they always wanted them to be. Hence they at once began withdrawing recognition of his otherwise commendable labors. Merchants stopped their advertising, subscribers stopped their papers, and soon the unwise but brave editor was on the verge of bankruptcy. His end as an editor came when a mob of young people of both sexes overwhelmed him one evening with a shower of overripe eggs, followed by threats of worse treatment if he should persist in criticising their public conduct as he had been doing--though it surely was open to criticism.

He was fairly driven from town, bankrupt. He turned over his plant in partial compensation for his indebtedness. Going to San Francisco, with his motherless son of ten or twelve years, he enrolled as a substitute in the *Chronicle* 210 office. But the weight of his debts hung heavily on his mind, and he decided that they must be paid--a quixotic sort of decision, according to his friends, since he was not in any manner legally or morally bound to liquidate them. Nevertheless, paid they must be in order to quiet his conscience. So he invested in a tin bucket and two spoons, and arranged to have the utensil filled with mush and milk each morning. He took it to the office, and put it on a secluded window ledge. At noon and night the lad came, and the couple ate their decidedly frugal meal in an out-of-the-way corner. Every possible cent of the father's earnings went to liquidate the indebtedness incurred from the unfortunate--not to say unwise--moral-uplifting newspaper venture.

In due time the ultimate dollar was paid. Then he obtained a position in the local room, where he made a high reputation as a labor news reporter, and then dropped out of my ken. Years later, when I was publishing a magazine in Mexico City, a copy fell into his hands. Correspondence ensued, and I learned to my pleasure that for years he had been managing editor of a prosperous newspaper in a well-known Pacific Coast city.

But I never have been able to forget the pitiful expression upon the young son's face when by accident I chanced on a few occasions to intrude upon the frugal evening meal of mush and milk! While I might admire the man's super-conscientiousness. I never could bring myself to admire his judgment, since I was myself blessed with a numerous and always hungry offspring the sight of whose smiling and contented faces was always a pleasing spectacle about the board, and whose

welfare was ever the first consideration, outweighing any fine points of business punctilio until satisfied. *This world is surely made up of a great many different kinds of people--and some heroes!*

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## CHAPTER XXII

*True Story of an Indian Mother Who Was Marooned for Fourteen Years on an Island off the Coast of California.*

THE report published not long since (in 1927, to be exact), regarding the discovery of prehistoric human remains by the excavations of explorers working under the auspices of the Los Angeles Museum on certain of the so-called Channel Islands, off the coast of Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties, California, was full of interest, especially to those having any personal knowledge of that remote and seldom-visited region. Particular attention was directed to San Nicolas Island, one of the smallest as also the most distant of the group, which includes Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel, San Clemente, and Anacapa to the north, with Santa Barbara and Santa Catalina farther to the south, at varying distances of 30 to 40 miles from the mainland, while San Nicolas, most remote of all, lies from 80 to 100 miles almost due west of the Los Angeles coast.

Incidentally Santa Cruz possesses a personal interest for the writer. It was the place where he and two companions were once upon a time treed by a war-like wild boar for a long and most unhappy half-day--Easter Sunday, by the way--we having interfered with his domestic affairs in a manner scandalous to relate, or at all events so he seemed to regard it. But that is a very different story from the one about to be recounted.

Reference is made in a few publications, such as the report of the Wheeler Survey in 1870-76, as also in recent newspaper accounts, to a tragic incident in the history of 212 those islands which occurred in the first half of the last century. This was the marooning for a long term of years on San Nicolas of an unfortunate Indian woman, who was accidentally and unavoidably left behind when her fellow tribespeople were removed *en masse* to the mainland by the Mexican Government, then in control of the entire Pacific Coast extending to the point in the far north where the Russians

had established themselves. The abandonment of the woman was due to overwhelming love for her child--the same sentiment which the undoubted fact that just as "the Colonel's lady and Judy O' Grady are sisters under their skin," so are the most savage as well as the highest civilized among child-bearers.

Half a century ago there were people still living on the mainland who had personal knowledge of the marooning. From their recollections as related to the writer the following more or less accurate narrative is compiled--sufficiently correct in its fundamentals, at all events.

At one time, and far in remote antiquity as well as in more modern times, the islands named at the outset were manifestly somewhat thickly populated, as evidenced by the remains that have been known for many years to exist there. At various times the remains have attracted the attention of explorers and investigators, yielding quantities of stone, shell, and bone relics of the extinct populations, some of the artifacts evidencing the possession of a considerable degree of artistic taste as well as expert workmanship.

Upwards of twenty years or more before the Mexican War, as the narrative goes, these islands were visited with a pestilential famine, accompanied by an unusual shortage of food supply so far as vegetable growths were concerned, due to long-continued drought. As a consequence, it was decided by the authorities of the mainland to remove the entire population of San Nicolas thither, that being the most distant of the islands and therefore the most difficult to succor.

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A sailing vessel was chartered and dispatched, and in due time all the men, women, and children were supposedly taken on board. But just as it was ready to start on its return journey, one of the women discovered that her little baby, whom she had intrusted to the care of some one else while she carried a load of equipment, had been left on shore. Careful search of the schooner's deck and hold failed to disclose the whereabouts of the infant.

A storm was coming up, and the captain declared that he could not delay--that if he did, the vessel, which was on a lee shore, would certainly be wrecked and all hands lost. Begging and praying,

the poor mother stood at the stern of the schooner while the crew hoisted the sails and raised the anchor, she hoping all the time that the captain might change his mind. But he did not. Indeed he could not in justice to the other human beings in his charge. As the vessel began to gather way, she was driven to desperation by her mother love. She jumped overboard and began battling with the seething waves. Neither the crew nor her own people could do anything to assist or save her, as the breakers were constantly becoming more rough and boisterous while the gale gathered strength. They watched closely, but as they did not see her gain the shore, concluded naturally enough that she had been drowned in the surf, and so reported to the officials who had dispatched the vessel.

No further thought was given to the unfortunate woman for years, and the possibility that she might have gained the shore in safety was never even suggested. It was an impossibility, and was not even to be dreamed of.

Seldom, in fact, did the native tribes receive even so much consideration at the hands of the rulers of the Mexican coast as was evinced by rescuing the people of San Nicolas from starvation. Having done this, no further attention was given the matter at that time.

Once in a great while hunters ventured to the islands in search of seals and sea otters, whose skins were even 214 then valuable, though they are much more so at present. Fifty years ago the writer became acquainted with a fortunate hunter who received no less than \$ 1500 in gold coin for a single otter skin, while much higher prices have since prevailed.

The island where the Indian mother was lost was, as stated, eighty miles or so from the mainland. It had no safe harbor, and was but rarely visited, even by the more venturesome hunters. Several years after the natives had been removed, a sealer who had landed there reported upon his return that he had found certain signs which seemed to indicate that some person was living or had recently been living on the island, though he had not seen any one. On two or three occasions subsequently, at widely separated intervals, the same story was brought to the mainland. Finally one of the hunters reported to the officials that he had caught a glimpse of a human being from a distance, and thought

it was a woman. This was fourteen or fifteen years, or perhaps more, after the Indians had been deported.

Instructions were then given by the government that a thorough search be made, and a party went thither for that express purpose. They hunted carefully all over the island, but could find no one. At last, however, they ran across a rude sort of shelter in a secluded cave among the cliffs of the shore which showed plainly that some human being was living there, or had been at a recent period. There were the ashes of a fire which had evidently been burning not long before, and a number of objects that could only have been the work of human hands. After making a careful and minute search, but without results, they planned an ambushade, pretending to sail away late one afternoon but coming back after dark. In the shelter where they had discovered evidences of human occupation, they found an Indian woman sound asleep, wrapped in a robe of sealskins. She was greatly frightened upon being awakened, but was pacified by signs and friendly expressions, 215 and at last was persuaded that no harm was intended. After considerable effort she finally consented to return with them to the mainland.

When she recovered from her fright, and after some one was found who understood something of her dialect, she said that she was indeed the mother who had jumped overboard so many years before to go in search of her child. She had reached the shore all right, though after a long and strenuous combat with the waves, which had been a difficult task, during which she had been carried by the current around a rocky point out of sight of the schooner. It was dark when she landed, and she could not find her baby. Next morning she made her way back to the place where her people had lived, and to her great sorrow found that wild dogs had killed and devoured the little one during the night, only a few scattered bones remaining.

All their belongings had been taken away by the Indians, and the marooned woman had no implements, no cooking utensils, nothing at all with which to procure or prepare food for herself in any manner. But like all her tribe, she had been taught to make a fire by the friction of two pieces of wood. There was an abundance of shellfish at hand among the rocks. She built a rough shelter of stones under an overhanging cliff, and kept a fire going perpetually after she had once started

it, while there was always a good supply of driftwood on the beach. She learned how to catch fish, young seals, and other salt water life. There were wild berries growing on the island, also plants the roots of which she knew from experience were good to eat, as well as others which bore seeds that furnished food.

She had made snares and caught many birds, ducks, geese, etc. These she ate, but saved the skins of many, especially the breasts, which she cured and then stitched together with sinew and gut and thus made clothing. Several times she had seen hunters who had visited the 216 island, but was afraid of them, as they were not her own people. She had hid among the rocks until they sailed away. When she was taken to the mainland she had among other things a mantle or blanket made of birds' breasts. which was so unique and beautiful that the good padre in charge of the Santa Barbara Mission bought it from her and sent it to Rome as a gift to the head of the Church.

None of the unfortunate woman's tribe or family were left in Santa Barbara, and it was not known where they had gone. However. she was taken care of most kindly and carefully by the family of the seaman who had found her--a foreigner. Captain William Nidever, by name. But she was not accustomed to living in a house, or to wearing so many clothes as were required, or to eating the kind of food given her by the people who afforded her shelter, and her life was plainly, in fact, quite unhappy. She was wont to wander on the beach for hours at a time, gazing off into the distance toward her former island home and the grave of her child. In a short time she became ill, then tuberculosis developed, and she soon passed away. Her remains lie in the churchyard at Santa Barbara, and the story of her tragic experience long since became a legend.

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An interesting fact in connection with the islands named is the question that has been raised at various times as to their legal ownership. In the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, by which the California coast as far as the Oregon line was ceded to the United States, after the Mexican War, no mention is made of them, while the practice in such cases is that no islands at such a distance go with the mainland in ownership unless an express claim to sovereignty shall have been set up. The



holders of these islands, who devote them to sheep and goat raising, for which they are admirably adapted because of the absence of vegetable and animal life antagonistic or deleterious 217

San Nicolas Island, 80 Miles off the California Coast Spray Thrown Up by Surf from Ocean side to those industries, have always been vigilant in guarding against the possibility of any dispute or interference on this account. The flora and fauna of the islands, by the way, are of a different character in many respects from those of the mainland, evidencing that their formation was of a later period.

Santa Cruz, which is the largest of the group, has an extensive area of arable land in a great valley cut off from the ocean throughout its entire extent by rugged mountains. The only access is through a narrow entrance or gorge which commences at a cove on its northern shore known as Prisoners' Harbor. This point is so named from the fact that in former times the island was utilized as a penal settlement by the Mexican Government. Some fifty years ago, when the writer became interested in the matter, he came into touch with a party of Americans in San Francisco (some of Henry George's old associates), who were organizing an expedition with the intention of procuring a sailing vessel, arming it, going thither, driving off the foreigners who were in possession, and annexing it to the United States, settling thereon under the national land laws and establishing a co-operative community. No direct action, however, resulted from this project. But it was a fact that no one was permitted to land on this or any other of the islands without first securing express permission from the non-resident foreign claimants and occupiers, because of fear that they might undertake to "jump" locations thereon. Those essaying to "trespass" upon the disputed territory were handled in anything but a gentle manner by the watchful employes of the claimants, who only recognized the law as promulgated by the late Colonel Colt, promptly and most unceremoniously expelling all intruders *vi et armis*.

Only a few years ago a movement was set on foot in Mexico to establish ownership to the islands under the claim that they were never legally ceded to the United States, there appearing to be little or no doubt upon that 218 point so far as the records were concerned. Private parties were behind this movement, from which nothing ever resulted.

It is a notable fact in this connection that the self-constituted “owner” of one of the largest islands fell a victim to the vengeance and incidentally the shotguns) of a number of otherwise peaceable and hard-working settlers, including a minister of the gospel, whom he essayed to despoil of their hard-won mainland homes through the same tactics that he had employed in gaining possession of the sea-girt principality. *This chapter is an admirable illustration of the strength of mother love even among the lowest aboriginal tribes. There is high authority that “all that a man hath will he give for his life.” But all that a woman hath will she give for the life of another--her own child, as in this case.*

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### CHAPTER XXIII

*The Stubborn Tenderfoot Who Found a Rich Mine Because of His Stubbornness--A Silver Mine Which the Discoverer Did Not Recognize, and Which Made Another a Millionaire and Governor of the State.*

THE history of mining in California, from the earliest times, has been replete with oddities and whimsicalities, such as might be expected from that goddess who, according to the ancient saying, evinces her contempt for wealth by bestowing her favors for the most part upon fools. Many a rich mine has been discovered by the merest accident; many a one was located as the result of a joke upon some tenderfoot; more than one deposit of great mineral wealth has been passed up by “experts” as worthless, only to bring untold wealth to some one more astute, or perhaps more lucky, than he. As for example the famous Comstock Lode, where the richest silver ore was thrown to one side because it cumbered up the sluice boxes of a gold placer mine!

A notable example in line with these facts occurred within the author's experience. While I was publishing a newspaper at Bakersfield, a tenderfoot came to me one day and said he had been manager of a prominent newspaper “back East,” but had lost his position and had come to California as a last resort and to see if he could not get a fresh start. He said he thought he would like to go to digging gold, and asked if I knew of any good place to mine. He had read a great deal

about making fortunes in that manner, through perusal of the Gospel of California according to Bret Harte and other romancists, and 220 he wanted to try his own fortune in a similar manner, I rather smiled to myself, for the days of making fortunes by digging gold out of the ground--“digging them air purty ten-dolluh and twenty-dolluh pieces out'n de duht,” as one old newly arrived Southern Mammy put it--had long since passed. Only a tenderfoot would think of trying any such thing at that late day--an opinion whose utter erroneousness will appear in the course of this narrative.

I told him there was not much chance in that line--that the old gold-mining days were gone, that is, the pickand-shovel, rocker, long Tom, and sluice-box days. But I chanced to recollect that way out on the Mojave Desert, a couple of hundred miles or so, some men had recently discovered what are called “dry-wash” gold diggings. Two of these, who were in partnership, were old acquaintances of mine. The tenderfoot said he would like to go out there and try his luck, as soon as I described the anything but pleasant character of the occupation and its surroundings. I gave him a note to them, asking them to help him in any manner that they could. The best I hoped was that they would at least keep him from starving to death out in the wilderness close to the borders of Death Valley.

A word of explanation is apropos: Usually gold that is found in sand or gravel or the beds of streams on the bedrock, is taken out with water in a pan, or rocker or other of the well-known appliances for that purpose. But on the desert there is no water for such wasteful uses, the miners being fortunate indeed if they are able to obtain enough to serve the most restricted personal needs. The author visited such a camp once, and after having been served meagerly enough with sufficient water to remove a little of the grime of forty-eight hours' travel from face and hands, was politely asked not to throw the water away, but to pour it into a barrel provided therefor, in order that it might be of further service in drilling a shaft!

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In “washing” gold on the desert, the sand and gravel carrying the precious metal are shoveled into a machine something after the fashion of the old-style grain cleaning apparatus, usually provided with a bellows or a blower, by which the waste is blown away, leaving only the heavy gold behind. And

sometimes the residue is somewhat weighty, too. I once saw a piece of pure gold that was found in this manner that was as large as my fist and was worth several hundred dollars.

The tenderfoot went out to the desert camp. The men to whom I addressed the letter took pity on his ignorance and ambition, as also his helplessness, and put him to work on their dry-washer, as they were in need of a helper who was willing to “take a chance,” and did not demand or expect regular wages no matter what the machine might produce. They promised, however, to give him one-third of all the dust extracted, which under the circumstances was quite liberal--and incidentally was the means of making them both wealthier than they had ever dared dream possible.

They were working in an old stream bed that opened from a dry canyon into a great valley that was white as snow with alkali, and where more than one unwise prospector had perished with thirst. On the other side of this valley, twenty or thirty miles away, was a range of hills of variegated colors, yellow, red, black and brown, with little or nothing in the way of vegetation--perfectly barren and worthless they seemed from a distance.

The three miners did fairly well with their dry washing, and took out enough dust and nuggets to encourage them to continue in the hope of making a “big strike” sooner or later. As I was told afterwards, the tenderfoot constantly pestered his associates with questions about the range of hills on the opposite side of the alkali valley. Didn't those hills have gold in them? No--not a trace. How did they know? Oh, prospectors had been all over them years ago, and there was not a sign of gold to be found. Well, if there is gold in this range of hills where we are working, why should there not be gold over there? But there isn't any gold there, just because there isn't. Gold is always where you find it, not where you think it ought to be. Many a wise scientific man has said there could not possibly be any gold in some particular place, and then some grizzled, uneducated old prospector or desert rat has come along and struck it rich right there.

But the tenderfoot never got tired of talking about those distant hills. He seemed to be “rattled” about them, as the saying is. Perhaps they were trying to send him a message! They had one, as it turned out.

One day they made a good clean-up, many hundreds of dollars, and the two partners said to the tenderfoot: "Now, old man, you have pestered us to death almost about there being gold in those hills over there. We have made enough so that we can afford to take a rest for awhile, so we will just take you over there and you can see for yourself that what we have said is true. After that perhaps you will stop nagging us with such foolish questions and ideas."

They filled their canteens at the only spring there was at the dry-wash mines (men had to stay up all night sometimes to take their turn at it, as the flow of water was very small), took food and blankets and started in a buckboard with two mules for the distant hills. When they reached them, they made camp at the mouth of a steep ravine, put up a sheet of canvas on poles to shelter them from the hot sun, and sat down to rest and smoke and make themselves as comfortable as possible. But the tenderfoot had other ideas. He was in a fever of desire to hunt for the gold that the partners were so sure was not there. So he hung a canteen about his neck, and with a shovel and a prospector's pick, started up the gulch.

It was a hot day--roasting hot. It was almost as hot as it used to be in Bakersfield, when my daughters fried some eggs in a tin pan out on the back porch in the sun 223 and without any fire! The thermometer often goes to 120 and 140 degrees in the shade on that desert--only there is no shade. But the tenderfoot kept on up the ravine, stopping to dig in the sand once in awhile, or to knock off a piece of rock, or to take a drink from his canteen, and once in awhile to sit down and rest for a few minutes. The two companions sat in the shade of the canvas shelter and smoked and laughed and made fun of the poor greenhorn. What an idiot (that was not the exact epithet they used) he was, to be sure, climbing about in the broiling hot sun looking for gold, when everybody knew there wasn't a single flake or grain in the entire range of hills!

He kept on for a couple of hours, and after awhile must have gotten very tired, for he sat down on a piece of rock that projected from a ledge on the side of the ravine. He took a swig at his canteen, lighted his pipe, and rested for a time. The rock on which he was sitting was almost as black as coal--burned black by the heat of the sun. After awhile he began idly hitting at it with his pick, and the next thing the men at the foot of the hill knew, he was yelling and jumping and dancing around,

and acting like a crazy man. "My goodness," said one of the men to the other, "the poor old fellow has gone loco sure enough at last. Why, he's plumb crazy! Just look at him!"

He was so far away that they could not hear what he was saying, though he was yelling at the top of his voice. In a few minutes he started downhill with a piece of rock in his hand, and when he came to where they were and showed it to them well, they became just about as crazy as the tenderfoot!

Word was sent to me at once of the strike, and as I was the correspondent of a San Francisco paper as well as editor of my own, I at once went out to see it, for it made a splendid "story." In fact, in all the history of mining in California there had seldom, if ever, been a more striking one.

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The tenderfoot took me to the place where he had broken off the rock, and asked me to back away from it and find how far it was that I could see the pure gold in the ledge with my naked eyes. I did this, and then we measured the distance with a tapeline. *It was just twenty-two feet!* The rock was black only on the outside, and where he broke it a thick piece came off something like a rough bowl or large shell in shape. Underneath this the rock was almost pure white, and the gold was scattered all through it in nuggets like kernels of wheat. It looked as though some giant had mixed a great mass of white dough, and had sprinkled golden grains in it almost as thickly as they could be made to stick together.

And there was gold not only in this particular ledge, but it was found all over the hill--in the sand, in the earth, and in all the rock. No prospector could ever have been there, for the gold could not possibly have been missed.\*

Claims were filed on the entire range of hills. A great stamp mill was put up, one of the largest in the State, and millions were taken out. But the poor tenderfoot who found the mine because of his persistence in nagging his associates in the face of their ridicule, could not stand prosperity, and long since "went over the range."

\* N. B.--Being a tenderfoot, he did not stake out a claim in the name of the man who was instrumental in his finding the gold mine, as is usually done with one who plays the part of a "grub-staker." Though to tell the truth,

*that little omission had never presented itself to me until commented upon by an assistant in the preparation of this manuscript--forty years or more later.*

*The Mine Which One Man Found and Lost (?) and Which Made Another an Unexpected Millionaire and a Governor.*

The story of the rich mine which one man found and lost but without knowing it, and another found and unwittingly knew it, for it made him a millionaire and afterwards 225

Above--Winnowing gold on the Mojave Desert Below--The Rich Mine a Stubborn Tenderfoot Found

a State governor, will afford a fitting closing for this chapter.

The same dry year which made the author go broke and sent him to a newspaper office in San Francisco, also found another bee herder, one Bob Waterman, in like impecunious condition, and also with a family for which to provide. But Fate played one of her favorite and customary pranks, and sent this one to the desert and the millionaire class--and all through a "lost" mine that was not lost, but had never really been found, in fact!

Tom Lee was a confirmed desert rat. He spent years traveling up and down the wilderness, with a long-eared burden-bearer. Every few months he came into San Bernardino with a new lot of specimens and jubilantly told of his fresh prospects of striking it rich within a short time and of becoming wealthy. But when the opportunity to realize his ultimate ambition at length presented itself, he did not have "gumption" enough to take advantage thereof, and (presumably) died poor and neglected, though like Moses of old "no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." Neither did any one know of the time, place, or manner of his passing, with any certainty.

Over on the desert across the range from San Bernardino, Lee once located a quicksilver or cinnabar mine. This was the crowning achievement of his life. He had gold mines here and there, silver mines hither and yonder, copper mines in between, all sorts of mines, from asbestos to apatite and from zinc to zaratite. He spent his time going from one to the other, doing the assessment work, and locating still more claims. But never was Lee tired of talking about his wonderful quicksilver

mine and of exhibiting the really beautiful vermilion colored samples of the rich ore. It was a "world beater," or was to become such. The Comstock Lode was not "in it" by comparison. This was to make him wealthier than any other man on the Coast. And he talked so much about it that it became a byword in the entire community.

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When my dead-broke bee-herder companion went over to the desert with pick, shovel, and burro, because there was no other place to go that offered any prospect of betterment, about the same time I took freight train for San Francisco, he chanced one day to pitch camp near the headquarters of a cattle ranch close to the Sinks of the Mojave--where the waters of that river, having their source in the melting snows of the lofty mountains close by, lose themselves in the desert sands. As was natural, he drifted to the bunk house late in the afternoon, and was invited to supper. During the evening, while talking about his new avocation of prospecting, one of the cowboys asked him: "Why don't you go up into the hills and see old Tom Lee's quicksilver mine? He thinks he's got a Big Bonanza there, and you might locate an extension."

This seemed a good idea, and after obtaining explicit directions as to the route to follow, he led his pack-burro into the hills next day and soon found the dump of the mine, which was extensive enough to attract attention from a considerable distance. The shack was deserted, and there were no indications of recent human occupancy. The prospector lighted a candle and explored the tunnel throughout its entire four hundred feet of length. Singlehanded and alone Tom had driven that tunnel, which was large enough to permit a man to walk upright and to push a wheelbarrow in front of him. Only one of experience can realize the amount of labor represented thereby. At the heading he found the tools that had been used in the excavation, that being due notice to all and sundry, in accordance with miners' law, that Lee intended to return--which, however, he never did.

There was a "knife-blade" ledge or streak of vermilion colored cinnabar ore showing here and there throughout the entire length of the excavation, but never in sufficient quantity to be worth while stoping. After giving the tunnel a thorough examination, Waterman concluded the 227 vein was not worthy of following. He returned to the dump and stood for awhile looking casually at the



vast accumulation of waste rock that had been so laboriously extracted and wheelbarrowed out. Something about it finally attracted his attention. It was decidedly different in appearance from the "country rock." After picking up and examining a number of the fragments, he concluded that it might be worth while to take a chance and invest a few dollars in having some specimens assayed. The fact that they were "different" was his motive, as he had not the slightest idea of the actual nature of the rock.

\* \* \*

A couple of years or less later the author was in San Bernardino and chanced to see two great desert freight wagons coming into town, each drawn by six mules, which tugged at their chain traces as though pulling a heavy load, though no cargo of any kind could be seen projecting above the high sideboards of the vehicles.

They halted in front of the express office. I called to the Boss, my old bee-herder acquaintance, who was sitting on the driver's seat by the side of the superintendent of motive power. In response to my salutation and query as to the character of the cargo, he replied;

"Climb up on the hub and take a look."

I did so. The entire floor of the wagon was covered with great oblong bars of pure silver, as close together as they could be packed, and each a load for two men to handle with any ease! So too was the floor of the second wagon!

It had all come from the lost "quicksilver" mine of Desert Rat Tom Lee! The worthless waste dump was found to be composed of the richest kind of silver ore, but of a character hitherto unknown in that part of the State and hence not having received attention from its discoverer, who was too busy following the crimson cinnabar thread to pay attention to less picturesque deposits. This dump 228 had been worked at the outset, the rock being shipped to a smelting plant. I was told that it had returned a fabulous amount--more than enough to defray the cost of the works required to handle the ore. The vein itself proved equally rich with the waste on the dump, if not more so.

The fortunate discoverer told me that what I was looking at was only a portion of the output of the mine. "I do not want every Tom, Dick, and Harry in San Bernardino to know my business, so I send shipments like this from three or four different widely separated points on the railroad."

Not so many years after this fortunate discovery, Waterman was ranked in the millionaire class, and when the next State election was held, he was chosen governor by an overwhelming majority.

\* \* \*

A decidedly interesting and somewhat humorous incident connected with this affair was the attempt made by some parties unfriendly to Waterman to deprive him of the mine. Lee had no relatives so far as known in San Bernardino or elsewhere in California, though diligent search was made, for the actual discoverer of the value of the "quicksilver" mine was the last person who would seek to deprive the real though unwitting finder of a share in the ultimate result. A search was instituted by the inimical persons, and some relatives were unearthed in Central New York. They were notified of the rich mine that Lee should have discovered but did not, and were persuaded to come to California, "charges prepaid," and set up a claim for it as the direct and rightful heirs.

A legal application for appointment as administrator of the estate of the missing man was filed, but first of all it was necessary to establish the fact of Lee's death, the corpus delicti in fact, for without this proven preliminary no one could inherit. When the hearing on the application 229 came up, a number of witnesses were brought from a remote desert camp where Lee had several claims, who testified that of their own knowledge he had died and been interred upon a certain approximate date several years previous. Certain human bones, which they testified were his, were offered in evidence, and the claim appeared to be established.

Then the defense placed a medical expert upon the stand, a physician of State-wide reputation. He qualified as such expert, and was then instructed by the attorney for that side:

“Now, Mr. Physician, will you kindly examine the bones that have been offered in evidence, and inform His Honor as to their actual character?”

The expert picked up each prominent one, examined it closely, using a magnifying glass on some, and gave all a most thorough going-over. Then he said to the Court:

“Your Honor, these are the bones of a female aborigine--an Indian squaw--upward of forty-five years of age, who in her lifetime had born half a dozen children or thereabouts!”

The case was incontinently dismissed, and the enemies of the fortunate bee-herder-pro prospector-millionaire found they had laid out no inconsiderable sum without any adequate return.

It was a long time before the community recovered from the grin that was produced by the trial. *The Lost Gunsight Mine--Some- where on the Mojave Desert.*

Every old-timer in the Southwest knows the story of the Lost Gunsight Mine, away out in the Death Valley region, like the Breyfogle.

Its history is brief enough. All that is known is this: The sole survivor of a party of lost immigrants was wandering on the desert on foot, and made camp one night close to the base of a precipitous ledge of considerable 230 height. He built a fire against the rock, and in the morning, while stirring the ashes to see if any coals were alive, found a small cake of molten metal plainly extracted from the ledge by the blaze of the previous night. On scraping this with his knife, he concluded that it was lead.

It chanced that he had lost one of the sights from his old Yager rifle. and the idea at once suggested itself that he cut a new one from the metal. This was done. When at length he reached the settlements, he asked a gunsmith-assayer, whose acquaintance I had early made, to replace the crude device with one more suitable, at the same time relating the history of the makeshift lead appliance.

The gunsmith examined and tested the handmade sight. and said to its artificer:

“Lead! What are you talking about? This is not lead. It is pure silver!”

Then and there began the search for the lost “Gunsight” mine, and although three-quarters of a century at least have elapsed, it has never yet been found, and is out there yet, waiting for some lucky “desert rat,” or more likely a tenderfoot, to find it. It would be tenderfoot's luck! *Moral.-- Gold and silver are where you find them, if you only know that you have found them!*

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## CHAPTER XXIV

*The Indian Murderer Who Wanted to be Tried and Hanged Like a White Man, and Was Accommodated--He Was an Enjoying Participant.*

AS SOON as I began to obtain employment in the various settlements accessible from my foothill home, I made many pleasant acquaintances. Among them was a young man who afterwards became the owner of one of the prominent newspapers of Los Angeles. His parents were “ox-team, covered-wagon immigrants,” from across the plains, and he had been born and brought up in San Bernardino. He told me many interesting tales of his own experiences and of the scenes he had witnessed, one of which I am relating as he gave it as nearly as I can recollect after the lapse of so many years. It is the story of how an Indian was hanged “on the instalment plan.” He was an eyewitness.

\* \* \*

“Hi-you. Mister! You all same shur'ff?”

“Yes, I am the sheriff. What do you and your people want?”

“Me-Capitan Pablo. These my people-Kaweahs [Coahuillas]. Big Chief Cabezón--he live Agua Caliente--he my padre. You sabe him not? We live ‘way out in desert--Dos Palmas [an oasis known

as Two Palms, from twin trees of that growth that were its landmark]. This 'ombre [pointing to a fat man with his arms tied behind him], him Coche [The Pig]. He kill my broth' Kazoos last week. We catchum in Potrero and bringum here. Injuns want shur'ff hang him all same white man, Coche--he want too."

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The scene was the spacious, tree-shaded front yard of a frontier courthouse in California in the late sixties of pioneer times. It was shortly after sunrise. The sheriff had just emerged from his headquarters, which with jail and other public offices were all covered by a single roof.

Gathered in the yard were some thirty or forty Indians, men, women, and children, who at a glance the sheriff saw did not belong in his immediate bailiwick. They must have come from a distance. Their burros were tied to the hitching-rail in the street. while the women had lighted fires and were preparing breakfast. The prisoner "Coche" was so called in derision. He was heavily burdened with flesh and therefore known as "The Pig," that being the English rendition of the nickname.

"So Coche killed your brother, did he?"

"Si-si you damn well whistlin'. He killum dead-- damn dead!"

(El Capitan Pablo had been employed on grading and irrigation work and had a fluent command of the English language as she is spoken in such social circles.)

"What for he kill Kazoos?"

"Oh, he steal Kazoos' wife. Kazoos [the Indian pronunciation of Jesus] he my broth'."

"He did, did he? Then what happened?"

"Kazoos--he heap damn mad all same some one steal your wife. He catchum gun and go pronto after Coche. But Coche he watch all time, see Kazoos coming, hide in monte by camino, then cut him with knife in belly. Kazoos he die damn quick like pig--no have time shoot Cochel"

“Who saw Coche kill your brother?”

“Oh, plenty 'ombre, plenty mahala [women] seeum.”

“Any white man see it?”

“No--not never. No white man live there.”

Then the sheriff was obliged to explain to the desert Capitan that under the law, while there might be any number of Indian witnesses to the killing, if there had been no white person present who could testify to the facts, no trial could be had. The acceptance of Indian testimony was forbidden unless confirmed by that of whites.

After Capitan Pablo had digested this disappointing information, he asked the sheriff what he should do. That official told him that he might follow the tribal custom of his people in such matters. But Pablo demurred.

“Coche say he no like be burned up in hot fire, all same Indians on desert when one 'ombre kill other. Hurt too damn much, take too much time. He like be killed with rope all same white man. All same Nickellersen you kill that way last year. Tie him neck to tree--he die pronto--heap damn quick.”

(The speaker was referring to the recent legal execution of a white man for a murder committed in the Indian region of the desert.)

The sheriff questioned some of the other Indians who had witnessed the killing, and all corroborated the Capitan. He even asked Coche about it, and he replied with agrin:

“Sure I cut Kazoos! I knew damn well he try kill me, so I kill him first!”

“Did you steal his wife?”

“Hell, no! Me no stealum. No need stealum. Kazoos' mahala she want come live by me long time. She no like Kazoos. He make her work too damn hard. Wash clo's, scrub floors, pick grapes, cut peaches, for white peop'. He take all dinero she earn and buy mescal, play monte, get drunk--no buy nothing for mahala. Me no have steal her. She damn glad come with me by my wickiup in Potrero. She no have to work for white 'ombres or mahalas. I work all time. Catch plenty dinero. Buy her heap new dress, heap plenty grub, heap plenty tabac' so can smoke all time. Oh, no, she no wait me steal her.”

“But you killed Jesus, her man?”

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“Oh, yes, I cut him and he die all same pig. But he have gun and want kill me first.”

“Very well,” said the sheriff to Capitan Pablo. “Coche says he killed your brother all right, so he does not have to be tried. You take him out of town somewhere and kill him white man fashion if you like. No one will interfere. I will see to that. After all, it's your own business.”

“*Bueno--mucho bueno*,” said Capitan Pablo. “We go down Squaw Flat, on Warm Creek. Plenty tree there. Hang Coche all same you hang Nickellersen.”

Squaw Flat, where the friendly hanging was to take place, was on the opposite side of the town from the courthouse. The settlement was on a mesa which ended abruptly on the brink of a wide, sandy wash, some miles or so in width, and extending entirely across the valley from the mountain range which was its source. Warm Creek, so called because one of its chief tributaries was a great mineral spring, from which came a flood of hot water, ran close to the break of the mesa, while the remainder of the wash was an expanse of sand, covered with a heavy growth of aguamotes and willows, intermingled with patches of prickly pear cactus, and occasional clumps of cottonwood trees. Its proximity to the town made it an admirable camping place for both Indians and whites who for one reason and another desired to avoid too great publicity. People with due regard for their reputations, as well as their purses, their skins, and even their lives, gave the spot a wide berth,

although two well-traveled roads which afforded the only means of communication with certain remote portions of the county, were perforce utilized by those who were under the necessity of so doing. But no one tarried here unduly or lingered by the way longer than was necessary.

During the writer's residence in the place, a white man, a stranger, was found one morning who had unwittingly camped on the Flat. He had been attacked by Indians. 235 who demanded that he go into town and obtain a supply of whisky for them, there being a rigid law against selling liquor to the aborigines. On his refusal, the Indians bound and gagged him and roasted him at his own fire to such purpose that he died shortly after being discovered by white passers-by. The guilty savages were never brought to trial--but there was a quite well-founded general impression that justice was meted out to them in generous abundance--pressed down, well shaken, and overflowing. At all events, none of them was ever seen again in that neighborhood. It was a fact, too, that the sandy soil of the Flat made grave-digging an easy job.

On another occasion piercing shrieks were heard in the heart of the town one morning, coming from the Flat, and armed men at once hastened thither. A half-naked Indian woman was found "pegged out" among the brush, each hand and foot lashed tightly to a stake driven in the sand. Several men were standing about, while one, who proved to be the aggrieved husband, was deliberately carving her back in checker-board fashion with a sharp knife. In explanation, he declared that his wife had consorted with some not too fastidious white man the day before and had received four bits in compensation. Instead of handing this over to her mate to be spent for whisky, as honest women were expected to do and usually did, she had "held it out" and squandered it on gewgaws for herself. Hence the carving. An energetic and forceful lesson in the proper and chivalrous treatment of women was administered to the brutes, especially the chief one, and if any further carvings took place for like or other causes, it was at a distance. Oh, Squaw Flat was a sweet and delicious nook of Nature to have near a civilized town.

After the sheriff had authorized Capitan Pablo to go on with the execution, a procession was formed and marched through the town, with the Chief in the lead on his burro, Coche following on foot, his hands tied behind him with a heavy buckskin thong, and a horsehair *reata* about his 236 neck, the



other end being held by Pablo. A number of the white townspeople, hearing what was in the wind, fell in behind the procession of aborigines.

Arriving at Squaw Flat, some distance beyond the settlement, quite a time was spent in selecting a cottonwood tree which was deemed suitable. Coche himself was consulted and was very choosy in his tastes. It was quite plain that he, as master of ceremonies and chief actor combined, was determined that nothing should be left undone to make the affair a complete success, or that could add to the enjoyment of those in attendance.

“How you like this one?” asked Capitan Pablo, but Coche objected. “No likem. Too small. He break and I fall on rock. Heap get hurt. P'raps break arm or leg.”

At last a massive, widespreading tree, with grass growing plentifully about it and affording a comfortable camping place for the audience, was selected. It was provided with a suitable limb within easy reach, which promised to support any weight. After careful examination, it met with the approval of the “leading man” of the company.

“Him tree all right.” said Coche. “Heap stout--no break--no can fall on rocks. No get hurt.”

All the preliminaries having been arranged and the spectators being disposed comfortably upon the ground, with a fringe of white onlookers in the background, Coche asked for and was given a cigarette to smoke, followed by a stiff swig of “tiswin” from the fruit of the desert palm trees--a most peculiarly pungent and powerful beverage, of which Capitan Pablo carried a gourdful slung about his neck. This having been duly attended to, Coche was then lifted up by several of his companions, though with great difficulty on account of his excessive avoirdupois. The *reata* was next thrown across the limb over his head and made fast to a neighboring sapling.

But Coche's weight made the horse-hair rope stretch, 237 as such things have a habit of doing under strain, and before he had time to strangle into unconsciousness, his toes were touching the projecting horizontal roots of the tree and he was able to bear the major portion of his weight upon them, thus preventing undue stricture about his neck.

The widow of the deceased Kazoos was most attentive to the unfortunate Coche, and hovered about him, speaking an occasional word of comfort. After awhile, seeing that there was no immediate prospect of the hanging becoming effective, Capitan Pablo ordered that the *reata* be unfastened from the sapling, and the victim was permitted to rest by sitting down.

More "tiswin," more cigarettes, also food, were given him. While refreshing himself, Coche joked with his executioners, laughed at their clumsiness in handling so heavy a burden as his swine-like body, and was in truth quite a cheerful participant in his own execution.

This operation was repeated several times, Coche being alternately raised and lowered, then served between the acts with refreshments by the faithful (or rather unfaithful) widow of Kazoos, which he appeared to enjoy with much gusto. The bystanders (Indians) laughed, joked with him in their own language, and Coche actually seemed to be the least concerned of any in attendance.

Finally the sun approached the meridian, and some one called out that it was time for the women to build fires and prepare the noonday meal.

But before the final elevation took place. Coche called to his executioners:

"Hi-you. 'ombres! If me die all same white man, you bury me in box all same they do. Sabe? Me no like be put in ground in blanket, or burn up with horse and saddle, all same Injun on desert. You stealum boards, make-um box, put me in it. You catch white medicine man, readum story out of book, then cover me up. Sabe?"

They promised to bury him in white man fashion, just as they were hanging him in the same style. Thereupon 238 Capitan Pablo issued a curt order, Coche was given a farewell cigarette and a good swig of 'tiswin, and while still grinning, was lifted up for the last time, but to a height that precluded his being able to reach the tree roots with his feet. The *reata* was then made fast securely to the sapling, and he was left hanging, the while attention was paid to the midday food.

While being elevated, the victim called out to the men who were struggling over their task, handling him somewhat roughly:

*“Mucho damn cuidado, 'ombres!”* (Be very damn careful, men.) Followed by: *“Adios, amigos! Como Dios Quiere!”* (Good-bye, friends. It is as God wills.)

There were a few gurgles, the body twisted and turned for a brief space, the legs were drawn up and let down convulsively several times, and at last poor Coche hung motionless and lifeless, having realized his desire--to die like a white man. Which indeed he had done.

One of the white spectators told the Indians that they need not steal the boards for the coffin, as he would donate them. After this was done and the body had been placed therein, a charitably minded white man, a church deacon, was requested to and did “read a story out of a book,” and the stoical Indian, who had demonstrated his possession of a fine sense of justice, was buried, a great pile of boulders being subsequently, placed over his grave, this too being “all same white man.”

And so ended the only “instalment-plan execution” ever recorded. *Note.--This is a true story of an actual occurrence. It was an apt illustration of the Fatalism of so many savage and semi-savage peoples, whose belief was voiced in Coche's dying words.*

*“Kazoos” is the manner in which California Indians and many white people pronounce “Jesus,” instead of the correct rendition, “Hayzoos.” Moral.--The reader will be allowed to puzzle out for himself the lesson to be drawn from this yarn. There is doubtless some sort of one.*

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## CHAPTER XXV

*The One-Lunger's First Earthquake--He Did Not Have To Wait To Be Told What the Phenomenon Really Was.*

EARTHQUAKES are something that no one who has ever felt even a slight tremor can ever forget, especially the first experience. I had read and heard more or less about such phenomena in my younger days, and I remembered that in the geography I studied at school there were pictures of the great earthquake at Lisbon, a hundred years and more before (in 1755), of the one at Caracas in 1812, and also of the famous one in the Lower Mississippi Valley in the early part of the last century, But of course these always seemed far away and very long ago, and really I had little idea of what it would feel like if I should ever have the ill fortune to experience one. But when the time came that I felt my first shake, no one had to tell me what it was. It was like the first time I ever heard a rattlesnake buzz. I had never seen or heard that kind of a reptile, but I knew what it was without waiting to be told and I went away from there without losing a fraction of a second. Just as I did when the first earthquake came!

It was not so long after I arrived in California that I had the initial experience of the kind. I was working in a newspaper office in San Bernardino, in an old adobe building one story in height. It was a long, narrow structure, with four rooms, one opening into the other for the entire length, and with the front constructed entirely of narrow folding iron doors, of the type that all stores followed in those days--on the Coast, at all events. There were no other doors, and this was the only means of passing in and out of the building. One afternoon I was at work alone in the fourth room from the door. In the 240 other three rooms were seven or eight men all busy at their occupations. Suddenly and without the slightest premonition there came what seemed like a wave, that struck the corner of the building nearest where I was. It was something like a roller or swell of the ocean. At the same time the adobe structure began to sway and creak and groan.

Everybody in the office except myself had been through earthquakes before this, knew what the first indication of one was, and knew exactly what to do--that was, to get out into the open air just as quickly as possible and without the least delay, especially if the building was like this one. I was the only tenderfoot in the entire newspaper force, and this was my first earthquake. I was also much farther from the front door than any of the others--but I was out in the street far and away sooner

than any of the others. By instinct I had known exactly what to do. I dropped the implements with which I was busy, and started toward the front.

The other employes said that all they saw when I passed through the rooms in which they were at work was a streak--a blue streak they called it--moving so rapidly that they could not tell what it was. I outdistanced by several yards and some seconds all the others in reaching the street. It had not been necessary for me to wait one instant for any consideration of the character of the disturbance. I had known by instinct, just as do all animals, the exact nature of the occurrence, and also by pure instinct I knew exactly what to do, and did it--got out into the street with no unnecessary delay. The other men said that I had broken the record. No such lightning like movements had they ever seen in a long experience of earthquakes and of tenderfeet.

Another alarming earthquake took place in and around San Francisco several years before the great (ahem-- *fire!*) of 1906. I was employed in a newspaper office which was at that time the loftiest building in the city--the only 241 one of the now common type of steel frame and masonry construction. It was about 11 a. m. and only three of us were in the editorial rooms on the eleventh floor. There came a sudden severe shock, like a tremendous blow, and we all ran for the elevator shaft. But the operators had left their cages on the ground floor by the time we got there, and had run into the street. We looked at each other, while repeated shocks set the building vibrating so that it actually seemed as if it were about to topple over into the street. We agreed that it was no use trying to run down the long flights of stairs, but that the most sensible thing to do was to stay where we were and await the outcome, which we did. But it was a nerve-racking experience. That same evening there were several more severe shocks, so severe that some of the men in the office became actually seasick from the undulations.

Next day I was detailed to go out into the interior with a camera to take notes and photographs of the damage done. I visited the belt of afflicted territory, mostly to the southwest of the city and extending for over a hundred miles. Many brick buildings had been wholly or partially destroyed, and there had been considerable loss of life, for the worst shocks had come at night when all were asleep. I traced what had been a crack in the earth for many miles down one valley. The earth had

opened wide enough, so the people assured me, to swallow up numerous cattle, horses, and other live stock, and then had closed over them. There had been both a subsidence and an upheaval, and when it was all over the earth was several feet higher on one side of the crack than on the other, leaving a steep, perpendicular bank where it had before been perfectly level.

In the course of years earthquakes of a slight character became so familiar that many times when awakened by the outcries of my better half, the only reply elicited from me was: "Oh, shucks, it's nothing but an earthquake! Go to sleep!"

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The worst earthquake I ever experienced was in the city of Mexico in 1911. I was on the top floor of an old four-story stone building, which threatened to collapse from the severe and long-continued shocks. The local seismograph showed that the quake lasted for four consecutive minutes, though it seemed several times as long. The only stairs were of stone slabs, which "worked" several inches as the vibrations continued, and caused me to remain in my original position on the upper floor until they ceased, as I did not care to be caught on the stairway should it collapse.

I was also in Mexico City when the severe earthquake of 1919 took place. The city itself was only slightly affected, but great damage was done in the adjacent States of Puebla and Vera Cruz. There were several good-sized places which were almost entirely destroyed. One small town with upwards of five hundred people was completely buried by the disruption of the earth upon mountain slopes on both sides of the canyon wherein it was located. Not a soul escaped. All that was visible the next morning was the cross on the summit of the church tower.

The severity of this quake may be judged from the fact that no less than thirty massive stone structures in various towns in the affected district, most of them with solid stone roofs, and that had stood unharmed for centuries through numerous disturbances of the kind, were completely destroyed. It was never known how many lives were lost, as numerous bodies were covered in the ruins or buried in earth slides from adjacent mountains. *The appropriate "moral" for such occurrences as have just been described would seem to be that when Nature sees fit to*

*execute a clog or other dance, there is no fixed rule for observers. One must be guided entirely by circumstances.*

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## CHAPTER XXVI

*The European "Wine Expert" Who Got Mixed Up and Praised the Wrong Vintage, While Decrying His Own.*

AN INTERESTING special detail regarding the cultivation of the grape was given me in connection with the series of articles devoted to the resources of the State, as described elsewhere. At that time the wine industry was gradually attaining the importance which it deserved, and efforts were being made to encourage the popularity and use of the California product in preference to the imported.

The State Viticultural Commission was especially active, and the press supported its efforts in every manner. The *Chronicle* had always devoted much space to the industry, and my instructions were to take advantage of every opportunity in this direction.

When the flood of immigration from the Eastern States set in after the discovery of gold at Coloma, it was found that there were already extensive vineyards under cultivation, mostly in the southern portion of the State. These were all of a single variety, known because of their origin as the mission grape. The fruit was without distinctive flavor, had an abundant percentage of sugar when fully ripe, and a corresponding alcoholic content when converted into wine. No pains were taken in the production of the beverage, which was of a decidedly "heady" character, and which was consumed with avidity by the miners and other immigrants who were accustomed to the crude "hard liquor" then in general use.

This wine was made from grapes just as cider was made from apples. The juice was pressed or trodden out with the naked feet, placed in tanks and barrels and allowed 244 to ferment as Nature elected. It was not supposed that any further attention was required after the extraction of the juice.

In due time it was bottled, and found ready sale at prices that returned a handsome profit to the grower, while the retail rate was astonishingly low as compared with that imported from Europe.

But as time went on and the population began to include large numbers who knew the essentials of the constitution of good wines, it developed that the native California product left much to be desired. It was learned that the production of wine of a quality to compete with that from the vineyards of Europe was an art in itself, and was far from being the "hit-or-miss" affair that it was regarded in popular estimation. It was learned that only by careful selection of the varieties adapted to different soils, the blending of the juice from different types in varying proportions, and cautious watchfulness over the various stages of fermentation and ripening, could a beverage be produced which was acceptable to wine connoisseurs.

But even when this lesson was learned and was put into practice, it was a long time after wine of good quality was produced that a market could be found therefor, even at home, and years passed before it gradually came to be acknowledged that there were California wines which ranked well with the imported. It was difficult to persuade even the proudest native or adopted son that he could put the wines of his State before a visitor without an apology. In the meantime those who had invested large capital in the enterprise were having the same experience that falls to the lot of all whose vision is in advance of that of the rest of the world.

While engaged in the preparation of articles upon the subject, the interesting discovery was made that as a last resort great quantities of California wine were shipped in the barrel to European wine producing centers, and were immediately reshipped to American ports, sometimes 245 without even "breaking bulk," the brands on the barrels being changed en route. After arriving "at home," there was little difficulty in finding a market at a price which made the cost of the round-about shipping only a small item in the expense account. Not infrequently the wines shipped in barrels were discharged in some well-known center, their contents bottled under a foreign label, and then returned here as the genuine European product at a genuine European price.



While being shown through one of the largest wine establishments in the State--whose size may be judged from the fact that there was one "blending tank" of concrete which had a capacity of some 125,000 gallons--I chanced to observe in the bottling department great quantities of unused labels which were an exact reproduction of those of various foreign vineyards and which were being placed on bottles filled with California wine, and then packed in cases which, like the labels, were also exact imitations of the imported ones.

The manager who accompanied me noticed my observance in this connection, and was very open about it. He asked no questions, and did not wait for me to ask any.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," he said. "I see you are looking at those French labels and cases. You know as well as I do that Californians themselves are inclined to pass by their own wines and call for the imported ones, though ours are just as good. They are willing to pay several times as much for a bottle with an imported label as for a domestic one. They drink by the label and not by the quality of the product. Not one in a hundred can tell the difference when it is served. We are obliged to find a market for our wines or go out of business. And as we have large capital invested and are not engaged in the enterprise solely from considerations of good health, or State pride, we use the foreign labels and cases and sell the California wine for several times as much when it put up in this manner as we can get for it under the domestic 246 label, although we seek in every manner to encourage the use of California wines under their own names. Can you blame us?"

I could not.

An interesting little incident in this connection elicited many a hearty laugh from those who chanced to be "in the know" with regard thereto. It was an apt illustration of the truth that many people, even so-called experts, classify wine, as they do other things, by the label rather than by the quality of the product.

One day a European gentleman appeared in San Francisco with letters introducing him as an authority on wines--an expert of the experts, so to speak. He knew wines. He could distinguish

vintages of whatever character, year, or origin. He had all the technique of his profession at the end of his tongue. and allowed it to become known that if there was anything about the wine business which he did not know, he would be glad to be shown!

He was!

He was introduced and entertained at various clubs, where he was pleased to speak very patronizingly of the efforts of California wine growers. He was, in fact, disposed to give them credit for their laudable efforts. "But of course, don't you know, you cannot compete in any manner with European wines, and never will." All sorts of reasons were advanced as justification for this wholesale discouragement. His attitude of kindly forbearance as that of an adult toward a child was not disguised.

After awhile some of his hearers became a trifle weary of the constant disparagement of their own product, his insufferably patronizing manner palling upon the taste of his hosts. In fact, it rather grated upon their nerves, until it was finally decided to put the expert's qualifications to a public test.

A consultation was held, and the test decided upon. The steward of one of the clubs was taken into confidence, and entered whole-heartedly into the plot. He too had 247 become somewhat a-weary over the attitude and tone of the visitor. The contents of half a dozen bottles of a well-known brand of French wine were exchanged for the contents of an equal number of bottles of a California vintage. Then one evening an acquaintance of the foreign critic announced that he was in receipt of a new brand of California wine which he thought most excellent, and begged the visitor to test it and pass an opinion thereon which could be quoted.

Consent was given very freely, and the exchanged wine was served--the French product in the California bottle, The expert sipped it, inhaled its aroma, rolled it on his palate, and went through all the motions of his profession, after which he proceeded to render his well-considered verdict. It was very good wine indeed--in fact, much better than most of the California product which he had sampled. But of course it was not, it could not in fact be, equal to the same class of the

imported variety. All sorts of technical explanations were given in support of its alleged inferiority. He acknowledged that it bore a certain faint resemblance to a high-class French variety, but was radically inferior thereto.

Thereupon a bottle of the brand referred to was called for and was served--being the California product in the exchanged bottle. After sampling this the expert grew enthusiastic. Here, now, was a wine that was a wine. He compared the two vintages, swallow by swallow, almost drop by drop, always to the disparagement of what he supposed was the California product and in praise of the French, little thinking that his pretensions were being given a disastrous test.

He was listened to patiently, and evidently did not detect or understand the covert glances of amusement exchanged by those who were in the secret. He was apparently very well satisfied with the manner in which he had discouraged the ambitious California wine makers.

He was not of course told outright how many different 248 kinds of an ass he had made of himself, though he learned later. For a ribald weekly scandal sheet got hold of the story, doubtless from one of its suborned waiter-correspondents in the club. and "spilled the beans" or rather the wine.

For years this "expert" opinion was held up as proof positive that there were at least some varieties of California wine which were capable of ranking with some foreign vintages, if not others. *The "moral" is perfectly plain--that things are not always exactly what they appear to be, on the surface or in the bottle!*

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## CHAPTER XXVII

*Prompt and Decisive Manner in Which General Shafter Broke the Railroad Strike at Bakersfield in 1893 in the One-Lunger's Presence.*

AN INTERESTING experience while the daily newspaper at Bakersfield bore the author's name at its masthead, had to do with the manner in which General Shafter, of subsequent Cuban fame, broke the back of the entirely unjustifiable "sympathetic" railroad strike in 1893.

There had been little enough foreboding of this movement until within a few hours of its being declared. I had gone to San Francisco on business, which was concluded shortly after traffic over all except the purely local lines was suspended. Expecting every day that the embargo would be lifted, I remained in the city until telegrams from Bakersfield rendered it imperatively necessary that I should return as quickly as possible and take charge of the conduct of my business. But without rail traffic this was an impossibility. The auto stage had not yet appeared on the scene--or even in the thought.

Talking the matter over with Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, he asked whether I would be willing to take charge of a cargo of *Chronicles* and deliver them by team to all the towns of the San Joaquin Valley between Stockton and Bakersfield. The papers would be sent to the first-named place by that evening's steamer, accompanied by myself. The agent of the paper would be instructed by wire to have a six-horse team and a sufficiently commodious express wagon in readiness on the arrival of the boat, and we would pull out at once for the long three-hundred-plus-mile journey, with no halts except to change teams, which would be ordered by wire to be held in readiness.

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I accepted the proposition without an instant's hesitation. I wanted to get home. I wanted to get the good "story" which the incident would make, and I wanted to oblige the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, who had always been a good friend ever since the memorable riot-rifle days of 1879.

When I went to the steamer wharf, although it was an early hour, I found that there were hundreds of others who wished to return to their homes in the northern part of the State wherever accessible from Stockton. Long before the sailing hour, standing room only was the rule. When I asked the purser for a berth, he told me smilingly that if I could find a corner anywhere on the deck where I might lie down I would be lucky indeed. I went ashore at once, bought a pair of blankets, ate supper

and returned to the boat. The only unoccupied spot I could find was in a corner by the stairway leading to the pilot house, where there was just "squatting room" only. There I squatted, wrapped in my blankets, with others subsequently crowded closely about me, and passed anything but a comfortable night. One thing, however, there was no lack of society, both seen and unseen!

We arrived at Stockton shortly after sunrise. The six-horse outfit was waiting, the tons of *Chronicles* were piled into the wagon, breakfast was eaten in haste, and then away we went. In every hamlet and town we were received with cheers and all manner of courtesies, for it had been a week and more since a city paper had been seen, and the average rural resident of California is as regular in the perusal of his favorite daily as his city compeer. The local agents were kept busy passing over the papers at all sorts of prices. "Keep the change" was the favorite word as a two or four-bit piece was handed out in exchange for a copy. They were considered cheap at any price.

It was a long and tiresome journey down the valley, even though a relay of fresh horses was ready at every considerable town, which in those days was at wide intervals. 251 Through Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Fowler, Selma, Goshen, Visalia, Tulare and other places whose names now escape me, we went, the warmth of the welcome and the pleasure of being the distributor of the highly appreciated news, making up for any hardship. During the following night I managed to catch a "cat nap" at intervals, though it was decidedly cool after sunset.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon the following day we reached Delano, thirty miles north of Bakersfield. We were surprised to see a passenger train at the station. Inquiry developed that it was loaded with regular troops under the personal command of General Shafter, whose acquaintance I already enjoyed. He at once approved of my request for permission to accompany him to Bakersfield. By now the only newspapers left were those destined for that place, and my presence with the wagon was no longer necessary.

When we arrived at Kern City, the railroad station for the county seat town, there was trouble. I had been invited to a seat in the General's compartment, hence was a witness to the highly interesting events that ensued--briefly enough, that being their merit!

The local railroad superintendent came in and informed the General that the train would be unable to proceed any farther southward, as the strikers had spiked the yard switches on the main line, while no engineer could be found to take a train out unless he were amply guarded. The strikers had decided that no train should move under any circumstances until the strike was settled--the strike in Illinois!

Thereupon the General requested that the representatives of the strikers, if such there were, be brought to him. This was done, and a committee of three presented themselves.

"I understand, gentlemen," said the General, "that you say this train cannot move beyond this point?"

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"Oh, no, we personally do not say any such thing. The men on strike have chosen us as their representatives, and we are here merely to give their side of the case and their determination. We are acting only as their spokesmen."

"Very well. What is that determination?"

"It is that no train of any kind shall leave this place or pass over the line in any direction until the strike is settled."

The General looked mighty grim for a moment or two, Then he took out his watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a well-modulated tone, "I wish to inform you that this train is the property of the United States Government. It is now 2 o'clock. It will move south at 2.15 exactly. You may so inform the men whom you represent!"

Some further words were added to the effect that it would be very injurious to the health of any who might attempt to interfere in any manner with the operation of the train.

The committee went out without reply. Railroad trackmen were sent with an adequate guard to unspike the switches. The soldiers were directed to keep their rifles loaded for instant use, and to shoot to kill any one who made the slightest motion or attempt to interfere with the train or the track in any manner. Guards were placed on the car platforms, on the tender, on the pilot, and wherever one could find foothold. An engineer who had volunteered to run the train if suitably protected was then escorted to the cab and mounted it. Just at this moment a most dramatic incident occurred. A motherly looking, middle-aged lady emerged from the crowd, which was held at bay by the regulars, and went to the engine.

In a determined voice and with fire flashing from her eyes, she said:

“I am not going to let my husband [the engineer] go into danger and perhaps be killed unless I am by his side. I am going in that cab!”

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No one said her nay. Every hat came off. She was escorted up the steps, and given a seat on the fireman's side. *At 2.15 exactly the train moved.* There was no other demonstration than an occasional snarling yell of “Scab!” and this, too, was not from railroad men, but from rank outsiders. But the strike was broken then and there, and from that moment trains were operated, not on schedule time, it is true, but still they were kept running.

It was thought necessary to keep armed guards on the trains for a considerable period after the breaking of the strike, and the engineer's wife accompanied him on every trip he made, sitting on a blanket spread on the coal in the tender and carrying a rifle in her lap, of which implement she had a good working knowledge. Peace assuredly has its heroines as well as war, and of such was this nameless one.

My oldest son, a member of the National Guard, was on duty as a guard on trains, and it became necessary for me to tell the chairman of the strikers in public, while he was making loud and rash threats as to what he and his associates intended to do to “those damned tin soldiers,” that if

anything happened to my boy, I should hold him personally responsible. At that time and in that community there was only one meaning attached to such a pledge.

The strikers had already blown up a train and killed several regulars and train hands at a point near Sacramento, and were very loud in their threats of what they intended to do elsewhere.

But they did not do it!

I do not think that General Shafter himself, or his friends, ever advanced any claim to beauty of personal appearance on his part, but I think I never saw a handsomer appearing man in my life than he was when he held the open watch in his hand, pointed at it, and told the strikers' committee in anything but a loud tone, that the train would move in exactly fifteen minutes!

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Which it did!

It is a matter for great regret that I am unable to recollect the name of the brave woman who risked her life by the side of her husband. Her act was appropriately recognized in my own paper, as well as in the city publication of which I was the correspondent. *Moral--Strikers (without cause) and others should never bite off more than they can conveniently masticate!*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII

*A Dissertation upon the Subject of Fishing, Presenting the Victim's (Possible) Side of the Question.*

WHILE living on the claim that I had taken up in the foothills, one of my favorite avocations on occasion was fishing. In the effort to provide the necessities of life for my little family, advantage had of necessity to be taken of anything that offered itself in the way of wild game. The stream that ran through the place was well peopled with that prince of the finny tribe, the mountain trout for which California is famous, and I was wont to take toll and secure contributions to the family larder therefrom at frequent intervals. It being one of Nature's wise arrangements for providing sustenance



for those not well supplied with the wherewithal for liquidating the grocer's demands, no hesitation was felt in drawing on the stream whenever occasion demanded, without regard to certain legal enactments on the subject.

I have no hesitation in saying that I never was what might be called a "scientific" fisherman. I caught fish--caught them, too--because I *wanted* to catch and eat them, not just for the "fun" of catching them. I realized that there might be two sides to the story. and that what was claimed to be pleasure for the sportsman might possibly be pain, and surely death, for the creature that furnished the alleged fun. In fact, I did not believe in killing any sort of game merely for the so-called sport of killing It, Besides, I needed the trout in my business! The chief object of which business happened to be the necessity for providing sufficient food for five or six normally hungry people in a region where gainful occupations of any kind were scarce and poorly paid.

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So, when the author fished, he *fished* --for fish and not for sport. Although it must be confessed there was a considerable element of enjoyment connected with the matter, since when engaged therein, I never knew when to quit, provided the fish were biting reasonably well. "I'll catch just one more and then stop," was my favorite conclusion when the "string" was attaining a fair size, but the "just one" frequently stretched out to the extent of half a dozen or more. For when the fish were eager for the bait, and with the certain knowledge that home consumption would care without trouble or loss for all I could secure, it was a difficult matter to reach the actual quitting point.

When I ran out of bait before securing what I regarded as a sufficient number. I cut a small fin from one of those on wand or string, or dug an eye out of one that had been killed. I always killed them as soon as caught, by a sharp blow on the back of the head with the haft of my sheath knife--which bit of mercy, by the way, was sure to be rewarded with an appreciative or otherwise dying squeak! Fact! When giving this "blow of grace," I felt no manner of doubt that if the subject thereof could be consulted and could express its ideas upon the matter, he would be duly grateful for the promptness with which he was put out of his misery, and his pathway to the frying pan would be soothed by just that much. From boyhood I had always felt a repugnance to the long-

continued flopping of a fish after it had been removed from its native element. It seemed to me akin to depriving a human being slowly of the air necessary to its existence.

I was unable to see anything especially heroic or sportsmanlike in luring and torturing a fish to death, prolonging its life in the name of "sport" without regard to the possibility that the victim might have some feelings of its own which were entitled to consideration from those possessed, or supposed to be possessed, of humane sentiments. If fishing is engaged in purely for what is called "sport," that 257 meant in my view that the fisher rejoiced in the torture of a fellow creature merely for the sake of tormenting and finally killing it, deliberately prolonging the final agony of dissolution of the subject of the sport, defenseless against its tormentor. In much of the literature of this sort of fishing it appeared to me that the fisherman prided himself upon the extent of time during which the agony was prolonged and the inevitable death postponed. This is supposed to be "sport." But somehow or other, having been born with a constitutional friendship for the under dog, I never could sympathize with this view.

If fishing or hunting, except the pursuit of ferocious animals that are a menace to human life, are followed for a legitimate purpose--that of supplying food or material for industrial uses--common humanity would seem to require, in my opinion, that the life of the fish or the animal be ended with all due rapidity and without loss of time. Hence my own methods of dispatching my "victims," as noted.

All of which is undoubtedly the rankest kind of piscatorial heresy from the standpoint of the "sport-loving" fisherman. But it seems to the writer to have a sound basis of common sense as well as common humanity. This opinion is expressed here merely in order to give voice to views that are diametrically opposed to those of many, though having not a few supporters. as I have learned from long acquaintance with fishermen and hunters, but who are loath to acknowledge their entertainment of such heretical ideas in view of the criticism which such rank heresy is bound to invite.

While volumes have been filled with disquisitions from or on behalf of “sportsmen,” so far as the writer is concerned he has never seen anything from the standpoint of the fish itself. The victim (my own victims) does not appear to have “had his day in court.” And the writer now presents himself as an attorney in fact for the voiceless ones. Furthermore, while one might suppose from what 258 is published upon the subject that “scientific fishermen” are in the majority, and the unscientific ones a negligible minority, the experience and observation of the writer in field and stream, in mountain and plain, by river and sea, long since convinced him that *the vast majority of fishermen belong to the same class with himself*. They fish for fish, and not for the pleasure of torturing a fellow creature to death!

Now I am hoping the “scientific fisherman” will put that in his pipe and smoke it!

In justification, from an economical if not a humane standpoint, of the heretical views advanced, it may be added that a cogent argument in support thereof is furnished by our next-door neighbor, Mexico. Fish and game have been, as is only natural, a leading source of food supply for a large share of the population from time immemorial--a much larger percentage than in our own country. But the Mexican or Indian never hunts or fishes merely for what more supposedly civilized peoples choose to call “sport,” that is to say, killing for the mere love of killing. When he goes on a game-seeking expedition, he takes just what is requisite to meet his wants, no more. As a result, while hunting and fishing have been persistently and actively carried on for over four centuries since the advent of Europeans on the scene, and for thousands of years prior thereto, one may today go anywhere in the Republic in the vicinity of cities of large size and ancient foundation, and find abundance of deer, small game, birds, fish, etc. Within an hour's travel of Mexico City, Durango, Vera Cruz, Tampico, Monterrey, Guadalajara, Chihuahua and many other centers of population with which the writer is familiar, this can be done. There have never been any game laws or any necessity for the protection of game so far as the native population is concerned. It is only of very recent years that owing to the depletion threatened at the hands of foreign “sportsmen,” regulations have been adopted to a certain limited extent.

The Mexican or Indian who hunts or fishes, always, to use a colloquial expression, “leaves some for other Christians who may pass by this way after us!” As witness: One day the writer accompanied a Mexican gentleman to some ponds where there were large numbers of ducks--canvasback, mallard, etc. When half a dozen had been taken by each, the Mexican said: “I have all that I need--six. Let us go back to town.” And back we went. But since when would a foreign “sportsman” have done anything of the kind? Especially where there is no law to limit the number taken. Ask that foreign “lover of sport for sport's sake” who secured permission from me to hunt over a half-million-acre ranch in Mexico belonging to some fellow countrymen, but in my charge, and who boasted that in eleven days hunting (slaughtering would have been a more appropriate term) he and one companion had killed *forty-two deer, eleven antelope and four bear!* And had left the carcasses of all but three to decay or dry on the ground, not even removing their hides!

But to return to our muttons, or rather trout. (It was a “dry year” and we had been literally “fed up” on stray muttons!)

The stream was not an easy one in which to fish, since it was so overgrown with trees and brush, and was so narrow, tumultuous, and tortuous, that it was a difficult matter to get one's bait, fly, grasshopper, angleworm or what-not, within biting distance of the trout. There was no water throughout almost its entire length that was free enough from trees and brush to permit casting, and it was necessary in many places to crawl on hands and knees through the dense vegetation in order to approach some riffle or pool at the base of a tree or rock and then let the lure float down to it.

Others there were who had occasionally tried the “scientific” and “sportsmanlike” method of fishing the stream, with only one uniform result--absolute failure so far as securing any trout was concerned. For example. there was 260 a broker fresh from New York, where many of his kind are credited with having made a success of at least one branch of the piscatorial art--catching “suckers!” Chancing to meet me in a railroad town twenty-five miles distant, he asked if there were any fishing up in the mountains near my home.

“Yes, indeed. Good fishing. Finest in the world!”

“Are the streams protected or preserved?” asked the broker.

“Huh? Protected? Preserved? No sir! Not on your life!” I replied. “Up where I live the people have a crude sort of idea that the bird that flies, the fish that swims, and the deer or other animal that walks or runs, belongs solely to the man who is able to catch it with gun, tackle, or otherwise.”

“How about the open season? What is the law here?” inquired the broker.

“What's that? Open season? My friend, the open season for any kind of game up our way is just 365 days in the year. When a man or his family is hungry. he catches fish or shoots game without looking at the calendar, limiting his take, of course, to the actual necessities of himself and those dependent upon him. And no man with a gun in his hand is supposed to stand still and let a deer bite him to death because it is the “closed season”!

“Then I presume I can go up there and hunt or fish wherever or whenever I choose?”

“Yes, indeed, and welcome. And good luck to you.”

A week or two later I had to go up the canyon on horseback to look for a stray cow. It was between ten and eleven in the morning. and a rather warm day. Two or three miles above the house I came suddenly upon a picture which at first required all of my self-control to prevent me from permitting my amusement to become perhaps offensively apparent. It was to all appearances an advertising dummy for some Broadway sporting goods emporium. The salesman had evidently learned that his 261 “prospect” was about to venture into the far-off and dangerous wild and woolly West, where savage Indians, desperate outlaws, fierce lions, ravenous “painters,” not to mention gyascutuses, williwumpuses, and other dangerous beasts of various and sundry breeds, were apt to be encountered at any moment. So he had outfitted his customer with everything that was supposedly needful for so dangerous and perilous an undertaking. He wore a fearsome “gun” (22-caliber and gold-plated), a most terriblesome dirk, a rifle slung across his back, a small axe in a scabbard, a handsomely woven creel for carrying fish (provided any were caught, which they were not!) a cork helmet with flies of different varieties strung entirely around it, a suit of

sportsmen's clothes of the latest Broadway model and idea of genuine frontier garb, "birds' leg" panties, high-laced boots, and so on. He had also a beautiful split-bamboo, silver-mounted fishing rod, a suspicious (and tempting) looking flask, and many other things, as the advertisements have it, "too numerous to mention." Indeed, he was a walking inventory of the best and most complete assortment that the best and largest store of the kind could compile or pass off upon an unsuspecting customer--with an unlimited bank account.

The wearer of all these "traps and calamities" was almost purple of face. Perspiration was dripping from him in streams. Plainly he was "mad" clear through, and altogether was about as unhappy a looking mortal as had been seen in many a day, in that part of the country at all events, for people up there usually went about looking reasonably content and happy, as mountain climate and scenery have a habit of promoting.

"Why, hullo there, Mr. B.! So you came up at last! What luck have you had?"

"Luck! Luck! [In a most disgusted tone.] I thought you told me there were fish in this stream?"

"Why yes, there are. I always catch a string when I go after them, which is every few days."

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"I don't see how you do it! I've been working up and down here for two or three miles and for over three hours, and haven't even had a single nibble!"

"That's strange. No one but myself has been fishing in this vicinity for over a week. and I know there must be some in the creek."

"You must be mistaken. I've tried every kind of fly I have, and haven't had a single bite."

"Well, that's too bad. Perhaps you will have better luck farther upstream."

I soon found the cow, returned home, got down my "aguamote" (willow) fish pole, caught half a baking powder can full of grasshoppers and started up the creek toward the walking sporting goods

store advertisement. I overtook him in less than an hour, and in that time had found occasion to catch seven or eight fine trout.

“Well, Mr. B., you see I was right. There *are* fish in this creek. I caught these in less than an hour.” And I held the string up.

The subsequent remarks of the New York sportsman would not look one bit pretty in print, especially in a book that is meant to be read by children, both young and old, and so will not be quoted further than: ! \* ! \* ! \* ! \* ! \* \* \* \* --- --- ---- ---- And more of the same kind! A *just “moral” to be drawn from this chapter appears to me to be that fish or game of all kinds are provided by Nature for the use of mankind, and belong to him who is clever enough to take them when they are needed for foods also to be a humane as possible in the taking. Take the goods the gods provide, but do not be a hog in the taking. Imitate my Mexican friend. It should be added that I always included chasing trout along the mountain streams as one of the best, as well as pleasantest, tubercular-trouble curatives to be found.*

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## CHAPTER XXIX

*The Deepest Snow and Coldest Weather Experienced in a Life of Seventy-Six Years Were in California.*

THERE are many people who think they never have snow in California (people who do not know the history of the Donner party for example). It is true, there is very little. One of the author's sons who was born there lived to be twenty-one years old and was over six feet long before he ever saw any except at a distance on the summits of the mountains. He had to go East before he had an opportunity to walk or play in it or throw snowballs, His first reaction was somewhat amusing. On rising one morning in a Central New York town, he was surprised and delighted to find the ground covered with a mantle of white. Opening a door, he stepped out, stooped down, and then

said: "Why, it's soft, isn't it?" He had always supposed it was hard, like the ice that came from the ponds or the factory.

Many people think they have no cold weather in California, such as prevails in the East for many more months each year than is conducive to comfort. But the fact is--cold fact, very cold indeed--that the deepest snow and the coldest weather I ever experienced in all my life were in California. This is to say nothing, however, of a certain period in my infancy on the prairies of Iowa, when the mercury "froze" in the thermometers, and it was a common saying that if the tubes had been longer the weather would have been colder. Where I once lived before I went to the Coast, I have seen snow fall the first week in October and remain until the last week in April, with good sleighing all the time. And I have seen the thermometer away below zero, a good many degrees. But as I say, the deepest snow and the lowest temperature (also the highest!) were in California!

I had a friend who published a newspaper in Truckee, away up on the summit of the Sierra Nevada, near the State line, where the first overland railway was built. Once upon a time, many years ago, he asked me to pay him a visit. He said he thought I might like to go once more where there was snow, as I had lived quite a while in Southern California where there was none except on the tops of the highest mountains. It so chanced that a good opportunity came in January, so I took the train at Oakland one morning, and about ten that night landed in Truckee. For several hours before we reached there, even before sunset, we had been running through snowsheds, built of heavy timber and logs to keep the tracks from being buried beneath deep drifts. There were many openings between the sheds, as well as cracks in their sides, through which we could see the deep drifts outside.

I went to bed as soon as I reached the end of the journey, and did not see anything of the town until the next morning. Then I found to my surprise that the snow was so deep on the plaza, between the station and railroad tracks and the business buildings on the other side, that a tunnel had been dug through it in order to allow people to pass back and forth. When one looked from the buildings across the plaza to the station, he could hear the trains passing, but could see only the smoke and steam from the engines. Not a glimpse of locomotive or cars could be caught, as the level of the



snow was far higher than the car roofs or the top of the smokestack. And along the side of the track, just far enough away to permit trains to pass, the snow made a straight, solid wall, just as though it had been chopped out with axes.

At my friend's newspaper office, which was a one-story building set on supports about five feet from the ground, one walked along a narrow path on top of the snow that had been hardened by much travel, and when 265

Inset--Old-Style "Bucking" Snowplow in the Sierra Nevada Near Truckee in the Seventies Ten Locomotives Pushing It

the office door was reached, went down steps cut in the drift in order to reach the door. Every morning the first task was to go outside and clear away the snow that had accumulated overnight in the deep channels that were cut so as to permit the light to enter through the windows. The surface of the outside drifts was considerably higher than the eaves of the office building. Sometimes some one would slip or fall or wander off the hard and narrow path into the soft bank and sink into it, so that he would be helpless. Then when he called for help, people came and got him out with ropes and shovels and boards and timbers.

The show place of Truckee was Donner Lake, a short distance from town, where a party of immigrants were snowed in and nearly all starved to death a great many years ago. There were a lot of pine trees where these unfortunates had their cabins. On one of them, *forty feet from the ground*, was a sign stating that it marked the actual depth of the snow when the immigrants were there! Starving and eating each other!

At one end of the plaza was a great palace, built of thick blocks of ice cut from the lake and river, and at night lighted up most beautifully and brilliantly. There was also a toboggan slide of ice, and a skating rink as well. People often came up on excursions from the Sacramento Valley, where oranges were ripe, flowers were in bloom, and the fields were green, to enjoy the sports of skating, sliding downhill, and sleigh riding.

After I had been there several days, another snowstorm came up, and when it stopped the railroad track that was not protected with sheds was covered so deeply that trains could not run, while several were held in the sheds and could not move in either direction, as the tracks between were all blocked. So it was necessary to clear the road as soon as possible.

My friend told me that one of the greatest sights of that region was to see a railroad snowplow bucking the drifts, 266 and kindly offered to speak to the superintendent of the road and obtain permission for me to go with him on the first plow that started out--that is, if I cared to go. There was another friend of the editor's present when this plan was suggested. He had been in Truckee only a few months, and had never had an opportunity to witness the operation of a plow. When he heard us discussing the matter, he said that if it were agreeable to the superintendent, he would like to accompany me. Our mutual friend took us over to the railroad station, introduced us to the official in question, and asked the favor of a trip on the snowplow for the two tenderfeet--only that is not what he called us.

"So you gentlemen have never seen a snowplow work?" he asked, in a genial manner.

"No, sir."

"Well, it's a great experience and a sight well worth seeing. I think you will find it interesting. We shall be ready to start in a little while, and you are perfectly welcome to go along. I will let you know when the plow is ready."

We thanked him and went into the station to keep warm until he said everything was in readiness for the start. The snowplow, of the style of fifty years ago, was something like a good-sized box car, but built of heavier timbers. It had a prow in front after the fashion of certain old-fashioned warships of the "ramming" type. It was built so that the lower part, or lip, which was thin and covered with steel like a huge curved chisel blade, ran under the bank, which was thus cut in two and thrown to either side as the plow forced its way ahead into the drift. Just back of the prow on

the top of the machine was a deck with iron stanchions around the outside. A stout rope was passed through rings on the ends of these, and another through loops halfway down.

The front portion of the deck extended about half the length of the car, and then dropped down four or five feet <sup>267</sup> to another deck. Steps led from the lower level to the higher one. The superintendent, half a dozen employes, and the two guests stood together at first on the lower portion. Looking back, I counted no less than *eleven locomotives* coupled together behind the plow which was to buck the snowdrifts. These were smaller than those used today, but nevertheless it was a tremendous amount of power that was gathered in them, and it seemed to me that the deepest drift must be scattered like wheat chaff when it was encountered.

Soon the superintendent lifted his hand, and gave a signal. The engineer of the first locomotive blew his whistle. All the others replied, showing that they were ready, and then we moved slowly ahead. At first there were no drifts of consequence on the track, the wind having swept the snow away, and at most there were only two or three inches on the rails. Looking ahead, however, we soon saw that there was a deep drift in a cut. Then the superintendent spoke to us:

“If you two gentlemen wish to see just how the plow works, you can get a better view by going to the higher deck.”

We thanked him and climbed up, but I thought I saw some of the men on the lower deck winking and smiling somewhat expectantly, or perhaps sarcastically. But whatever might be coming, I felt sure I would live through it, and made up my mind to take whatever of the unexpected might happen. I had to anyhow. So we both took positions side by side and watched the apron of the plow as it slid smoothly along. Then, as we came almost to the drift, the superintendent gave another signal. The first locomotive gave a screech, every engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and with the combined power of the eleven engines behind it, the plow gave a jump and in a few seconds almost literally leaped at the drift, which was several feet in depth, and deeper the farther we went into it.

The superintendent had been quite correct when he told his two tenderfoot guests that if they would stand on the upper deck they could get a good idea of how the plow worked!

We did! We got a splendid idea!.

Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration that we acquired a very liberal and complete education along that particular line of railway operation in the space of two or perhaps two and a half seconds, or even less! I did not time it. For the lower edge of the plow slipped under the bottom of the drift, and snow came rushing up the smoothly polished slope of the prow in increasing volume, and then made a graceful curve (we knew it was graceful, because we subsequently saw one at a respectful distance, and only felt this!) and then swooped over on the heads of the two devoted and immediately speechless sightseers on the upper deck.

There was no time to make a move further than to grasp with both hands the rope or rather life-line that passed through the ends of the stanchions, hang on for dear life, hunch up our shoulders, grit our teeth, catch our breath, and take all that was coming! We took it! It came--and kept on coming! How many tons of closely packed snow fell upon us, I never knew. I am sure it must have been a dozen or so, perhaps more, but anyhow it took our breath away, it thumped and buffeted and hammered us, it filled our ears, our eyes, our nostrils; the cold, white powder worked its way down our necks, and the solid chunks smashed our hats and battered our heads. We could not breathe, could get no bit of air, and could only hang onto the ropes with both hands and all our strength.

At last, when we thought we could stand it no longer and that we surely would be buried alive and crushed to death, and then thrown out with the other waste, a whistle sounded, the plow slackened its headlong speed, the avalanche of packed snow became smaller and smaller. and 269 we were finally able to look up and see that we were just entering the portal of a snowshed!

The drift had been vanquished, and we two tenderfeet as well!

We shook the snow from our bodies, also from our feet physically as well as metaphorically, turned to the superintendent and his companions, who appeared to have seen something or other, we knew

not what (?) that had been of a laughable character, and thanked him, with all the politeness at our command under the circumstances, for the experience.

“Well, gentlemen, what do you think of snowplow work? Were you both satisfied?” he asked with a charming smile.

“Fine! Fine!! Great!!! Great!!!!!!” we both replied, adding some comment on the side which would not look well in any book that children are apt to read.

As we made a move to climb down the side of the plow, he said: “Better stay and go back with us! We shall start back in a few minutes.”

But we unanimously and firmly declined. We clambered down to the ground from the plow deck, and bade our host and his joyous associates good morning. We made our way to a stalled train farther back in the shed, and remained there until late that evening. A gale was blowing so hard that the snow drifted rapidly back on the track behind the plow and the eleven locomotives, burying the rails between them and the station so deeply that the train could only back down a short distance, and a force of several hundred men had to be sent to clear the passage with shovels and picks before the stalled passenger trains in the shed could move.

Incidentally, and as a fitting accompaniment, we learned that the train which we had favored with our presence was out of food. All that could be found was the remains of the “butcher's” stock of peanuts, which was the only thing we had to eat until long past midnight. But 270 we charged this up to the experience account, just as we did the affair on the deck of the snowplow.

Afterwards we learned that the experience which we had undergone was the usual thing when unsuspecting tenderfeet were so rash as to express a wish to ride on the snowplow when in full action, and that we had a countless number of predecessors in the experience, not all of whom had taken it so good-naturedly.

Next morning the thermometer marked 17 degrees below zero. And it registered that point every day for a week. I thought I had seen cold weather in the Northern New Jersey town where I spent much of my boyhood. I thought it had been somewhat frigid in the lake region of Central New York, where I had earned a few pennies carrying a newspaper route at midnight (overcoatless) through thigh-deep snow in midwinter. I had seen the thermometer reach a rather low stage when the winds from Lake Ontario swept in full force upon the Flower (Flour?) City, about 3 a. m. I had even supposed that I had undergone some rather frigid experiences in New York City and in Brooklyn, while making my way home on foot between three and four in the morning from my employment in a daily newspaper office in the metropolis. But all that experience of low temperatures faded into insignificance by comparison with that of the summit of the Sierra Nevada in midwinter! Seventeen degrees below zero, and snow twenty to thirty feet deep! And that in "Sunny California!"

Three or four days after this snowplow educational experience, the tracks having been cleared and traffic resumed, I took a sleeper for "the Bay." as they used to call San Francisco. Leaving Truckee at 10:30 in the evening, with its twenty feet of snow, its ice palace, the snow tunnel, and all the concomitants of a mountain midwinter, I woke shortly after sunrise, snapped up the curtain in my berth, and looked out upon-- *the dark-green foliage of orange trees, fruited deep with golden globes, the snow-white 271 clusters of blossoms affording a beautiful contrast to the Apples of the Hesperides with which they mingled.*

What kind of climate do you prefer?

We have it in California. Come and see for yourself. *He who runs may easily read the "moral" to this chapter. It is: Try anything once, but do not be caught a second time! Note.--The accompanying photograph of an old-fashioned snowplow varies in some respects from the one upon which the ride was taken, but it is the only one that was obtainable after long and diligent search.*

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## CHAPTER XXX

*The “Ghostly Vision” of a Person Two Thousand Miles Distant Seen in an Isolated Desert Oasis-Recognized by a Photograph.*

THIS is a ghost story!

Of a kind!

Not the kind where the wraith of some murdered person or of one done to death in horrible and painful fashion haunts the scene of the crime or accident or other fatality of which he or she was the victim.

Not the kind that thrills and frightens and makes you jump at the least sound or unusual appearance as the tale is being unfolded, and that gives you bad dreams or sleepless nights.

It is not about that kind of a ghost. For there are ghosts and ghosts, be it known!

If you are expecting that kind of a story, then you may as well pass this up at the outset and go no further.

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of a phenomenal happening in the experience of the writer--a broad daylight happening, one of those infrequent occurrences that lead us to the boundary of the “unknown world” and give us a fleeting glimpse of the actualities and possibilities of that domain, so tantalizingly just within, but always just beyond, our grasp.

In the popular conception, a ghost presupposes and must necessarily be anticipated by the decease of the human being of which it is the unreal counterpart. But in this case the ghost, or whatever it may be denominated, was the exact image or representation of some one who was very much alive, and incidentally was over two thousand miles distant from the scene of its appearance! And the person 273 who saw it had no acquaintance with the original except through a photograph subsequently seen, as will be explained. Yet the circumstances were such as to admit of no manner of doubt of the genuineness of the vision.

Here are the facts--the reader may judge for himself:

The scene was an oasis on the border of the Colorado Desert in California, known as Palm Springs. It would be difficult to imagine a lovelier, more picturesque, and altogether attractive spot. Close to the base of the peak of San Jacinto, with its rugged snow-capped summit towering aloft some two miles into the azure, there is a wonderful mineral spring. The abundant discharge from it, in conjunction with the sometime milky flow of the well-named Whitewater River, rising in the sister San Bernardino range, has enabled the production and maintenance of beautiful and fruitful groves of orange, fig, apricot, peach, palm and other trees, great vineyards, alfalfa fields, and vegetable growth of a wide range.

The pure, dry air of the desert, the health-giving waters, the grandeur of the scenery, the prevalence of breezes that literally "bring healing on their wings," have made this oasis a favorite resort ever since white men first came to the country, while its popularity among the aborigines dates back to a time when neither the memory nor the legends of man run to the contrary.

Over half a century ago a Scotch gentleman and scholar, Dr. Wellwood Murray, decided, after careful examination and study, that this favored spot, peopled then only by Indians, possessed in high degree those qualifications and essentials for which he was seeking in the hope of relieving and perhaps curing the tubercular ailment which threatened to bring his life to an untimely end, This is not an account of his experience in this oasis and in this direction, and it will suffice to say that his judgment proved to be no chimerical hope, and he lived to an age well beyond the Biblical average and far past the time which has been fixed by experienced physicians as his 274 ultimate "expectation" beyond any pathological doubt!

At the time of the occurrence about to be related, the writer was employed as Sunday Magazine editor of a San Francisco newspaper. He had passed several years in Southern California, at the time he himself had been enrolled in the ranks of the One-Lunged Brigade, or rather army. Because of the undoubted cure that had been effected from the constant inhalation of the desiccating, health-giving desert air, as well as because of the attractive mountain, hill, and valley scenery, that region



had always exercised a wonderfully alluring influence, and he never lost an opportunity to return thither for vacation journeyings.

It was such an occasion that had led him thither at the time of the “ghostly” experience about to be related. In pursuance of a hearty and cordial invitation from the good doctor, we (my wife and I) left San Francisco one morning and arrived at the Springs about ten o'clock on the night of the following day. Our host's equipment included a moderate-sized stone building used as headquarters, while scattered about the extensive grounds, which were thickly covered with orange, lemon, fig, and other trees, were a number of small and comfortable cottages for the accommodation of guests, invalids for the greater part, if not entirely. The grouping of sufferers from tubercular ailments under the same roof was contrary to his ideas of desirable sanitation and hygiene, and not at all conducive to the welfare of those so suffering. Hence the main building was restricted in size, the guests being accommodated elsewhere, as stated.

We were assigned to a cottage, and enjoyed a splendid night's rest, all the surroundings contributing thereto in the highest degree. So far as the writer was concerned, the mere fact of being at Palm Springs was sufficient to bring about a state of mind that induced forgetfulness and sound slumber.

I arose before the sun came up over the rim of the desert 275 beyond the lower-than-sea-level Salton Basin, and at once went out to inspect the surroundings. It had been several years since I had last been there, and many changes had taken place. After walking about awhile and visiting the Indian village close by, I returned to the cottage and sat down on the porch, which faced directly west toward the San Jacinto peak. An orange grove stretched in every direction. At a distance of perhaps a couple of hundred feet directly opposite was another cottage, which fronted my own, the porch filling the space between two rows of trees and being thus in full view. The sun, which was now some little distance above the horizon, shone directly on the house, and brought out every detail and every nook and corner with the utmost clearness.

As I sat there, enjoying the fresh, aromatic coolness of the morning desert air, the singing of the many birds that fluttered among the trees, and the odor of the blossoms on every hand, the door of

the cottage among the trees opened, and a young man of about twenty years came out in his shirt sleeves. He moved briskly, whistled a popular air, arranged the easy chairs and the hammock on the porch, lighted his pipe, and in his every appearance and movement demonstrated the enjoyment of extreme good health.

I said to myself: "Well, young man, *you* are surely not an invalid. You are not here for *your* health, that is plain."

After a short time an old man came from the house onto the porch, moving slowly and somewhat uncertainly. The younger one at once jumped up, took him by the arm, arranged an easy chair with cushions, and hovered over him until he was comfortably seated.

"It is easy to understand that pair," I thought. "It is an invalid father and a most attentive son." This turned out to be the case.

After awhile, however, a middle-aged lady came out and joined the couple. They chatted awhile, and finally she and the elderly man arose and started down a walk 276 which came directly toward the cottage where I was sitting, and there joined another leading at right angles toward the hotel. The lady was most attentive to her companion--took his arm in hers, chatted with him in a lively manner, and seemed most solicitous for his comfort and well-being. She wore no head covering; her hair, which was quite gray, was arranged in the pompadour fashion of that period, and she was clad in a simple morning wrapper the cut and pattern of which became plainly evident as the couple drew nearer. Of course I did not stare directly at them, but the sun was shining point-blank into their faces, and I had an opportunity, without attracting attention or seeming unduly inquisitive, to see both as plainly and clearly as could be possible, and the lineaments of both were imprinted upon my memory beyond any possibility of mistake.

As they came closer they passed from beneath the protecting shade of the orange trees, and the lady lifted a fan to protect her face from the sun's rays, but not until after I had had abundant opportunity to familiarize myself with her features and general appearance. In an isolated locality such as this, one naturally takes what elsewhere perhaps might be called a more or less undue interest in his

neighbors. But, as any one knows who has ever found himself projected into an aggregation of real or supposed invalids, especially if he may have been one himself not so long before, it is impossible to avoid some feeling of curiosity with regard to his fellow sojourners, and to study the possible problems that are presented. Indeed, those questions furnish the principal topic for thought and conversation among the habitues of any resort, whatever its nature. Hence my own interest in, and observation of, the occupants of the other cottage.

As the devoted-appearing couple drew near, I intended wishing them a good morning, but when they were 20 or 25 feet distant, they turned and retraced their steps to their cottage. There was nothing mystifying or unusual in <sup>277</sup> their appearance. They were simply an attentive wife and an invalid husband taking a short morning stroll in the full light of the lately risen morning sun, and acting as it was perfectly natural such a couple should act. When I went into my own cottage, I told my wife that an elderly husband and wife and their son were our nearest neighbors, and that the former was manifestly an invalid.

Soon the breakfast bell rang, and we went to the dining-room in the main building. We were given a seat that commanded the entrance. In a few moments the old gentleman and the youth came in, and I called my wife's attention to them, saying: "That is the invalid and his son. The lady will be in directly." *But no wife appeared!*

Then I concluded that I was mistaken and that she was the invalid, although she had not looked like one, and that she had remained in the cottage; or that perhaps she was a nurse and did not sit at table with them, though it was not customary to draw such lines in those days. I saw no more of the lady, and she did not appear either at the noon or evening meal or next morning at breakfast. In fact, I never saw her again throughout our stay of a week. This only confirmed me in my idea that she was the invalid and that doubtless her meals were served in the cottage.

During the day a plan was formed to pay a visit to the wonderiully picturesque and absolutely unique Palm Canyon grove of indigenous trees some miles distant in the foothills of the San Jacinto range. The following morning was set for the trip. When the vehicles were brought up for the

excursionists, a surrey was allotted to me, and I was asked to drive it, there being a shortage of help for such duties. In the meantime we had been introduced to Mr. Carter of Minneapolis, and his son, the occupants of the cottage facing our own. But we had seen or heard nothing of any Mrs. Carter. In distributing the passengers, the elder Carter fell to me, my wife being the only other occupant of the carriage besides myself.

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Our companion was plainly enough a sick man, and before many minutes we learned that he was also homesick to the utmost. He commenced immediately to talk about his home and his family; told us about his wife and two daughters and the son who was with him. His physician had ordered him to come to California for the winter, and he had obeyed the orders, though loath to leave any of his family. In fact, he said that he had never before in his life been separated from his wife even briefly. It had been thought best, however, for him to be accompanied only by his son, as complete rest was one of the objects of the journey. The result was that he was homesick and unhappy beyond expression.

Nothing on our trip interested him, though there were many novel sights. We both sympathized with the poor old man, and encouraged him to talk as freely as he wished, finding that it afforded him pleasure to tell of his personal affairs. He said that he had some photographs at his cottage depicting his home and family in Minneapolis, and promised to show them to us when we returned in the afternoon.

After supper that evening some of the guests gathered on the porch of our cottage and were chatting when Mr. Carter came over with several large-sized photographs in his hand. He handed them one by one to my wife, explaining them.

“This is my home,” he said. “This is my carriage and team and dog. This is a family group on the porch--my wife, my daughters, my son, and myself.”

I looked at the third picture, and was speechless. I could scarcely credit my own eyes. I took it in my hand and studied it. There could be no possible doubt. *The picture of the wife was that of the lady I had seen the day before, walking with Mr. Carter and trying to cheer him up!*

There was no question--it was a "speaking" likeness! In its every detail it was the same. The features were 279 those I had studied, the hair was done up in the same fashion, and the gown was identical with the one I had seen--the same pattern and style. *It was she!*

I was thunderstruck, and for awhile could say nothing. At once the fear arose in my mind that his wife must have passed away and that he had not yet received the news of it. So, after commenting on the beautiful home and the attractive family group, I asked as casually as possible if he had heard from there recently. Oh, yes, every few days a letter was received. One was due, in fact, that very evening. It came, as expected, and Mr. Carter told us of it, as we had taken such a sympathetic interest in his homesick condition. There was nothing contained therein to suggest that affairs in Minneapolis were in anything but their normal condition.

I said nothing more, but as soon as possible told my wife of the identification. She thought I must have been mistaken, so I casually spoke to the landlady about the Carters. Yes, the father and son had been there several weeks. Did he have a nurse or any one to look after the invalid? No, they occupied the cottage alone, and the work was done by one of the Indian servants. I remarked that my wife and I had an idea we had noticed an elderly lady about the place, and described the one I had seen, but the landlady said this was impossible. No one at all resembling such a woman was at the Springs. I also took notice of the fact that none of the other guests had the slightest resemblance to the one that I had seen that morning and whom I had recognized in the photograph.

A few days later Mr. Carter received another letter from home, which he showed to us, saying that all were well and were awaiting his return with longings. The date of this missive was subsequent to the vision which I had seen. So the possibility that there had been a death prior to that event was proved unfounded.

Then I took the good Doctor and his spouse into my confidence, and told them of my experience the morning 280 after our arrival. Being Scotch, such things as “second sight” and apparitions were not matters for skepticism with them, and they felt with me that I had indeed seen the counterpart of Mrs. Carter in the company of her husband, but like myself, they also had the idea that a vision of that kind necessarily was proof of the previous passing of the person seen.

Again while we were at the Springs a letter of good cheer came from Mrs. Carter, and I then abandoned the idea that there was any possibility of her having passed away. We left Palm Springs and remained in Los Angeles for a week or so. On the morning of our departure for home we encountered the Carters at the station. They, too, were homeward bound, and the old gentleman was happy and content in the prospect. In the course of our chat I asked whether they had heard from home recently. “Just received a letter from my wife this morning, written last week Sunday,” said Mr. Carter. The date was several days subsequent to my vision.

“Everybody all well, I hope,” I said.

“Oh, yes, well and happy, because they know I am coming home much improved in health from last fall.”

So we bade them farewell, after exchanging addresses. I also gave them a set of snapshots of scenes at the Springs which I had taken with my invariable companion, a Kodak, and which I had just had developed and printed. They were glad to get them, as they had not been able to secure any at the oasis.

I was greatly puzzled over the affair, for there was no manner of doubt in my mind--indeed, there could be none--that the lady whom I had seen with Mr. Carter in the bright morning sun was the same one shown in the photograph as his wife. At the first opportunity I brought the subject up with a friend in San Francisco who had made a study of such occurrences. I was told that I was mistaken in my idea that death was a necessary precursor of such visions, and that if I were in a position to ascertain 281

Scenes at Palm Springs, on the Colorado Desert. Taken in 1887. At extreme left in rear is Chief Cabezon, then some 120 years old

the facts, it would undoubtedly develop that at the very time I saw, or thought I saw, Mr. Carter and his wife, she was sunk in deepest slumber and was having a most vivid dream of being in company with her husband under exactly the circumstances described.

I was advised to read Camille Flammarion's book, "The Unknown World," as it contained several instances of the same kind of vision. I did this, and then determined to write to Mr. Carter, expressing the hope that they had arrived safely at home and found his family all in good health. I also mentioned the photographs, and said I hoped they had proved interesting to the wife and daughters.

A reply came from the younger Mr. Carter in which he said that the journey across the continent and the home-coming had been without incident; that the welcome from the "folks at home" had been a warm one, and that his father was in better health than he had been for years. They all felt grateful to Palm Springs for the influence upon his condition.

"But," he said in addition, "there was a rather queer incident in connection with those views you gave us of the Springs. I was showing them to my mother, when she singled out one and said: "Why, how strange this is! It seems to me as though I had seen this place before. It is very familiar to me. What is it?"

"That is the cottage that father and I occupied in the orange grove that I told you about," I said.

"She puzzled over it for some time, saying: 'It just seems as if I had seen that place somewhere.' We laughed at her and then dismissed the affair by one of us saying: 'Well, mother, I guess you must have dreamed it.'

*"Yes, I think I must have! But it really does seem as though I had sat on that porch with father and you, and had walked out under those trees! Which way did the cottage face?"*

“‘To the east,’ was replied.

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“‘I knew it. For in the dream that I suppose I must have had, I seem to remember walking with your father between two rows of trees facing the east, for the rising sun shone directly in my face and I used a palm-leaf fan to shield my eyes from its rays.’”

Exactly as I had seen her!

Subsequent correspondence only confirmed this impression. While, like many dreams, this one had not received any special attention at the time, close study of the photographs served to bring the recollection still more strongly to memory. And when told of my recognition of her in the photograph of the home and family group, the belief was still further confirmed that the dream had been an actuality, and that in some strangely mysterious manner a perfect delineation of her personality had been projected and was seen by a stranger at a distance of two thousand miles!

The exact date of the dream could not be fixed with certainty, as it had made no special impression at the time, the anxious wife and mother having dreamed frequently of the dear ones so far away. It was, however, localized by its having occurred between the receipt of a letter from the son in California and the writing of a reply thereto, both events having taken place during my own brief visit to Palm Springs. No doubt was left in my own mind that the dream and the vision were synchronous. *There is your “ghost story!” Take it or leave it? Explain it as you will. To me the explanation is perfectly simple--in the light of Flammarion's observations.*

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## CHAPTER XXXI

*The Undoubtedly Correct Account of the Fate of Ambrose Bierce, as Learned by the Author--  
Discovery of a Missing French Nobleman*



ONE of those mysteries with which the history of our own Far West, as also of Mexico, is replete, was the ultimate fate of Ambrose Bierce, the well-known Pacific Coast writer. Many a man has gone from some portion of this or another country to Mexico and has there dropped from sight and never more been heard of, either intentionally or, as in the case of Bierce, not intending to “lose himself” to the world.

For example, there was the well-known Count René de Cornély, of Paris and San Francisco, referred to later in this chapter.

There was the West Point graduate and popular army officer who likewise disappeared and still is mourned by his family and friends, yet who occupies a lonely grave in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, having passed away in the home of a relative of the writer, bequeathing the mystery of his identity to the one who had given him his last shelter and sustainment, after pledging him never to reveal it.

There were the two alleged participants in the so-called “Haymarket Massacre” in Chicago, who escaped, fled to Mexico, and there lived quietly, peaceably, and with identity unknown and unsuspected until death claimed them. With one the author was acquainted in a business way.

By purest accident the facts in the first two instances became known to the writer, while that of Bierce is the third and is of surpassing interest.

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Ambrose Bierce was a native of Ohio. He gained the rank of major in the volunteer service of the Civil War, and made his name of widespread fame by the authorship of “Cobwebs from an Empty Skull,” “The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter,” “Black Beetles in Amber,” and other weird and interesting works of the type adopted by Edgar Allen Poe, as well as by his contributions for a long series of years to a variety of prominent publications.

In the latter portion of 1913, when the movement against Huerta, the assassin of the idealist Madero, was gaining steady momentum until it finally swept him from his bloodstained seat, Bierce

arrived in El Paso from California, and remained for a while, associating himself with newspaper correspondents from all portions of the country at one of the prominent hotels of the city, which was their favorite gathering place and source for news from across the river. Bierce had been a soldier during the Civil War, as stated, and through all his life had used his virile not to say vitriolic pen in behalf of the cause of human liberty as he saw it. The under dog was ever a favorite with him, and he contended with pen and paper in defense of human rights with all the strength that was in him.

When the opposition to Huerta was daily gaining strength, he decided to engage in the actual contest, just as he had so far been taking part in the literary branch thereof. With that object, he went to El Paso, the nearest point where he could get into personal touch with the revolutionary leaders. After several days passed in making acquaintances and gathering information, he announced his intention to cross over into Mexico, to seek out Pancho Villa, who had but recently executed the *coup* that gave him possession of the city of Juarez, and to tender his personal services as one possessed of a certain amount of military knowledge and experience that might be of use.

Those with whom he conversed in El Paso afterwards declared that he had said he intended going into Mexico to offer his services, and hoped that he might give his life in defense of the liberties of that country. If refused, and in default of any opportunity to carry out his wishes, he intended to “crawl into some quiet, out-of-the-way hole in the mountains, where he could live his few remaining days in peace and then pass away in due season.” It was plain to those whom he met that he was tired of living. His life had brought bereavement and bitter disappointment, as had been the case with his compeer, Mark Twain. Some of those who understood the mood of a man whose years had been productive of little enough pleasure and satisfaction, sympathized with him in their hearts to the fullest extent.

After a brief sojourn in El Paso, he crossed the Rio Grande one day, and from that moment dropped out of sight. Nothing further was ever heard of him with certainty, and all that is known or surmised of his fate is written here. He did not communicate with any of his old or new acquaintances, and

for a long time his fate was a mystery and all attempts to solve it proved unavailing--except for the narrative about to be related.

A party of American newspaper correspondents, among them the writer, who had been detailed by their papers to accompany Villa in his progress southward through Chihuahua from Juarez, returned to El Paso from the capital city of the same name during a period of military inactivity, in order to recuperate to some extent from the hardships of the campaign. They were occupying a "side-door Pullman" with the Mexican military trains--in other words, a plain, ordinary, everyday box car, which they had equipped with bunks, tables, a cookstove, etc., including a Chinese cook, and in which they could live after a fashion while in active campaign. But they lost no opportunity to enjoy a recess from such "comforts," and as noted, on one occasion they returned to El Paso for a few days' stay among modern improvements provided for transients.

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When they encountered several newspaper acquaintances in the city named, one of the first questions asked of them was as to whether they had seen anything of Ambrose Bierce. The details of his arrival at El Paso and his departure for Mexico were recited, together with his expressed determination as quoted in the foregoing.

None of the campaign correspondents had at that time even heard of Bierce's arrival at the border or of his purpose in coming there. Their interest was at once aroused, especially that of the writer, who was a Californian like he was, had been employed in newspaper work there, and knew and admired him. Of one thing they were certain, however, and that was that Bierce could not have joined Villa's personal forces, since they themselves were at all times in contact and daily touch with the leader and his headquarters staff, while every one of the few foreigners in any manner connected therewith was well known to them.

Nevertheless, on their return to the front they made constant and careful inquiry, but were unable to learn anything whatever regarding the missing man or any one who resembled him.

Following their El Paso visit came at length the three weeks of continued and desperate fighting attendant upon the capture of the cities of Gomez Palacio and Torreon. On the afternoon of the day subsequent to the fall of the latter place, one of Villa's officers, a colored man who had been a restaurant keeper in that city, visited the correspondents' car for the express purpose of reporting to them that during the severe fighting of the previous day an American whom he believed to be a newspaper correspondent had been killed in a remote and advanced portion of one of the dry irrigating canals that served most effectively as trenches for the besiegers.

As none of the party of seven or eight correspondents occupying the car was missing, the thoughts of all at once turned toward Bierce, and the idea was advanced that perhaps he had attached himself to the corps of some of the 287 other generals in Villa's command, there being seven all told, and had thus remained aloof from the latter's headquarters and hence out of the ken of the other Americans. The officer was closely questioned as to the appearance of the dead American, but his description did not correspond to that of the missing man, although it was somewhat vague in some respects, as he reported that the corpse was in such a condition when he saw it that an accurate delineation was difficult. However, the locality was indicated with sufficient definiteness, and on the following morning at an early hour a party of correspondents with a guide set out to investigate.

They located the spot indicated by their informant, but to their disappointment found that the dead had all been gathered in a pile, as was customary. Combustibles saturated with oil had been placed over and about them, and they were reduced to unrecognizable masses having little enough resemblance to humanity.

For awhile it was thought that perhaps the missing man might have escaped in some manner and joined the party of American newspaper men who had been Pullmaned, wined, dined, "jollied" (and then jailed and deported) by Huerta: But subsequent inquiry proved there was no foundation for the idea.

For a long period the writer left no possible clue uninvestigated or in doubt, but made every inquiry and pursued every rumor that might by any chance cast any light upon the mystery, but all to no avail.

Five years passed, and the fate of Ambrose Bierce still remained unsolved. Then the writer, after some interesting service with the Committee on Public Information established by the American Government in Mexico during the European war, found himself, after the signing of the Armistice, engaged in the publication of a magazine in Mexico City. Associated with him was a bright young man from Durango--Don Edmundo Melero--who had been educated in Philadelphia institutions of learning. He spoke and wrote English to perfection, and had a good knowledge of newspaper work. While I knew that Melero had taken a part in the revolutionary activities, a due regard for certain conventionalities in such matters had prevented any close inquiry into that experience, since he was conceded to be the best judge as to how much of those activities it might be advisable to disclose.

But in the course of conversation one day, Don Edmundo chanced to mention the fact that he had been an officer in one of Villa's corps during the early portion of the revolution. He had held this position in 1913-14, and when carrying dispatches from his immediate chief to Villa's headquarters had seen the writer there and remembered him very well indeed, a recollection which was not returned in any manner whatever. At once the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce came to mind.

"If you were in one of Villa's corps in the latter part of 1913 or early in 1914, I wonder if by any possibility you ever ran across or heard anything of an American newspaper man and author named Ambrose Bierce, who was supposed to have been with the Constitutionalist forces about the time you mention. He has been missing ever since that time and I have tried in every possible way to learn something of his fate. I have sought in every direction, but have never even found any one who knew him at the time he was in Mexico."

"*Ambrose Bierce!* Did I know him? I rather think I did!. Why, we were good friends--the best of friends We used to talk together by the hour. He could speak no Spanish, and I was the only one

there who spoke any English, and so we became fast friends. He was never weary of asking me questions about Mexico and the revolution, and I was never tired of giving him information and talking with him on all sorts of subjects. I never met a man whom I liked better.”

“Did you ever know what became of him finally? His friends have never heard a word from him or about him 289 since he left El Paso, and they are afraid he must have lost his life.”

“No, I never knew what became of him. Not long after that I left the army and went elsewhere. But he was there when I left.”

Melero identified Bierce's photograph, which I carried and exhibited everywhere that there was any possibility of finding some one who might recognize it. Indeed, there could have been no possible doubt as to the accuracy of his recollection and of his acquaintance with the missing author. The mere fact of his knowledge of the identity and presence of Bierce in Mexico was sufficient.

He promised, if possible, to obtain information from any of his former acquaintances of that period regarding the missing man--indeed, to make an especial effort in that direction. The affair remained in this situation for several months. Then Don Edmundo came into the office one day in a state of considerable excitement.

“I can tell you now what became of Ambrose Bierce,” he announced. “Last evening I met on the streets an old acquaintance of mine who had been a sergeant in General Tomas Urbina's forces, one of Villa's corps commanders. He said he was hard up and hungry, and I took him into a cantina and bought food and drink for him. I asked him if he recollected ever having seen Ambrose Bierce when I was in the same army. I told him when I had known him, also that he had disappeared and that his friends, including yourself, were searching for news of him. He did not recollect any such man--indeed, he could scarcely be expected to. But after thinking for awhile, and after I had described Bierce carefully and fully, he said that he might have known him; that he was present when an American had been executed by Urbina, and that his recollection of the man corresponded to my description of Bierce. There could scarcely be any mistake, for the snow-white hair and

mustache, and the strongly marked face and commanding presence of the 290 man, were as clear in the sergeant's recollection as in mine.

“The sergeant said that General Urbina was making a forced march to head off or defeat a body of Constitutionalists who were then at Icamole, a small place between Monterrey and Saltillo, prominent cities in the States of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila, and the respective capitals thereof. While on the march they encountered a pack train of mules carrying cases of ammunition and arms whose destination was the place named, and which were being hurried thither for the use of Villa's opponents. All the men with the pack train succeeded in escaping except one unarmed Mexican and one American--also unarmed, and whose description exactly corresponded to that of Bierce.

“They were taken before General Urbina and questioned. The Mexican admitted his identity and explained his presence with the pack train as merely an employe in care of the mules, and not as a soldier. The American, however, did not understand anything that was said to him, and only shook his head when addressed. None of Urbina's men could speak English, so no communication was possible. The General promptly ordered both men to be shot, their presence with an enemy ammunition train being regarded as ample warrant for such summary proceeding. Without delay they were placed in front of a firing squad. The Mexican fell on his knees and extended his arms, beseeching the executioners first for his own life and then for the sake of his family, if for no other reason. When he saw this was fruitless, he begged them not to mar his face with their bullets. The American also for some reason assumed a kneeling position and also extended or raised his arms, but said nothing. Both he and his companion were ordered to stand up, but neither did so, whereupon the order to fire was given and both fell dead. Their eyes had not been bandaged. and they looked directly into the muzzles of the rifles that ended their lives. A shallow hole was dug by the side of the road, the bodies 291 were dumped into it, and Urbina resumed his march with his troops.”

Melero afterwards brought the sergeant to see the writer. and he repeated the account already given. He also fully identified the photograph of Bierce which was shown him as that of the American whom he had seen so summarily executed.

And this was undoubtedly the fate of Ambrose Bierce--exactly the fate he had expressed a desire to meet. And as this is the only account of any kind that diligent and long-continued search has revealed, it may safely be taken as an accurate statement of his end.

Urbina fell out with Villa not long after this execution, and was himself killed by "Matador" (Butcher) Fierro, the more or less private executioner for the bandit leader, and the same person who killed the Englishman Benton. Also the same "Butcher" who deliberately discharged and reloaded his heavy automatic Colt six times in succession, each of the fifty-four bullets finding its billet in the heads of fifty-four out of some two hundred captured "Colorados," or turncoats from the Madero forces, who had been taken before Villa for sentence and execution--the invariable fate of all of their kidney when taken prisoner.

Fierro had asked permission to try his new weapon on the prisoners, and it was granted by the commander. After killing fifty-four of them, he said: "It shoots very well, my General, does it not?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Very good--then let some one else shoot the rest of these goats ( *cabrones* ), as I am tired!" And they were thereupon shot in due form. Fierro himself met a violent death some time later, being drowned by the weight of stolen gold that he carried in a belt about his body underneath his clothing. Villa also at a much later date was shot to death by relatives of some of those whom he had murdered with little or no cause. The only wonder on the part of those who knew him was that he had not met such a fate long before. Those were indeed 292 times of "battle, murder. and sudden death," to repletion, as the writer had personal experience thereof to nausea.

N. B.--One thing may be regarded as certain, however, and that is, that the recently published account of the assassination of Bierce at Villa's command was an *impossibility*. *Nothing of the kind could have taken place, nor could Bierce have been with Villa's headquarters at any time without the correspondents having been aware of it.* That was an absolute impossibility. We had sources of information among the Villistas from which we would have learned of any such event as an assassination or violent death of any foreigner, had it really occurred. Besides, Villa had his killings



done openly and not in the manner described. And no man like Bierce could by any possibility either have been with Villa himself or have dropped out of sight without our immediate knowledge.

I was never an admirer of, or apologist for, the super-bandit, but believe in “giving the devil his due.” When he wanted to kill a man or have him killed, he did it to his face, and not in the manner described in a recently published account of Bierce's alleged assassination at midnight by Villa's order.

Later.--A still later version published in a New York paper in May, 1928, gives a fanciful account of Bierce's alleged death and burial on a charge of being a spy. This account concludes with the statement that a report giving the full details was filed with General Carranza and also with Consular Representative John R. Silliman of the United States, who was detailed to accompany the Constitutionalist leader. It is remarkable that the private secretaries of both of these gentlemen disclaim most positively any recollection of such reports, and that although the author was in their (Carranza's and Silliman's) company during the entire period covered, was on the most intimate terms with them, and was known to be seeking information regarding Bierce, nothing was ever communicated to 293 him as to any such report, as would assuredly have been the case had it ever been made. *Count René de Cornély's Mysterious Disappearance and His Discovery by the Author in a Village in Mexico.*

In the early nineties there came to San Francisco the Count René de Cornély of Paris, with his beautiful and accomplished wife. They were so charmed with the place and with the warm welcome accorded them, that they decided to make their home there, and soon acquired a wide circle of friends. When the Midwinter Fair was projected and carried to successful completion in 1893-94, the count was placed in charge of the artistic features thereof, and won both fame and popularity for the beautiful effects produced under his charge. Their acquaintanceship widened among the leading circles of the city, and no social gathering was considered complete without them.

Time passed, and there was no waning of the popularity of the count or of his wife. Then suddenly he disappeared, without apparent reason and in a manner that was never disclosed. The most careful

inquiry and persistent search failed to discover the slightest cause for the disappearance, and in due time his name was added to the long list of such puzzling problems which were and still are not uncommon on the Coast. It was the general opinion of his friends that he had met death in some obscure manner, probably at the hands of a highwayman.

Over fifteen years later the author was journeying on muleback with two companions in a remote portion of the State of Nayarit, on the west coast of Mexico. Coming to a village too small to maintain a hotel, accommodation was found at a *meson* --the place of entertainment for man and beast peculiar to the country. The proprietor, to our surprise, spoke English fluently and in a polished manner, giving evidence of education and culture. He was white-haired, with carelessly trimmed long white beard and mustache, and was clothed in the commonest kind of 294 cotton garments worn by natives of the lower class--but immaculately clean. After welcoming us and seeing that our wants were attended to, including the ordering and preparation of a good dinner, he seated himself where he could overlook the serving of the meal, and then engaged in conversation. Strangers were few in that region, it appeared, and were correspondingly welcomed by him. He was most desirous for news of the outside world.

During the conversation I mentioned that I had lived many years in California, whereupon the host began asking questions.

Had I ever been in San Francisco? I had. What had been my business or occupation there, if he might ask? I was a newspaper man. Did I know anything about the *Chronicle*, the leading paper of the city? I most certainly did, as I had been employed thereon many years. Did I know the proprietor, Mr. De Young? Assuredly I did. Had I been in San Francisco during the Midwinter Fair-- 1893-94? I had. Did I know many of Mr. De Young's intimates? Yes, I knew many by sight, and some personally. Did I remember the gentleman who had charge of the artistic features of that event--the Fair? (I had been asked to take charge of the horticultural display.) Yes; if I remembered rightly he was a French gentleman, a Count René de Cornély, who had been a great friend of Mr. De Young, and had for a time been very popular with society, but who had suddenly dropped out of sight and was believed by many to have been mysteriously killed. Did I know him personally--

this Count René de Cornély? No, not personally, but had seen him frequently with Mr. De Young, and knew him well by sight, as he was of striking personality and commanded attention wherever he went. Indeed, one could not readily forget him.

Then came this, quick and sharp, as the old gentleman in the humble garments arose and stood before me so that the light from the window struck full in his face:

“Look at me, sir! Do you know me? Did you ever 295 meet me or see me? You say that you knew Mr. De Young's friend, the Count René de Cornély. Do you, then, not know who I am?

I looked at him long and carefully, and sent my memory back many years. Then:

“No. sir. I do not think that I ever saw you, or at all events not that I can recollect.”

“Do you not know me?” he replied. “Do you not know who I am? Do you not know that I am the Count René de Comély? I -- I --- I am he! I am the Count René de Cornély, Mr. De Young's friend! *I am he!*” And he punctuated each word in the most dramatic manner with a thrust of the forefinger in his chest, while his voice sounded loud and shrill with excitement.

I was filled with amazement at the staggering *dénouement*. Then it all came back to me--his great popularity and wide acquaintance, and then his sudden and unexplained disappearance. And it had remained for me to find him away off in this remote little Indian village, living the crudest, simplest sort of life amid the crudest and simplest surroundings. From the smart, handsome, well-dressed, courteous man of society and of affairs, he had come to this--keeping a *meson* in a Mexican village, clad no better than the most poverty-stricken native, and with nothing but his manner and conversation to differentiate him or to hint that he was not what he seemed. No greater contrast could possibly be imagined.

He showed me documents which attested the verity of his claim, leaving no doubt thereof, though his personal appearance and manner of life would never have suggested the truth. One could

not have dreamed that such a complete metamorphosis could have been effected in any man's appearance by the passage of time, even a much longer period than was the actuality.

But the count vouchsafed no explanation of his mysterious disappearance from California, and it need scarcely be said that I did not question him with regard thereto. 296 Such things simply are not done--leastwise in Mexico at all events, where there are so many "lost men," as I learned during my years of residence and travel in that country.

During my residence of upward of fourteen years in Mexico. I compiled a list of more than twenty "lost men" who for one reason or another had sought to bury their identity in some out-of-the-way spot. This, of course, is only a small portion of the total number who have hidden themselves there during the last century. Occasionally one will make a confidant of some foreigner who he believes will respect his secret. This was my own experience. After long seclusion, many seem unable to resist the impulse to confide in some stranger. But the number of those who maintain a rigid silence as to their identity and origin is far and away greater than those who act in an opposite manner. Many a tragedy and many an unsolved mystery is hidden in some out-of-the-way portion of Mexico. *There is only one possible "moral" to this chapter--the hackneyed proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction."*

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## CHAPTER XXXII

*A Thieving Gambler and Intending Murderer Who Met Sudden Death in the Most Unexpected Manner Because of a Freak of Nature. The accompanying account of what was little less than a miraculous escape from death was given me by disinterested persons who were eyewitnesses and occurred not long before my arrival in California. It has never appeared in print, so I have been assured.*

TAKE that, you --- -- -- ----!"

All unsuspected by himself, these were the last words of a man who, "having the drop" to a "dead moral cinch" on another, was in fact standing on the brink of his own grave. In a few brief seconds after their utterance, he was as dead as he had hoped to render the one to whom they were addressed.

They were uttered by "Tin-Horn" Murray, as he jammed the muzzle of a fully loaded "dragoon" Colt into the chest of "Yank" Graves, who was seeking vainly to draw his own gun. With their enunciation he cocked and pulled the trigger of his weapon almost simultaneously, the report of the explosion sounding in muffled fashion through the saloon in which the affair took place.

But instead of falling dead with the 45 round soft-lead bullet through his heart, as he should have done according to all the laws of firearms and ballistics, to say nothing of the usual etiquette of such affairs, Yank remained on his feet, struggling with his own Colt, which was entangled in its scabbard. He finally drew it, and Tin-Horn himself, before he could again cock and fire his disappointingly ineffective gun, received the fate he had intended for his opponent--fell dead to the floor, lifeless before he struck it, with a slug piercing his own vitals.

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Only a few seconds were consumed in this thrilling experience, but assuredly not a single person who witnessed the affair ever dreamed of the final outcome, and not one ever forgot it or could forget it, even let it become dim by the passage of years.

In all the annals of gun-fighting on the frontier, this one, which has never been told in print until now, stands out as unique among the oddities and idiosyncrasies of personal contests and the unaccountable freaks that are sometimes displayed by firearms.

The scene of this thrilling and scarcely less than miraculous affair was a frontier army post in the far Southwest in (locally) pre-newspaper days. The occurrence took place in a saloon maintained on the outskirts of the settlement for the express though unavowed purpose of separating soldiers from their pay as soon as possible after they received it. The manner of such separation troubled the

beneficiaries not one whit. Some thieves there were at such places and at such times who elected to "take a chance," and to risk their own lives like "honorable men" by holding up the paymaster's ambulance or the stagecoach on its way from the nearest railroad point.

Others there were without the "guts" of the highwayman who preferred to trust to the lightness of their fingers, their expertness in the dishonest manipulation of the cards, coupled with the inebriated condition of their victims, usually brought about with deliberate intention by themselves, in order to gain the coveted money without incurring any serious personal risk.

Sometimes the latter gentry--"tin-horn gamblers" as they were known--tried their tricks just once too often, and were rewarded with a shallow hole in the desert sands, a blanket for shroud and coffin, and, with their boots on, took the long trail for the Land of Nowhere. This is the true story of one of that ilk.

Of this class was one Bill Murray, well known along the frontier as one of the shining lights of the "tin-horn 299 fraternity, with many notches on his gun, not one of which, however, had been the outcome of a fairly fought encounter. On the occasion about to be described, and which put a sudden end to a career that had already lasted far too long, he had attached himself to a soldier who had a short time previously taken his turn at the paymaster's window, and had followed it up with the usual promptness displayed under such circumstances by imbibing various and sundry draughts of "red likker," potent and poisonous to the utmost, prepared for him and his kindred lack-wits by the saloon keepers, gamblers. and their like.

Chuck Warren was the man selected by Tin Horn Murray as his first victim for the occasion, and as it proved, his last one for all time. With the fumes of the deadly "snake poison," with which the gambler had plied him while pretending to indulge equally, mounting to his brain cavity, the soldier fell an easy prey to the proposition to "take a hand at poker," and the twain seated themselves at a table in the crowded barroom.

Murray proceeded to make as short work as possible of his victim, anxious to fleece him completely and then take on some other unshorn sheep with a pocketful of greenbacks and gold. In doing this

he was not content to confine his efforts to crooked work with the cards themselves, but finally, thinking his sneaking action unobserved, went so far as to help himself to a wad of greenbacks that Chuck had thrown carelessly on the table and which he was pushing about and crumpling under his arms while trying to play as well as his maudlin condition would permit.

This was Murray's fatal mistake, In fact, it was really his death warrant.

He had taken no account of a keen-eyed, active “bunkie” or “side-kick” of his victim, one Yank Graves, who had also drawn his pay, had indulged in a couple of drinks, but was perfectly clear-headed and quick-witted, entirely too much so to be caught in the wiles of 300 the throng of “tin-horns.” Murray did not know until too late that the men were even acquainted.

Knowing Tin-Horn's reputation as a card sharp and a crook, which embodied the characteristics of a sneak thief as well as a dishonest gambler, Yank drifted casually in the direction of where his partner was seated, and while not apparently taking more than a passing interest in the game, nevertheless watched it closely. He saw the theft of the greenbacks, and spoke up, addressing his “bunkie”:

“Watch out, Chuck!” he said. “You are losing some of your money!”

Murray looked at Yank. “What the hell business is it of yours?” he demanded truculently. “We're playing poker, and you know damned well no outsider has any call to butt into other men's games. Git to hell out of here and mind your own business!”

“Oh, I know the rules of the game all right!” replied Yank. “You needn't try to teach them to me. But this man is my bunkie, he's half drunk on the rot-gut you've been giving him, and I won't stand quiet and see him robbed.”

“The hell you won't! We'll see about that! I'll teach you not to butt into another man's game, my buttinsky friend!”

At the first words of dispute some of the bystanders pressed closely about the table, while others sought places of safety from the apparently impending fusillade. For some reason, probably fate, Murray did not draw his own gun and did not live long enough to give any explanation for his immediate action, although he was duly heeled as a matter of course. Instead, he grabbed a heavy Colt dragoon from the open top scabbard of a man standing so closely to his right side that the butt rubbed against his hand. As he pulled the weapon, he jumped to his feet, kicked his chair to one side, and thrust the muzzle of the gun against Yank's breast, cocking it as he did so.

But Yank was not idle. He reached for his own 301 weapon. He also was wearing it in an open scabbard with a buckskin thong over the hammer, as was then customary, to keep it from falling or being jolted out. This had become entangled in some manner, so that he had difficulty in drawing the gun. As Murray shoved the Colt into his chest, Yank moved back a step or two so that his shoulders were close to the wall. all the time struggling to extricate the weapon, and not removing his eyes from Tin-Horn's face.

As he told the writer afterwards, he knew as well as he had ever known anything in his life that he was about to be killed. He could almost feel the heavy slug tearing through his body, but nevertheless he meant to keep on struggling to his last breath with the entangled hammer and get his weapon out if he possibly could.

Murray continued cursing Yank for a damned meddling outsider, and then, with the words quoted at the outset, pulled the trigger. He, as well as every one else in the room, knew that it was a death shot! Most of all, Yank knew it as well. How could it be otherwise?

*"Bang!"* went the Colt.

To the utter amazement of Murray (doubtlessly so, that is, for he did not live long enough to tell about it), and to the indescribable wonder of the onlookers, and most of all that of Yank himself, the man who had received, apparently enough, a 45-Colt slug full in the chest close to the heart, did not drop as he should have done according to all the laws and customs governing such things, but



remained upright, firm on his feet, his right hand twisting and pulling at the entangled gun on his hip.

Murray was evidently so surprised and dumfounded at the failure of his shot to produce the desired effect of instant death that for an instant he did not appear to collect his wits. For he made no motion.

Then Yank's gun came free!

Before Tin-Horn could cock his Colt or do anything except stare in surprise at the very lively actions of the man whom he could have sworn he had just killed, Yank's gun was out--and spoke. Just once!

The thieving gambler fell to the floor, shot through the heart! He was dead before his body struck the planks.

Two or three of his "tin-horn" friends drew their guns, but Yank waved his weapon in semicircular fashion in their faces.

"Hands off!" he shouted. "This was a fair fight! Murray drew and fired first! You all saw him! But if any of you want some of it, come and get it! He drew on me first after robbing my bunkie!"

The decent men in the saloon rallied about Yank and read the riot act to the galaxy of gamblers, who resented the sudden though merited passing of their companion. They had nothing to say about his theft from the man with whom he was playing, but were loud in their demands for vengeance upon the outsider who had butted into a private game of two others. Such a violation of the unwritten rules governing these matters (and of course it was a direct violation) could only be atoned for by the death of the violator according to their code. But none of them had any especial relish for risking his own skin unless the advantage was on his side. So they were at last overawed, though there was an abundance of threats heard then and afterwards of their determination to "get" Yank sooner or later. They never did, however.

After the excitement had died down, an examination was made of the gun which was still in the dead man's hand. All had heard the sound of the explosion when Murray pulled the trigger, though its muffled nature had been noted by a few, who had supposed it was caused by the muzzle being pressed so tightly against Yank's breast. But the mystery of why the bullet had not taken effect was a puzzling one.

A little investigation disclosed the cause--a good and sufficient one. The muzzle of the weapon was found to be filled with a plug of solidly hardened clay nearly an inch in length and fitting tightly into the rifling of the barrel. When the trigger was pulled, the bullet in the fully loaded cylinder had started on its intended deadly journey, but went only a short distance, when the compressed air and gases between it and the hard clay plug caused the barrel to swell and partially burst, thus preventing the would-be murderer's deadly purpose from being carried out.

The owner of the ruined weapon was asked for an explanation, and after a few minutes' thought and examination of the Colt, gave the undoubted solution. The scabbard was an old one and had been carried for many years, as had the gun. The leather of the end had been completely worn away by long usage, so that at least an inch of the barrel protruded beyond the protection. He had halted at a spring a few days previously and had sat and lain for some time on the bank in order to rest and refresh himself. This bank was composed of adobe clay, as he now recollected, some of which was so moist as to be of a thick, muddy consistency. Plainly enough, the muzzle of the weapon had been thrust into this, which had filled it and then caked and dried, as only adobe can do, becoming solid almost as a rock. The barrel was thus plugged most effectually. and when the trigger was pulled it burst.

Unfortunately for Murray, the owner of the weapon had had no occasion to use it in the interim, nor had he examined it. From all of which simple incident, or combination of incidents, miraculous enough in their sequence and final result, it seemed quite clear that Murray's hour had struck, while the bullet that might be destined to snuff out Yank's life had not yet been molded.

Murray had a pair of loaded Derringers in his waist-coat pockets, fitted specially to accommodate them. These were the favorite weapons of gamblers in those days for quick action, But the Colt of the closely pressing 304 stranger by his side had proved too tempting and too easily secured, and thus Tin-Horn Murray went to his death, which was incurred in a far different manner from the assassinations which he himself had committed at one time and another, for he had never “taken a man's chance” or “given the other man an even break.”

The author may have had ill fortune in his contact with the underworld--unavoidable in newspaper experience--but never has he been acquainted with any of the type which some fiction writers are fond of depicting. An “honest” gambler is an unknown quantity--a mathematical impossibility. For no man can make his livelihood through games of chance solely, since in the long run chance will always “break even,” and the professional gambler will come out exactly where he went in--with an equal amount of capital. If he acquire more, it will have been through crookedness. It is as safe to trust a professional gambler as to trust a rattlesnake. *Moral--Keep your powder and pistol dry, and never sit down in the mud or use another man's gun, of which you know nothing.*

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### CHAPTER XXXIII

*A Daily Paper with a Salary Roll of Two Dollars Weekly --Visiting Editors Entertained in Arizona by a Well-Merited Killing.*

HERE is a reminiscence that one could scarcely hope to have believed were it not within his intimate knowledge, since it really is almost incredible. It is the story of a daily newspaper which had the smallest pay roll doubtless ever heard of in the entire history of journalism, whether on the frontier or otherwise. That pay roll consisted of *exactly two dollars weekly* --no more and no less! And having been thoroughly conversant with the facts, knowing all the persons concerned, I am asking my readers to believe it. It happened just fifty years ago. At that time newspapers were established on the slightest provocation or encouragement, and with an equipment which to the modern publisher seems incredibly inadequate.

The paper was the same four-page, five-column, handpress periodical referred to elsewhere throughout these reminiscences. The proprietor had accumulated quite a fair balance in the bank. He was out of debt, a decided rarity for small-town editors of that period, and determined to pay a visit to his birthplace in England and renew acquaintance with his father, whom he had not seen since he was a child of four.

He had a decidedly competent printer in his employ, and agreed to let him take over the entire newspaper and job-printing plant for a weekly rental of \$25. It was to be turned back at the end of a year (or less, if mutually agreeable) in as good condition as when taken, and without indebtedness of any kind.

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The young man was engaged to be married to a school teacher. But the date of their union was decidedly uncertain, since his earnings were too small to permit of his endeavoring to support a family thereon, and in those times no man would be guilty of such a thing as to allow his wife to earn a salary after marriage, while a childless union was absolutely unheard of. Incidentally this couple, the last time I saw them, some twenty years ago, had a full baker's dozen stalwart offspring. This was their opportunity, the opportunity of their lives, as it turned out, and the young couple decided to improve it to the utmost. First, the job-printing department was farmed out on a percentage basis to a man who had been drawing a salary therefrom. Thus all the annoyance and attention connected therewith was avoided, but a reasonable profit was assured. The lessee himself was a rapid compositor and good all-around printer. He could gather and write local news, and was in no wise afraid of giving himself a twelve to fourteen-hour day, or even longer. A boy who had been taken on as an apprentice was the only salaried hand, his honorarium being two big dobie dollars weekly. A girl was found who, for the privilege of being instructed in the art and mystery of the typographical industry, was willing to work free of charge in exchange for such instruction. It was estimated that by the end of the year she would have mastered the practice of plain hand composition and would be entitled to a modest salary. The lessee himself constituted the remainder of the staff. And it was a very creditable newspaper (for those times) that the trio produced.

Evenings and early mornings the chief devoted to gathering and writing the news, looking after advertising, etc. Several hours in the day he worked at the case, setting type, as did the unpaid girl and the two-dollar-a-week boy. Between them they got out every afternoon an edition of 500 copies. Sometimes it was as late as 7 p. m. before it was ready for delivery. But a trifle like 307 that made no difference in this isolated community. The lessee's fiancée was a willing and able assistant, keeping the accounts, making collections, gathering social notes, and in every manner assisting her ambitious prospective husband, of course without monetary consideration.

It chanced that the Legislature that year ordered the publication of advertisements offering the defaulted school lands for sale, such notices to be given exclusively to daily papers in counties having such modern improvements. This was the only one in a county as large as several of the New England States combined, and the land advertising was quite voluminous as well as remunerative.

When the proprietor returned from his European vacation before the year had been completed, the lessee had cleaned up between four and five thousand dollars. He had his eye on a publication enterprise in a larger town which could be swung with that amount of capital. So he was glad to turn the paper back, get married, and embark in a new field. After building up this periodical, he sold it to advantage, and went to a still larger city, the second largest in the State. There he purchased another daily paper, which he conducted to the day of his death, accumulating upward of half a million or more worth of property in the process--all based upon the two-dollar salary roll of the first venture.

These figures may seem small by comparison with those of the present day, but they are a fair criterion in judging of the complete revolution that has taken place in the publishing business in less than half a century. It may be added that it was less than five years after taking over the two-dollar-a-week paper that the lessee himself told me he was worth easily a hundred thousand dollars. *P.S.--There was an old word-of-mouth agreement made between us in a joking fashion during our early*

*and dead-broke acquaintance, that the first one to make a hundred thousand dollars, should give ten thousand of it to the other. I never saw the ten thousand, however!*

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*Dramatic Accompaniment to an Editorial Excursion A Murderer Shot Dead in the Presence of the Visitors.*

One of the most dramatic incidents of my editorial experience occurred just at the close of an excursion of brother small-town newspaper men (and their wives) to the town of Yuma, Ariz., a frontier place in all that the word comprehends.

At the time of our arrival, a man chanced to be on trial for having shot and killed a woman in the presence of her little ones and in the absence of her husband, as the result of a dispute about a "squatter's title" to a tract of land. Although the crime had been deliberate and cold-blooded in the extreme, and the evidence did not seem to present even the shadow of a tenable excuse in defense, the jury nevertheless found him guilty of a degree of murder which only entailed life imprisonment instead of the hanging that was expected by all, including the visitors.

Sentence was pronounced on the morning of the day following the delivery of the verdict. Two officers at once handcuffed the prisoner between them, and started on foot from the courthouse on one side of the town to the penitentiary on the other, less than a quarter of a mile apart. The editorial visitors had gathered in a group on a corner which must be passed, while on the opposite and distant corner, the streets being exceptionally wide, the roomy porch of a large mercantile establishment was crowded exclusively with men.

Not a sound was heard from any one as the trio marched grimly and quickly down the center of the broad thoroughfare. But just as they reached a point midway between the local spectators and the visitors, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, coming apparently from the gathering in front of the store, though not accompanied by smoke. If fired from that point, a smokeless cartridge must have been used.

The murderer fell dead, with a well-aimed bullet 309 through his heart. The officers released the handcuffs and rushed over to the crowd from which the shot apparently came, and which stood silently awaiting events, no one moving. But though they searched every man, including the husband and the father of the murdered woman, no sign of a weapon could be found on any one, although a normal gathering in that or any other frontier place of like character at that period would assay fully one hundred per cent "heeled." The coroner's jury found that the deceased met death at the hands of some person unknown, though there were few who were not quite convinced of his identity.

This incident concluded our three days' festivities, and an enjoyable time was had by all, including the friends of the murdered woman, though not by the cowardly jury. We returned to our homes next day, with a fresh example of undiluted frontier justice in our memories, and with our hearty approval. *The Brutal and Unavenged Slaying of "Sentimental" Smith, the Editor.*

The deliberate murder of an inoffensive editor known to his intimates as "Sentimental Smith," was another unpunished crime in the long list of affairs of its kind. He was an employe of the same city paper as myself, and was one of the most unassuming, gentle, self-effacing characters that ever entered the wrong business. Withal, he was of small stature and weight, and about the last man to engage in a quarrel with any one of his own motion. Writing (and reading) poetry were his favorite diversions, and his tendency to quote popular as well as unpopular poets gave him the name designated.

The owner of a country newspaper died. His widow, being unable to cope with its publication, sent to the city for some one to conduct it. Smith was glad to have such an opportunity, since morning newspaper work was about the last thing for which he was fitted. In the town to 310 which he went was a burly, brutal, overbearing physician named Howell. In a dispute which arose between him and the widow with regard to certain property, Smith took occasion to criticise the doctor in a mild fashion. He did not in fact know how to be anything else but mild.

But Howell took offense. He met the editor one evening in public, and began to abuse him verbally, using decidedly objectionable language, and winding up by threatening personal violence. Smith was frightened, and retreated, but finally raised his umbrella, a slight one, to ward off a blow which he supposed was about to be dealt him. The umbrella was smashed in the melee, which was ended by Howell drawing a gun and killing his antagonist. He was acquitted on the ground of *self-defense*. It was pleaded that the armed bully felt in danger of his life from Smith, who had raised a “deadly weapon” against him, and that he had a right to respond in any manner he saw fit in defense of his existence! And the sapient, not to say sap-headed, jury agreed with the soundness of his plea. Thus another assassin of an editor went unpunished, as there was not any one to take the administration of justice into his own hands as there had been at Yuma. *The Dog That Acted as Guide to People Lost in a Cave*.

While engaged in my survey of the State, I visited Calaveras County. where there was a newly discovered cave which I desired to inspect. I had never had an experience of the kind. The experience came all right, with some to spare! It was several miles from the nearest town, and I engaged a driver and team to take me to “Cave City,” as it appeared on the maps and guidebooks, but which consisted of just one building, a moderate-sized hotel for the accommodation of tourists.

It was late in the fall. The “season” was over, and the proprietor-guide was absent, leaving his wife and sister 311 to keep the natural curiosity from running away. The former was very pleasant. She regretted her husband's absence, and was sorry that I should be disappointed, especially when she learned that I was from the *Chronicle*. In response to my repeated urgings, she finally said that she believed she was well enough acquainted with the cave to act as guide, if I were willing to accept her services. This seemed satisfactory, and we proceeded to the entrance, across a canyon some distance from the hotel. It was guarded by a door of stout scantling bolted with three-inch interstices, and provided with a heavy lock. This was unfastened, and as we entered a dog sought to pass the door with us. But the lady ordered him back, repeating the order in determined tones. Fortunately for us, as it proved, the animal was fully as determined as its mistress, and finally made a rush. In an instant it was beyond reach inside.



The door was fastened behind us with a hook, and we wandered around through a bewildering maze of passages for two or three hours, until finally I remarked that it was time I was returning to town, as I had to catch a train that afternoon.

The cave was very confusing to one who did not know it by heart, since it was not provided with signs, having been only recently opened to visitors. Finally our guide, after hesitating several times as to the right passage to take, was forced to acknowledge that she was lost and had never been in that portion of the place before. This was a pleasant predicament, but my companion said he had visited the cave several times with tourists, and thought perhaps he could find the way out. So he took the lead, going considerably in advance to spy out the land. Suddenly in the dense darkness we heard a scrambling and sliding, a rolling of rocks and gravel, followed by a loud splash in water, accompanied by some emphatic frontier remarks entirely appropriate to the occasion.

Hastening to the spot as rapidly as my single candle could light the way, I found the guide had slipped down a steep bank into a pool of water of unknown size and depth. Fastening my light in the loose gravel, I lay down on my stomach, and was able to extend both arms far enough to permit the involuntary bather to grasp my hands, and thus could assist him to crawl back to the top of the bank.

Then we halted for consultation, but found little satisfaction. We were lost, and that was all there was to it. Our supply of candles was limited, and required to be husbanded with care. Finally I noticed that the dog, who had not been welcomed as a companion at the outset, was constantly running about, disappearing in this or that passageway, but always returning to us again.

Thereupon I asked the owner of the animal if she did not think that by ordering him to go home, following him as long as we could see him, then calling him back, and repeating the operation as often as necessary, we might not be able at last to reach the entrance, the door to which, thanks to her care, had been carefully shut and fastened, so that the dog could not get out and leave us in the lurch even if he were so disposed.

This seemed a feasible idea. Indeed, it was the only plan, since the husband was not expected back for a day or two, he having “gone below,” and we would not be missed for hours by the sister in the hotel. So “Jack” was called back, and obeyed his mistress. Then he was ordered to go home, and we followed as far as we could see him. This was repeated over and over again, times without number, until at length we were overjoyed by the sight of the daylight streaming through the crossed bars of the doorway. Seldom had the sight of the sun been so welcome to me, or to my companions.

Our guide was profuse in her apologies, but I reassured her, told her that it was my fault for having been so insistent, and that as all was well that ended well, there was no cause for blaming herself or any one else, though surely a large share of credit and an extra bone were due the intelligent dog who had rescued us from what might have been a most dangerous predicament.

But I have never visited any more caves except those lighted by electricity, as the Luray Caverns in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. *A Superior Court in Which News- paper Men Were Not Popular.*

My name was drawn for jury duty once upon a time in one of the superior courts of San Francisco, As I was employed on a morning paper, and my sleeping hours were from 4. a. m. to 12 m., I could not see my way clear to serving. When I went to the courtroom at the hour specified for reporting, the judge was not on the bench. But I was pleased to find that the clerk was an old acquaintance.

I told him my objection to serving on a jury, and he said: “Oh, that will be all right. Just tell Judge Celtic that you are a newspaper man, and I am sure he will gladly excuse you.” Afterwards I remembered that the clerk had a wicked sort of twinkle in his eyes, as though some kind of joke might be involved. There was a long line of men asking to be excused. They presented all sorts of reasons, many flimsy enough. By the time it came my turn, the judge was somewhat “crusty,” although it appeared that that was his customary manner.

“Well, young man,” he said to me, “what excuse have you to offer why you should not serve on a jury?”

“Well. Your Honor, I am a newspaper man-----”

I got no further.

“A newspaper man, are you? Get to hell out of this court! We want no damned newspaper men on juries around here!”

I went. It was plainly no time for bandying words. But I caught a broad grin on the faces of the clerk and the 314 bailiff, which showed plainly enough that they had heard other newspaper men make the same plea and doubtless receive the same treatment. I learned that before my advent to the city the irate judge had had a “run-in” with some of the newspaper men, which soured him for all time as regarded members of the guild. *The Stage Driver Who Wanted to be an Editor.*

There was a stage driver in San Bernardino who was fond of hanging around the newspaper office on his “off” spells. He became quite enamored of the business, and of the “easy work” enjoyed by the editor. He was always welcome, since he was sure to bring a budget of news whenever he came back from his regular mail-carrying trips to the remote mining camps of the desert. His own occupation was a wearisome one, while that of the editor appeared a decidedly comfortable sort of life. He sought some kind of business by which he could live at home in comfort and not be obliged to make long journeys of several days at a time. A new town was started in the valley, whose pioneers were desirous of having a newspaper with which to attract settlers. The stage driver offered to supplement with his own money the fund that had been raised for the purpose, as was customary. Starting a paper in those days was a very different proposition as to plant from what it is today. I was once called upon to select a complete outfit for a drugstore keeper who essayed to “edit” on the side, but had no idea of the mechanical part of the business. When everything had been provided for getting out the four-page, eight-column weekly, as also for doing job work, the total bill was just \$1175! And it was a good outfit, and made money for the proprietor.

The ambitious stage driver finally managed to set up his print shop, and after much mental and manual labor the first issue appeared. At the top of the editorial page 315 was a double-ledged

opening address to the public, entitled "Valedictory!" Which it soon proved, for the ex-stage driver quickly learned that editing was not half so easy as it seemed. He was quite well satisfied to turn the plant over to a real, sure-enough editor who had patched up a bad lung and was tired of ranching *An Orange That Cost Only Fifteen Thousand Dollars*.

A friend of the author once boarded an overland train at a desert station several miles from an oasis where a number of non-residents had come and had combined to establish an orange orchard as a business venture. He was carrying a fine, large orange in his hand, and chanced to meet an acquaintance in the Pullman. "Say, old man, but that is a splendid orange you have there," remarked the traveler--which it was indeed. After a few minutes' chat, the acquaintance proposed that they eat the fruit. But the owner demurred. "No," he said, "I want to take it home to San Francisco to show people what the desert will produce. Besides that, it cost too much to eat." "Cost too much? How can that be? What are oranges made for if not to eat?" "But this one really did. What do you suppose it stands me in good coin?" Inasmuch as the train was passing through a barren desert, and fruit prices were apt to be high, he replied: "Well. I don't know. You might have had to pay two bits for it away out here." "Two bits nothing! You are away off! That orange cost me exactly fifteen thousand dollars!"

Which it had. That had been the owner's share of an Investment of considerably over one hundred thousand dollars in the attempted establishment of the orchard referred to at the outset. It was just attaining maturity when a long dispute about water for irrigation ended in the growers being legally deprived of every drop of water necessary for that purpose, which was an absolute essential. 316 So the orchard was abandoned, buildings and all, and when the writer saw it a year or so later it was a melancholy ruin. The single orange was all that my friend had to show for his costly investment. *"Lottery Tickets" That Turned Out To Be Mellifluous Odes to Spring!*

In a previous chapter, reference is made to a department or "colyume." contributed on my own motion to the "Sunday Supp" under the alternating titles of "Bits of City Life" and "Bits of Country Life." When a breath of fresh air appeared desirable after long confinement to my desk, armed with a plate camera I sallied out in search of sights and scenes of unusual and interesting character.

There was no lack of them if one went far enough and kept his eyes open wide enough while prowling about the nooks and corners of the city. For example, at the Chinese cemetery, away in the outskirts, a gang of hoboes might be seen lurking in the dense surrounding chaparral bordering the plot while a funeral was taking place. and as soon as the mourners had departed they would sally out and greedily gobble the food and potent liquor left on the grave, with as much reason, say the Chinese, as “civilized” people bestow costly flowers in like case.

On one occasion the central police station, rich in material of the kind sought, furnished a “Bit” in connection with a certain Ode to Spring (or rather Odes, since there were millions of them), which was productive of much chagrin to the police, and of laughter on the part of the public. The Chinese were, and doubtless still are, fond of playing a harmless enough lottery, costing but a few cents “a shot,” drawn twice a day and of a peculiar type. A small square sheet of rice paper is used, marked off into 64 squares, each containing a separate character. The player marks with an inked brush from four to eight of these, in various combinations as he may elect. When the lottery is closed, at a given hour, one of the unmarked 317 sheets is cut into 64 pieces. each with its own character, and these are rolled into tiny pellets and placed in a large bowl.

From this, with sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and with spectators crowding around eager to detect any possible false play, an outsider selected at random extracts eight of the pellets, one after the other, which are then unrolled and pasted on a blackboard. The amount of one's winnings depends upon how many of the characters drawn correspond with those marked by the player upon his own ticket. The chance is small, of course, but the winnings are correspondingly large. I have known a white man to win \$ 1200 on a risk of ten cents.

One day, upon arriving at the central station, the police reporters found the passageways, the courtyard, and every vacant space piled high with boxes on boxes resembling those used in shipping firecrackers from China. Police officers and detectives were in charge, and jubilantly called the attention of the newspaper men to them.

“Look at that! What do you think of that? Almost ten million lottery tickets just arrived on the ‘City of Peking.’ We caught the drays that were hauling them to Chinatown last night, and seized the whole bunch. Got the Chinks under arrest too, It sure was some haul!”

And it surely was, as events proved.

At 12 o'clock the arrested Chinese were brought up for examination, after the usual grist of drunks and disorderlies had been ground out. One of the boxes was taken into court and opened, a package of the tickets taken out and offered as evidence. It was plainly a dead-open-and-shut case, and all that was left for the dastardly criminals was to plead guilty and cast themselves upon the mercy of the court. What else? There were the tickets. Every school child knew a Chinese lottery ticket when he saw it. There were the men who had them in their possession, which was clearly contrary to the plain letter of the law, and no one could deny the facts. Off with their heads, 318 or whatever was the penalty for so terrible an offense. But the bright young attorney who represented the Chinese Six Companies, said:

“Your Honor, I shall call but one witness. Let Louey Lung, the interpreter, take the stand.”

Louey did so, was sworn, kissed the Bible (the usual Chinese method of swearing a witness by killing a live chicken in open court being omitted), qualified as an expert in reading Chinese characters, and the attorney then handed him one of the alleged lottery tickets.

“What is this that I am handing you?” queried the attorney.

Louey took it, turned it around and around in order to find the starting point. He studied it quietly for some minutes, and then said:

“Do you wish me to read it aloud?”

“Yes--tell the court what it says.”

“It is a very flowery Ode to Spring, written by one of the ancient Chinese poets of great renown!” and he read it.

“*Case dismissed!*” roared the judge. as he gave his desk a resounding thwack with his gavel.

Exit grinning Chinese, depressed detectives, and loudly laughing spectators--as also happy reporters, who had landed a “story”--some story! Although few reporters will acknowledge it, the majority of them have little or no use for the average detective or police officer. They have seen too many frame-ups which they were not permitted to expose or defeat! Hence, they are never sorry when they can “put one over,” as in this case. *From all of which it will be observed that the life of the old-time California newspaper man was not without its thrills!*

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## CHAPTER XXXIV

*Parents Who Traded Their Baby Girl for a Team of Mules--They Did Not Need the One, but Did Need the Other. Reminiscences of newspaper and other experiences in California and elsewhere might be elaborated at length, but at the risk of being considered diffuse. Hence this chapter will be devoted to condensed accounts of occurrences that may be of interest to present readers, as the lengthier stories were at the time of their first publication.*

MANY columns were filled by many newspapers regarding the man and his wife who, having two children already, both boys, invested in a third, this time a girl. Her they traded to a well-to-do but childless couple for a wagon and a team of mules. When asked by a newspaper man why they did this, the husband replied: “Waal, naow, ye see we didn't need that gal baby, but we jist nacherly did need them air mewels and that air waggin the worst way!” It was a lucky exchange for the baby girl, a dear little mite she was, for she grew up in comfort, received sufficient education to become a teacher, and the last I knew had been happily married for several years and had two or three fine children, none of which was exchangeable for mules or anything else. (Having a distant connection

with the couple who needed the mules more than they needed the girl baby, I naturally took an interest in the “swap” and its fortunate outcome,) *A Bonfire with Dyna- mite Accompaniment*.

One evening when I went home from my office I found all the children of the neighborhood, my own included, playing about a bonfire, which they were feeding with something or other that sent up a shower of bright sparks 320 as it was consumed. Some peculiarity about the spectacle attracted my attention, and I sauntered over to investigate. There was a sudden stampede of children in response to a sharp ejaculation from me, while I gathered up the remaining sticks of dynamite that had not yet been consumed, and put them in a safe place. Some of the boys had broken open a store shed at a point where a road was being blasted through a ledge of rock, and had been enjoying themselves hugely by burning the stuff a stick at a time. Luckily no one had taken the notion to throw stones into the fire with the dynamite, else there would have been a wholesale funeral in that vicinity. *The “Insane” Man Who Be- lieved in Wireless Telegraphy*.

Among my most interesting acquaintances in San Bernardino was good old Dr. Stout. Sixty years ago he became interested in electric phenomena. He studied and experimented, and finally announced that he believed communication was possible through either air or earth without the medium of wires. His wife charged him with wasting their substance in insane experiments. A “sheriff’s jury” of experts was summoned, including the most learned men in town, such as editors, lawyers, preachers, doctors, and so on. They listened with gravity as the doctor expounded his ideas, and with one accord and no delay pronounced him unmistakably *non compos*. Whereupon he was sent to the insane asylum and remained there until after his wife’s death. Then he returned without interference, and resumed his experiments. At that time, now over fifty years ago, I made his acquaintance and was as fond of listening to his theories and explanations as he was of having an attentive listener. But of course, along with the other wise men, I *knew* that he was a lunatic. Who but an insane man could for a moment believe it possible to send communications by means of electricity and without connecting wires? We published articles written 321 by him, enlarging upon his erratic ideas, but not because any of us had the slightest idea that he was on the right road to one



of the most important developments of the age. *The Widow Who Brought a Railroad to Terms with a Slab of Bacon.*

The case of Lucy Tutaine made a mighty good item for the little paper on one occasion. Lucy was a widow with two very young sons. They lived on a small ranch adjacent to the steep San Gorgonio grade of the Southern Pacific Railroad on the border of the Colorado Desert. Her only milch cow was killed on the unfenced track by a train once upon a time, and all her efforts to obtain compensation proved futile. But she needed the milk. So one day she used a great slab of bacon as a sled, drawing it with a piece of rope, and riding one of her boys a mile or so up one of the hot rails, and then the other boy on the other rail back to the point of commencement. A passenger train came along after awhile, but when it struck the well-greased rails, it could not make the grade, and there was a long delay while sand was applied by hand. Lucy was found, and freely told her story. She was threatened with arrest, but replied that even if she was sent to jail she would persist in greasing the track as soon as released, and would keep on until the cow was paid for and she had more milk for her little ones. The justice of the claim was recognized at last, the money paid over, and the Tutaine youngsters had no more sled rides. The mother was a heroine as long as she lived, as the lone woman who had brought the Great Monopoly to terms with a homely slab of bacon! *A Murderer Who Died from "Acute Pneumonia" at the End of a Rope!*

There was a murderer who was lynched out on the Mojave Desert. Owing to the lack of trees or other "conveniences," he was suspended from the end of a wagon 322 tongue that was propped up for the purpose. A coroner's inquest was held without the coroner, and a verdict sent to the county officials and to the newspaper that the unfortunate subject had "died from an attack of acute pneumonia." *Treed by a Wild Boar for an Entire Forenoon.*

I once took a trip to one of the islands off the Ventura coast in connection with a newspaper story. With a companion I was induced while there to participate in a hunt for infant wild pigs, going on foot and with lances as our sole weapons. We found the piglets easily enough, and attacked them. But the Daddy Pig, a wild boar that seemed to us at least six feet in height at his shoulders, filed such a decided objection to interference with his offspring that we were glad to roost in

a tree for three or four hours in the hot sun, until such time as it became too torrid for even his boarship to mount guard, and he sought a cool, muddy swamp, where he finally fell asleep. Then we sneaked, completely cured of any desire to eat roast wild sucking pig. This happened all of a Sunday morning, and my Puritan ancestors would assuredly have called it retributive justice for breaking the Sabbath day. *The Inconsiderate Murder That I Once Witnessed.*

I was standing in the front door of the office one evening after the paper had been issued and distributed, and all hands had left. I noticed two men whom I knew walking side by side, talking amicably enough to all appearances. But when about a dozen feet from where I was standing, one of them dropped a pace behind the other, raised his hand, placed a 44-Colt at the back of his unsuspecting companion's head, and pulled the trigger so quickly that there was no opportunity to utter a word of warning. I thought he might at least have done this in 323 time for that day's edition, and that it was quite inconsiderate to shoot his victim without giving the newspaper a fair chance for an early report. Now the morning paper would "scoop" us. Oh, by the way, the murderer was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the crime. He was a saloon keeper with a political "pull." *The Quarrelsome Woman Editor Who Was Publicly Spanked.*

There was a woman editor in another county who inherited a weekly newspaper from her husband, along with a quarrel which he had for several years maintained with a member of Congress over certain patronage that failed to materialize after he had rendered good service during the campaign. She kept up the quarrel even more fiercely than her deceased mate, each issue of the paper being filled with bitter attacks. The Congressman expostulated with her. He said she ought not to persist in keeping alive the dead man's quarrel, whether it was well founded or not, and that she was presuming upon the protection of her sex. He warned her that she might possibly go too far, and the time might come when the fact that she was a woman would not protect her from physical reprisal, since she seemed immune to verbal protest. This only seemed to inflame her, and in the following issue of the paper she was more vitriolic than ever. The next day the couple encountered each other in the crowd that gathered daily at the post office, whereupon the Congressman calmly told her that she had indeed gone too far and that he proposed to inflict personal chastisement, which he did, holding her in a bending posture over one of his knees with one arm, while he gave

her a sound spanking with the other hand. No one sought to interfere, public sympathy being with the Congressman. It was of course a most impolite thing to do, even in a frontier community, but really the aggravation was too great. The subject of the spanking could not withstand the jeers and laughter of her fellow citizens. 324 She sold her paper for a song to the first comer, and left the town forever. *Editing a Paper and Drying Peaches "on the Side."*

In the preceding chapters I have spoken of the first daily newspaper that I ever owned, but have said nothing of a little temporary weekly journal which was my first venture. It was set up by hand, for the greater part "out of my own head." That is to say, from time to time between editions, as occasion served, a few words regarding each subject or item of news were jotted down, just sufficient to call them to mind later. Then I went to the case, and with this memorandum as a reminder, put the news into type without scratch of pen or pencil. My press was a half-medium treadle machine. I printed two pages at a time, there being two wide columns to the page and from eight to sixteen pages, as was convenient. If I do say it myself, it was a sample of neat typography, whatever might have been its character from an editorial standpoint, though it was quite frequently quoted by rural contemporaries, and on occasion even by the metropolitan press, that great desideratum of small-town editors. For a couple of months I devoted my spare time (?)--early morning and late evening hours, the day itself lasting from 4 a. m. to nearly midnight and sometimes past--to the gathering, preparation, and drying of a crop of peaches and apricots from an orchard that had been acquired by a friend for a town-lot speculation, but which proved a failure. The friend told me to help myself to the fruit as I saw fit. This I did, drying and selling several tons thereof, and receiving a very welcome pecuniary harvest, since the profits of the newspaper venture, even with no overhead, were mostly describable by the minus sign. *P. S.--Although there had been no salary roll, soon after the fruit season I went away from there dead broke.*

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*The Farmer Who Sold the Family Cook- stove in Order To Go to the Circus.*

A wild furore swept over the San Bernardino Valley when the first circus ever seen in that region came to town. It was in springtime, and before harvest, and as a consequence "cash money" was

scarce. But people "just had to go." So one impecunious farmer hauled his new cook-stove to town and sold it for the amount needed to purchase admission tickets for the group--eight persons at one dollar per. And the family cooked their meals contentedly enough in the fireplace in old-fashioned pioneer style until after harvest, when another stove could be provided. And when an item was made of the interesting occurrence, carefully refraining from giving any hint as to the identity of the circus-going family, the husband came into the office and wanted to "make a quarrel" because of the publication. It was "nobody's damned business if he sold his stove or his bed or his house for circus money!" \*

\* P. S.--But he was not successful in "making a quarrel." and went away from there quite promptly. A judiciously applied "side-stick" aided in the departure, and he was able to resume his labors in a few days.

*When Human Life Was Comparatively Cheap.*

Going very early one morning to the office of a paper upon which I was employed, said office being located over a basement saloon away from the business center of the town, a gruesome enough sight met my eyes. At the foot of the steps leading thereto was a dead man; at the curbstone was another, each with a gun in his hand containing various empty shells, and each perforated with bullets. In the back room of the saloon was a third who was dying and cursing--and such cursing! It interfered quite seriously with the placid frame of mind which is essential to even a country editor's ability to attend to his duties in a proper manner.

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*Christmas Books That Saved an Editor's Life.*

The proprietor of another paper upon which I was employed was hailed by an enemy as he was entering his office, and had three shots fired at him at a distance of a few feet. One went wild, but two of them penetrated a package of holiday books which he was intending to take to his children. He chanced to be holding the package in such a position that it afforded a perfect buckler for his body, thus saving him from what would undoubtedly have been a fatal wound. The man who fired the shots was of course acquitted! *A Life Saved by a Pocket-ful of Silver Dollars.*

Into the same office one day came an angry man. He demanded to see the editor, who fortunately was not there. He became quite noisy and abusive, and at last the business manager sought to quiet him. Thereupon he drew a revolver, but before he could fire it, the manager grappled him and there was a severe struggle, which ended when the weapon was discharged and the man at whom it was fired staggered to a seat apparently severely wounded. He had been hit, it was found, but the bullet had been stopped by a quantity of coin in his trousers pocket, all silver dollars. Three of them had been struck so squarely in the center that they folded back over the missile, inclosing it securely within their grasp. The only "wound" was a great black-and-blue splotch on the thigh of the fortunate owner of the silver."\*<sup>\*</sup>

\* P. S.--The shooter was found not guilty on the ground of insanity!

#### *The Hotel Keeper Who Knew How to Prepare an Editorial Lunch.*

An editorial party numbering a dozen men, of whom I was one, went once upon a time to visit a wonderfully 327 picturesque but little known waterfall in the Coast range. It was several hours by wagon road from the nearest railroad town, where we were forced to remain overnight. Learning that we would be obliged to devote the entire day following to the trip to the fall and return, something was said in the evening to the proprietor about lunch. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may put your minds entirely at ease. I know exactly the kind of lunch you will like, having entertained editors before this, and will prepare it for you." A great clothes basket containing the "food" was conspicuous next morning in the six-horse carryall that took us to the end of the wagon road. From there we had to walk to the fall. As we started, the hotel keeper who had accompanied us announced that lunch would be ready on our return. It was! A white tablecloth was spread beneath the shade of a live oak tree, and arrayed in a circle on it were exactly twelve bottles of wine, with one poor solitary loaf of bread in the center! No one offered any remarks as to there being so much bread by comparison with so little "sack," and we enjoyed the lunch as best we might. But it was good wine!

*The Man Who Objected to Being Called a "Denizen."*

Dictionaries were scarce in the early days in the San Bernardino Valley, as shown by the unwise action of an ignorant chap who was referred to in the paper upon which I was employed as a “denizen” of a certain portion of the suburbs. As a joke, some of the wags of the place persuaded him that the word “denizen” was an insult of the most deadly kind, and was far more of a “fighting” epithet than the one that must either be accompanied by a smile or followed by a combat to the death. He charged into the office, gun in hand, seeking satisfaction--and got it, with an iron side-stick applied to the vacant skull of him in not too severe a fashion. One soon learned that the man who flourishes a gun without using it is not to be feared. While the law will justify you in killing him, it is really not necessary. A thrashing is fully as effective and much less expensive, while it does not muss up the floor so badly. *Watermelons, Prunes, etc., as Conso-* lations to the *Small-town Editor*.

But it is high time these reminiscences were brought to a close. When I turn the dials that tune in the radio of memory, the incidents of those early newspaper experiences come flooding back one after the other, as the long years roll away, until a volume could be filled readily enough.

Oh, the life of a small-town editor was surely replete with incidents in those days--some disagreeable and some not so much so. There were compensations of a kind from time to time. Such, for example, as the annual custom of offering a year's subscription free to the farmer who brought in the largest watermelon during the season, this being one of the centers of production for that delectable fruit or vegetable--as you please. Dozens and dozens of specimens were left, each being rewarded with “a piece in the paper.” But the contest closed one season when a melon weighing just 725 pounds, some four or five feet in length and of corresponding circumference, was laboriously unloaded and rolled in. Instead of going the same way as its predecessors, however (carving it with a column rule and passing it around to the office force), this was coated with varnish and exhibited in the front window of the establishment, where it remained all winter and until it succumbed to the processes of Nature.

Oh, yes, there were compensations!

For example, a fruit grower owed me \$65 for printing. With my permission he unloaded at the office door in liquidation an *even ton of dried prunes*, neatly packed in 329 boxes! And it was a good bargain for him, that is, for that season the fruit went begging at two cents a pound and even less. Just as raisins had. *N. B.--I am still fond of prunes--California prunes. No jobs--I really and positively am. Though not exactly in ton lots all at once.* \* \* \* Of somewhat similar nature was an incident which occurred in the city newspaper office where I was employed for years. A farmer in the interior sent to the managing editor a choice specimen of his products in support of the insistent claim that that portion of the State constituted “ *the sweet potato belt par excellence.*” It was turned over to me for measurement, weight, and testing. A rather interesting “stickful” was made of the result, which fully corroborated the grower's claim. Asking as to the ultimate disposition to be made of the noble tuber, I was told I might take it home for family consumption. Obtaining a piece of rope from the pressroom, I constructed a crude harness, and at 3 a. m. I carried it the entire three and a half miles between office and residence, there being no cars operated after midnight in those pioneer times. Both arms were weary enough at the end of the journey, while my hands were well chafed with the rope handles. Next day the potato was broached and served in generous portions at the table on three separate occasions, eight persons partaking thereof! *It only weighed eighteen pounds! Advocating Unpopular Causes Which Finally Triumphed.*

In the coming years, long after the events herein narrated, other compensations were to come which afforded great satisfaction. Such, for example, as free school textbooks, State highways, and children's public (not school) playgrounds. For advocating these in my papers I was soundly rebuked by city newspapers, politicians, legislators, and taxpayers.

Yet for years California has been supplying all school 330 pupils with textbooks free of cost; hundreds of millions of dollars have been expended by the State upon the most complete system of public highways in the country; and most towns of importance have free playgrounds--best of all, the one where my ideas in that respect met the most intense opposition; while as to the great traffic tunnel recently completed under the estuary between the cities of Oakland and Alameda--it was to laugh, as well as to sneer, to even suggest such a thing twenty-five years ago!

There was a railroad subsidy proposition of several millions which was to liberate the people of a certain portion of the State from “bondage to the conscienceless monopoly.” I did not believe in its *bona fides*, having no confidence in the men behind it, and so said openly and repeatedly. The leading merchants of the town came in a body one day, read me the riot act, and threatened the withdrawal of the greater portion of the advertising patronage of the paper unless opposition was ended. The result was that an armistice was reached, and from that time until the subsidy was raised nothing either in favor or opposed to the hold-up appeared in my columns. It was merely ignored.

The road was built and inaugurated with great *éclat*. I had prophesied to my deluded patrons that the reduced rates promised would not last two years. In considerably less than that time the “competitive” line pooled with the old monopoly, and the shippers were as badly off as ever. Unfortunately (?) I had sold out in the meantime, so had no chance of thumbing my editorial nose at my dictators and saying, “I told you so!”

Few of the various branches of business and social life have witnessed so many and such radical changes during the last half-century as that of newspaper publication, in whatever phase, whether metropolitan or rural. The twentieth-century editor, whether small or large town, has little enough conception of the everyday experiences of his brother publisher of a generation and a half in the past, 331 nor do the newspaper readers of today have any idea of the exigencies connected with the chronicling of events in their grandfathers' times. The entire business has been revolutionized from every standpoint, and the newspaper man of half a century ago would find himself completely at sea in a modern office, just as the one of today would have been lost in more than one sense in an establishment of the olden type. Most of the “Old Guard” of such editors have long since “Gone over the range,” or “Crossed the divide,” in the old-fashioned parlance, but an occasional lone survivor yet remains lingering on the scene, where such a wonderful and varied panorama has passed before his eyes and in which he has played his part well or ill as the case may be, waiting for the final, and it may truthfully be said, welcome call of \*<sup>\*</sup> “Thirty.” For most assuredly it is not well that a man should be called upon to live past his time!

\* “Thirty” is the technical expression used in telegraph and newspaper offices to signify “All in,” “The end.”



*(Note.--One of the most toothsome dishes of the cuisine in some countries is an "olla podrida" made of the "left-overs" from the substantials of hearty meals. It is hoped that this chapter will be regarded in a similar light.)*

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## CHAPTER XXXV

*The Part That Fate Undoubtedly Played in the One- Lunger's Life--The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.*

IT IS safe to say that there are very few men of threescore and ten or more who cannot look back over the years and note one or more radical crises or turning points, where the entire course of their lives was changed by circumstance, or Fate, or whatever one may call the influence that controls that course, and with little or no regard to their own immediate effort, intention, or desire. In my own life several notable occurrences of this nature stand out from the volume of incident and experience accumulated in the more than threescore and fifteen years since I was made the unwitting (and squalling) object of the rite of baptism as administered to unregenerate and supposedly hell-doomed innocent infants in the snow-white, tallsteeped old church on the slopes of the Connecticut Valley in the ancient but little-known village of Whately.

When I was but five, after various more or less uncomfortable pioneering exigencies on the bleak, sparsely settled prairies of Iowa and in the little forest clearing in Michigan which subsequently became the beautiful capital city of Lansing, my mother went to her long and doubtless welcome rest. Two years later a typical, middle-aged, sour-tempered, vinegar-faced, angularly constructed, spinster school teacher of New England origin, she having been refused further employment as a trainer of the young idea on account of her ungovernable temper and general "cussedness," was installed in place of the gentle departed one. Under her stern and unloving domination seven years of almost unadulterated misery and unhappiness 333 were passed. As a result, at the age of fourteen endurance reached the breaking point, and I decided anything was preferable to life in such a "happy home." I had been employed in my uncle's printing office in the city, some four

miles from that same home, but was paid no wage, in accordance with the custom of the times. But my uncle, upon learning that I walked to and fro morning and night, putting in ten long hours of hard work each day, gave me a dollar to be expended in car fare (the first I had ever had which I could really call my own), telling me to call for more when it was exhausted. I did this, regularly presenting a slip showing that fares were so much, that so many days had elapsed, and that the fund was exhausted. All of which was true enough, with the exception that instead of wasting so much good money in so needless an expenditure as riding, I walked and put the bills one by one into the savings bank.

When the breaking point was reached, superinduced by an unmerciful thrashing due to a false accusation by the stepmother, I drew the nine dollars that had accumulated, and with only the worn and patched clothes on my smarting and aching back, left home for good. At the Erie railway station in Jersey City I lounged about, hesitating to ask questions as to localities and fares, until I chanced to hear a man ask the price of a ticket to Buffalo. "Eight dollars," was the reply. As soon as he had completed the transaction, I stepped up, laid the same amount on the ledge, and asked for a similar ticket, which was handed me without question, despite my youthful appearance. *That was Fate's turning point No. 1!*

A little over twenty-four hours later I was engaged to engineer a team of mules on the towpath back and forth across the State, dragging a canal boat. Two narrow escapes from drowning, as I was unable to swim, might be ascribed to the interference of Fate, but they will be passed for more important examples.

When cold weather came late in the fall, I had no idea which way to turn, and was greatly troubled as to how I should pass the winter. One evening while sitting by a fire in a "canal barn" in company with a number of others--drivers, steersmen, and captains--the conversation turned on employment for the winter. All had "jobs" except myself, and I was feeling blue and downhearted enough. One of the captains, with whom I had no acquaintance whatever, finally addressed me and asked what I was going to do. His question, put in the most kindly tone, led to my employment in a printing office belonging to a nephew in a village through which the canal passed, where I perfected

myself in at least one branch of the trade--accurate composition. *That was Fate's turning point No. 2!*

When I was seventeen I had been working as a journeyman printer for some time, but chanced to be out of employment, as a position promised me had failed to materialize. As a result, without going into details, I found myself one cold winter afternoon at a railroad station where two trains going in opposite directions were passing each other. I had but 25 cents cash capital, and I wished, as I always had, to "Go West!" But hearing a man ask the fare to the nearest town on the east, Auburn, such fare being 22 cents, I purchased a ticket for myself, reducing my capital to three cents. Incidentally, I had not had a mouthful to eat since five o'clock on the morning of the previous day--and was hungry, oh so hungry! *This was Fate's turning point No. 3, beyond the shadow of a doubt!* Inside of an hour after reaching Auburn I had obtained a position, and casually enough had been saved from walking into a freight elevator shaft whose doorway was similar to that of the stairway I had just climbed, by the quick interference of a girl compositor who chanced to be passing. Some time subsequently this same attractive young lady became my wife and the mother of my children. 335 *Most assuredly this was Fate's handiwork--what else?*

Time passed. I held a position on a morning paper which I supposed to be as firmly established as the sun and the moon. I was content to remain in that town for the remainder of my life, and was on the point of bargaining for the purchase of a cottage when--crash came Fate! A "wad" of copy was handed to the foreman by the editor about 10 o'clock one night, and as he glanced at the first sheet, he jumped to his feet shouting: "It's dead, boys--It's dead! The paper is dead!" And so it was. It was the obituary notice of the journal, upsetting all the plans of every man in the office, my own among them, and changing at a stroke the entire course of life of each. *Was this not a freak of Fate? An unreasonable one, too!*

Still more time passed, and at twenty-four I was banished by my physician to California because of tubercular trouble. I reached there safely, though my fellow passengers had sold pools daily on the prospect of my being dropped into the ocean inside of the next twenty-four hours! *But it was surely Fate that willed it otherwise!*

Three years were passed in recovering health, and then it became necessary to seek employment in San Francisco, where I had but a single acquaintance. On the very day of my arrival there I found what I had sought, through chancing to be the only man in the office who was at liberty when a sudden demand arose for a compositor. *Fate again! Well, rather.* For there were more than a score of idle men as a rule.

A few weeks later a shooting, a riot, and a proposed lynching took place, in which the owner and editor of the paper played a prominent part. The office was threatened by a mob, and several cases of rifles were smuggled in for protection. It chanced that they were of an antiquated type, and not a man could be found in the entire force who knew how to operate them. At my first glance I 336 recognized an old and familiar friend. It was of the same make that I had been using in my outdoor life while recovering health. I was at once asked to serve out the arms and ammunition, to instruct every person in the establishment as to their use, and then to take charge of a squad of volunteers for defense against the howling mob that packed the streets. Our salaries were placed at one dollar an hour, while only a short time before I had been glad to toil twelve to fourteen hours at a wage of one dollar a day. We were not obliged to use the rifles. *Assuredly, Fate's hand was plain in this!*

Growing out of this experience; I became first a regular employe of the composing-room, instead of a mere "sub." Then I became proof reader, then took an editorial position, then traveled as a special correspondent into every nook and corner of the State, and then was made editor of the Sunday Magazine, passing altogether eleven long and improving years in the same establishment. *What else but Fate led me on?*

Then I resigned, and in realization of a lifelong ambition, acquired possession of a daily paper in a small frontier wide-open town. This I conducted for some five years, undergoing various vicissitudes, including the much-needed thrashing of an intrusive English lordling who had called me a liar for telling the truth about him. There were several narrow escapes from being added to the list of thirteen murdered California editors who had gone to their graves unavenged. That my name was not included in the roll was no fault of the enemies made. *But Fate had ruled otherwise!*

Wearying of the too lively activities of the town, I sold the paper and acquired another in a distant portion of the State. Here some ten years of peace and contentment were passed, in which Fate overlooked me while preparing for the worst blow of all.

The fiancée of one of my sons was murdered in cold blood, and several months later he himself met a violent death, with strong circumstantial evidence pointing to the author of the first murder as his own slayer. A resultant precarious condition of health led my physician to order me to take a prolonged vacation in search of recuperation and rest. *Fate sent me to Mexico in that search!*

Several months after my arrival there, Fate played a queer enough trick. She sent a vagrant whirlwind one day which cleverly selected certain important documents from a quantity in a tent belonging to a construction company, and so thoroughly concealed them that no trace was ever found. Hearing the wish expressed that some one could be secured who would be immune from the attacks of such freaks, I volunteered. *Fate? Most assuredly.*

This prank of Fate had far-reaching and, it may well be said, lifelong results. It led to important and valuable acquaintanceships which persist to this day and undoubtedly will continue to the end, and which I can trace directly to that vagrant “remolino,” or whirlwind with selective tastes!

Fate tried to end it all one day by casting me from a lofty bridge to a bed of boulders forty feet below, but while doing this with one hand, she at the same time sent a couple of men with lightning-quick wits and strong arms, who grasped me successively, throwing my body behind their swiftly moving hand car, where I fell on the ties of the bridge and my life was spared.

Notwithstanding this exhibition of leniency, the Goddess still “had it in” for me! She sent me to the West Coast and the Sierra Madre, where I passed some two years in a search for new sources of rubber supply. I located and obtained control of between 200,000 and 300,000 acres of a certain growth, got in touch with English investors, went to New York to meet their agents, and after due investigation agreed to transfer the whole thing to them for a sum running into six figures.

*Then Fate did her worst!*

When I went to the office of their attorney one morning to receive the first considerable payment, I was met with the cheerful announcement that because of the threatening revolution of Madero against the Diaz regime, the first news of which had just been published, the principals had called the deal off. And it still remains off--eighteen years later! *Fate--what?*

But at the same time she did me a kindly service which I have never forgotten. After remaining for some time in a remote Mexican town engaged in the futile search referred to, I agreed with two others whose acquaintance I had made that we would set out on a lengthy journey by muleback at 3 a. m. It was very warm weather and we would "lie by" during the heat of the day. I instructed my *mozo* to have everything in readiness for the early start, but he overslept, and the others had been gone for an hour and a half before we were ready to set out. They left word that they would travel slowly, and would perhaps wait for us by the side of the road some distance ahead. We found them waiting! Their bodies, were riddled through and through by bullets fired by highway-men, who undoubtedly would have treated us in the same fashion had not Fate intervened and made the *mozo* oversleep. *Then Fate took a rest!*

After awhile I returned to Mexico and engaged in an enterprise which caused me to be in closest touch with the leaders of the movement against Huerta, the assassin of Madero, early in 1913. My business enterprise had to be adjourned *sine die*, and I decided to return to New York. *But Fate had other views.* She gave me as traveling companions to the border several of the principal "revolutionists," and from conversation with them I was led to believe that their movement would be productive of much interesting news. Nor was I mistaken. As soon as I 339 reached the border, I acted on this "hunch." Within twenty-four hours, by the use of the wires, I had established relations as a gatherer of news which persisted for years. *This was kindly Fate.*

But the Goddess was to be even kinder--though incidentally decidedly unkind to some others. Gathered closely about sundown one evening around a camp fire, a man sitting on the ground and wedged tightly against me suddenly fell slowly forward into the fire. He was found to have been

shot through and through and instantly killed, though there had been no sound of rifle firing. On another occasion I gave an Indian right of way to pass in front of me, instead of adhering to the universal custom of taking it myself. Just as he brushed past, he crumpled to the ground dead, and was found to have been hit in the abdomen by an expanding bullet, inflicting a most horrible wound. Pages could be filled with accounts of narrow escapes, including one in which I was made the subject of long-distance rifle target practice for several minutes. I was standing in the open, talking with an officer who was reclining in the bottom of a dry irrigating canal. I was obtaining the details of the previous night's engagement. In a subconscious manner I noted the frequent buzzing of what I supposed to be angry hornets, but which were in reality bullets from Mauser rifles over a mile distant but having a killing range of three miles. The officer finally called my attention to the risk I was running, and I lost no time in reaching his side.

There were a couple of years of "battle, murder, and sudden death," the incidents of which in the way of narrow escapes would fill many pages, including the one where I found my companions most gravely preparing to recover my body and give it suitable interment, instead of having it cremated with the rest of the dead! But it will suffice to say that all through that period Fate was indeed kind and I escaped unharmed, so far as bullets were concerned, 340 though a railroad car coupling played me a mean trick one night that sent me to the hospital for several weeks, and made me walk on crutches a couple of months.

Several years passed, strenuous ones they were too. Again the Goddesses who control human destiny, the destiny of victim and tyrant alike, concluded to play one last prank.

A certain important and valuable business arrangement of the most thoroughly businesslike character, calculated to diminish the cost of what is now regarded as one of the necessities of life, was taken up and entered into. After over a year of investigation and effort, a final conclusion was reached. Papers were drawn up and submitted to the proper officials which would have meant my admission in due time beyond the peradventure of a doubt into the "seven-figure" class instead of the six-figure one of the previous venture--and failure. But the high official to whom these papers were referred for final approval and signature read them over and then said:

“I do not approve of this association of two other specified persons with the one to whom the concession is granted. Draw up a new one, leaving out their names, but stating that the grant is made to Mr. Weeks and whomsoever he may choose to associate with himself. I am doing this as a token of appreciation of his freely rendered valuable assistance and in which these others were not concerned. When this is done I shall gladly sign it.”

I was flat on my back in the hospital at the time. ( *Another undoubted freak of Fate*, for my serious illness was due to an infection gained either in a barber shop, or in a theater from the coughing, sneezing, and spraying of those sitting in juxtaposition with a sufferer from an infectious disease.) Political affairs were in a decidedly uncertain condition, there was no one to expedite the matter and carry out the instructions noted, and before I was able to be about, the high official was in his grave and his intimate friends and associates had been driven from power.

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*Fate? Assuredly yes, and yet again yes!*

I think I am justified in concluding from the foregoing that Fate has surely taken a prominent part in ordering my life. It has “kept me guessing” for over threescore years, or ever since I reached the seriously guessing stage as to the future. At this very moment one of my most frequent thoughts is, “I wonder what will happen next?” Two sudden and serious attacks of illness within the past year lend pungency to the wondering! *Something* usually happens. But the uncertainty is not a source for apprehension at the present time. That stage has long since been passed. To use an old-fashioned saying, “What is to be will be, no matter whether it happens just so or not--and no matter what I may wish or determine or plan. I have learned to appreciate to the fullest the philosophy of the Mexican when confronted with misfortune or disaster, even with the loss of life: “ *Como Dios quiere.*” Or rather, it is as *Fate* wills. And Fate willed that I should complete this volume of reminiscences, comprising several score thousand words, in a scant month from the time the task was undertaken.



There may or may not be a valuable moral lesson in this sketchy summary of some of the outstanding experiences of a lifetime now in its seventy-sixth year, though some of the most heartbreaking have not been given. Besides the double tragedy noted elsewhere, another violent death and another painful and tragic passing in my own family, as well as like endings of the lives of two close business associates, are included in the unwritten record. These experiences have kept me too well occupied to devote any time to useless brooding and *speculation*. When a man's life is by force of circumstances devoted almost entirely to the economic problem--in plain English, to "making a living"--he will find scant opportunity for mere contemplation and theorizing. He learns to the fullest the truth of the Biblical "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

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*Fate's Kindliest Service.*

Here is the story of the kindest deed that Fate ever performed for a man--saving him from a lifetime of remorse and sorrow. A few months after I was married to the quick-witted, attractive young lady who had halted me as I was about to go to my death down an elevator shaft, we were living in Brooklyn, N. Y. A brother also was of the household. Fourth of July was at hand, and he brought home what was then a novelty--a self-acting 32-Colt. I took it to my room the evening before the holiday. Rising with the sun in the morning, I went to the bathroom, adjoining the room of my brother, reached from the open window as far as I could toward that of his own room, and pulled the trigger in rapid succession until every shot had been fired, as indicated by the snapping of the hammer on an empty cartridge. I went back to my room and laid the weapon on a stand. My wife, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, picked it up and said: "So that is your brother's new revolver. What a queer-looking one it is. How does it work?"

"I will show you how it works," I said, and taking it from her, pointed it full in her face not more than a foot distant. "Oh, don't point it at me--don't." "Oh, pshaw," I replied, "you need not be afraid. It is empty; I fired all the cartridges to wake my brother up." "I don't care if it is empty. I don't like

to have a pistol pointed at me,” was her sensible reply. “Oh, nonsense,” I said. “What is the use of being afraid?” *Then Fate did one of the most kindly acts possible!*

Still pointing the “unloaded” weapon full in her face, the Goddess induced me to twist my wrist the slightest particle, and then I pulled the trigger.

B-A-N-G! The heavy bullet clipped a lock of hair from the side of her head, went through the wooden head of the bed, through the closed window sash, across the street, smashed through another window, and buried itself

The Author (Age 76) and His Two Great-grandsons 343 in the wall of a room occupied by two sleeping girls, as we learned subsequently while assisting their family in wondering where under the sun it could have originated.

As will be seen, Fate played me some very unfriendly pranks later in life, but surely never a more kindly one than this, that saved me from a life of remorse and sorrow. She also taught me a lesson that has persisted and been of benefit many and many a time when I have seen others playing with “unloaded” firearms--that you should never point a weapon at any one or any thing unless you mean to use it, and unless you can see with the utmost certainty the object at which you wish to shoot.

By the way, the wife's reaction to the narrow escape was truly feminine. She broke into a hearty laugh and said:

“There, what did I tell you? I told you not to point it at me!”

I shall not attempt to describe my own feelings or to tell how many different kinds of a lucky fool I realized I had been. *The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.*

In conclusion, it is believed that most readers, the white-haired ones at all events, will agree with the author as to the “moral,” or whatever one may choose to call it, to be drawn from this rather extended recital of the “high spots” in one man's life, although the fourteen years before I ran away

from home and the fourteen years passed in Mexico after the conclusion of the present narrative, have been only casually referred to in the present volume. How will this do as a summary?

Have an object in life.

Keep that object always in view.

Never give up.

Take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself.

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Do not be discouraged, no matter what may occur.

Do not be afraid of hard work of whatever kind.

Be diligent, faithful, and economical.

Keep your eyes away from the clock. "Clock watchers" seldom get anywhere.

Disregard hardship. What cannot be cured must be endured, and with a smile.

Take the blows of Fate without "kicking."

Live temperately in all things.

Give scant thought to personal pleasure and "sports." *Learn that giving happiness to others is the keenest possible pleasure one can find.*

Always sympathize with the "under dog."

Do not be afraid of *anything* --not even death itself.

Look the whole world in the face and tell it to "Go to"

Above all else, if attacked with illness of whatever nature, do not allow your mind to dwell upon it. Keep your body occupied, and this will in turn occupy your mind, or at least prevent the constant brooding and solicitude which so frequently aggravate, or *even cause*, the very disorders which one fears. If the ailment be painful, you will be astonished to find how that pain will be alleviated by hard work. This statement is taken from dire experience. For if the red-hot knife-blade pains in an affected lung be not painful, excruciatingly so, then indeed those who deny the existence of human pain, calling it "error," are correct. And this is an assertion whose complete falsity I am prepared to hold from long periods of acute suffering.

But with all this, if "Lady Luck" does not attend upon your steps, you are apt to find yourself in your latter days even as do I!--"still in the ring," and able to shrug your shoulders and laugh at the pranks of Fate. For by then you will have learned, if you be not super-conceited, that that Goddess, not yourself, has guided your life. This is an opinion which I find is shared by most of those of my own age with whom I have conversed 345 upon the subject. For while we may fancy, when we are young and sure of ourselves, that we are following our own inclinations and intentions; that we are "captains of our own souls and masters of our own destinies;" in later life we can look back and see to our surprise how we were deceived, and that all along we have been merely carrying out the decrees of Fate--immutable and inescapable as is everything in life, from our unconsulted birth to our equally unconsulted death.

And we will have learned with Solomon, that "*the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all!*"

In other words, *Fate!*

Cheerfully yours, Geo. F. Weeks.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD

New York World Composing-Room--1873-76.

Roughing It in California--1876-79.

San Francisco Chronicle Editorial Staff, etc.--1879-91.

Editor and Publisher Bakersfield (Cal.) Daily Californian--1891-95.

Editor and Publisher Alameda (Cal.) Daily Encinal--1895-1906.

Resident and Traveling in Mexico (Rubber Investigation, etc.)--1906-12

Correspondent A. P., New York Herald and other publications during Mexican Revolutionary Era--1913-17.

With American Public Information (Creel) Committee, Mexico City--1917-18

Editor and Publisher Mexican Review (Monthly), four years in Mexico and Washington.

Mexican News Bureau, Washington--1920-28